BRITANNIA and EVE

SEPTEMBER
1939

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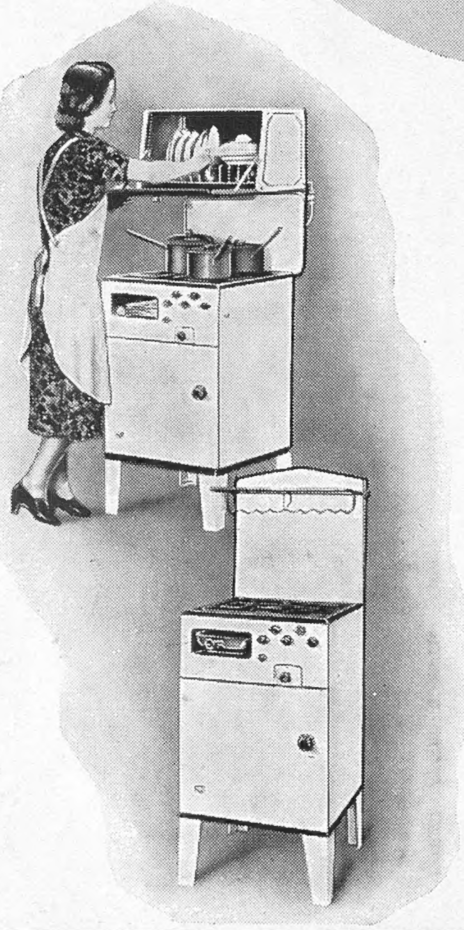

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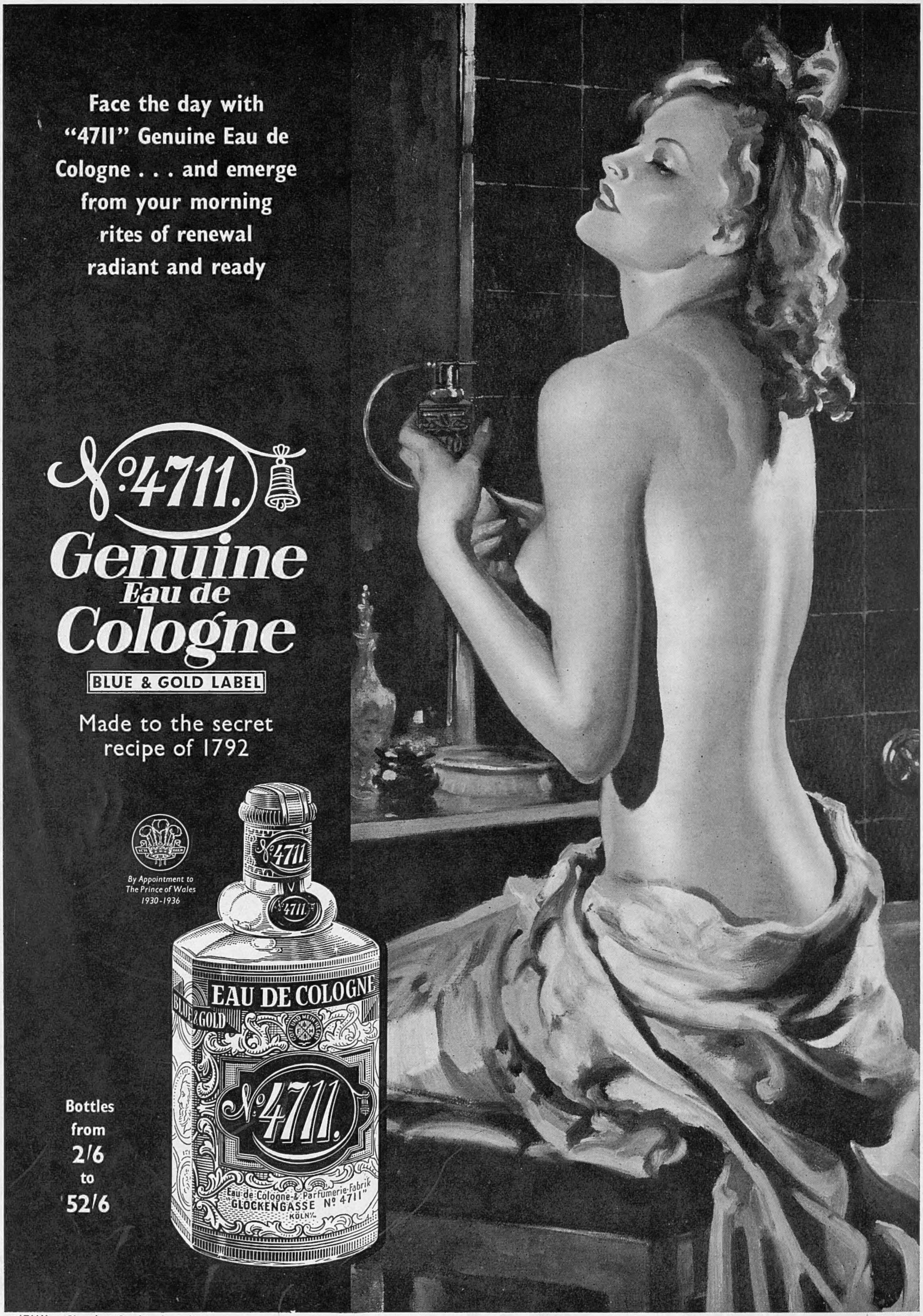
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BRITANNIA and EVE

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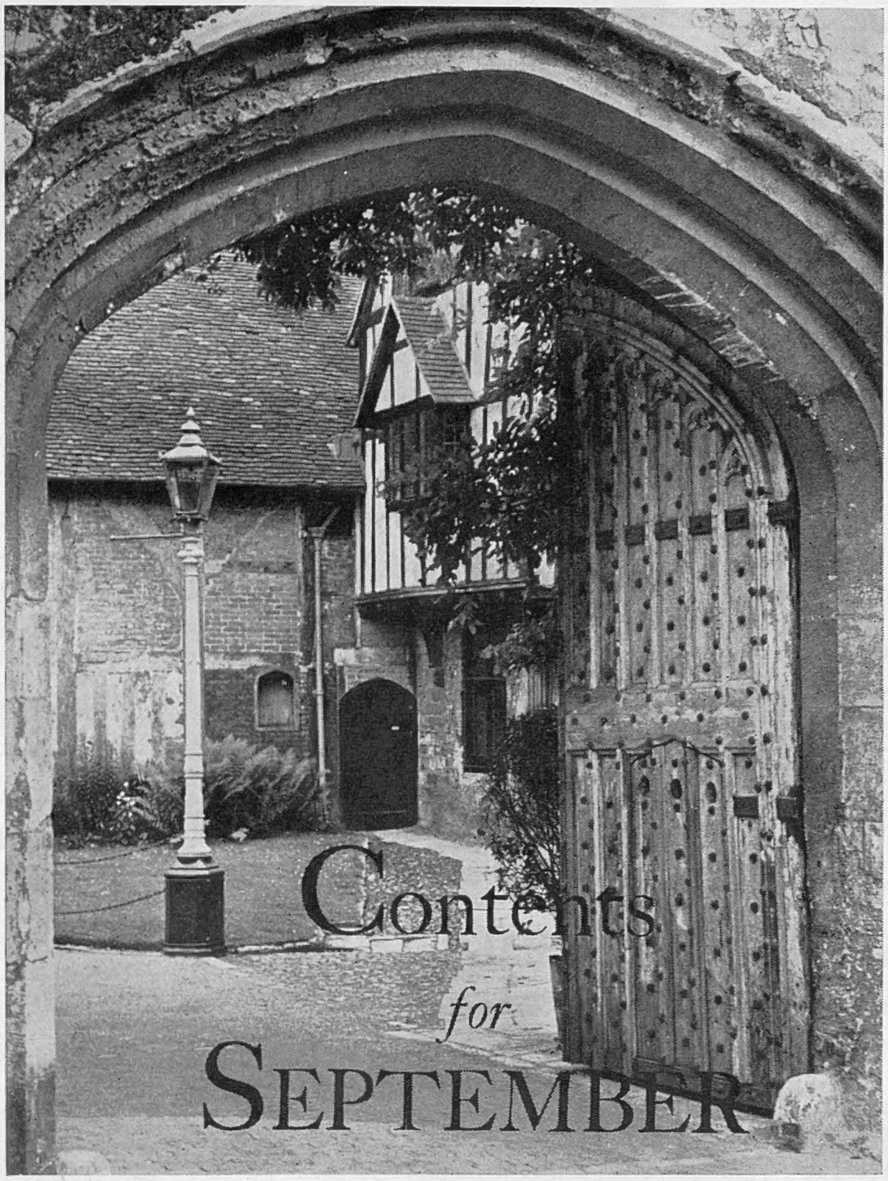

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All contributions intended for publication must be addressed to the Editor, "Britannia and Eve," 32-34 St. Bride Street, E.C.4, and be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope. No responsibility can be accepted for the safety of any MSS., but every effort will be made to ensure their safe return if found unsuitable. The Rates of Subscription to "Britannia and Eve" will be found on page 122. The characters in all the stories in this number are purely imaginary, and no reference or allusion is intended to any living person or persons.

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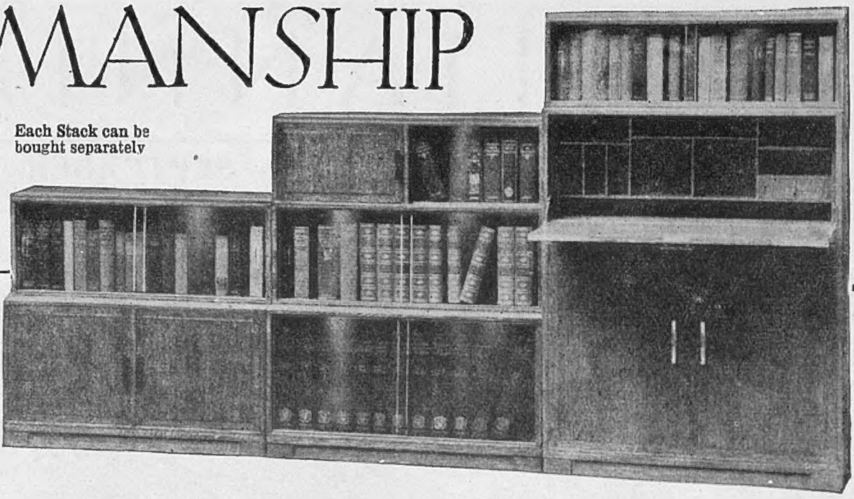

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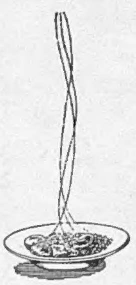

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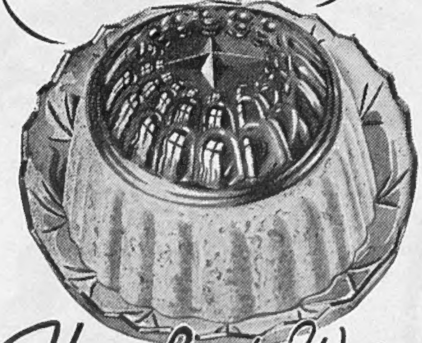

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Lady Russell of Liverpool

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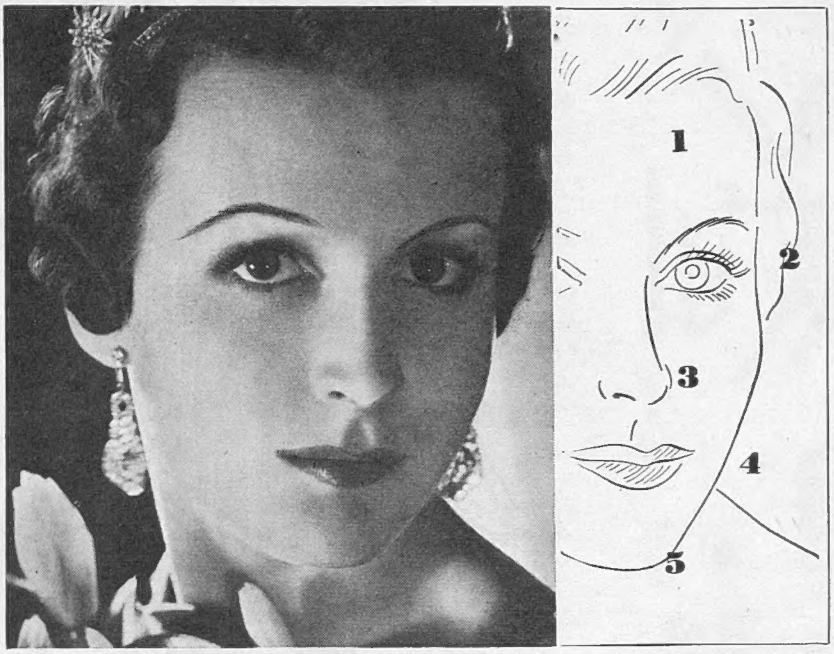


ANALYSIS OF LADY RUSSELL'S FEATURES

(1) *Forehead.* Broad, with very fair skin. No sallowness or wrinkles to which her type is especially prone . . . (2) *Eyes.* Hazel, wide, with long lashes. Deep set without crows' feet or "sun-lines" . . . (3) *Nose.* Delicately modelled with no big pores or blackheads . . . (4) *Mouth.* Generous with beautifully moulded lips. No lines, no ugly droop of flesh at the corners . . . (5) *Chin.* Firm and well-rounded, the skin ivory-white and even-pored. No blemishes, no blackheads in "crease" of chin.

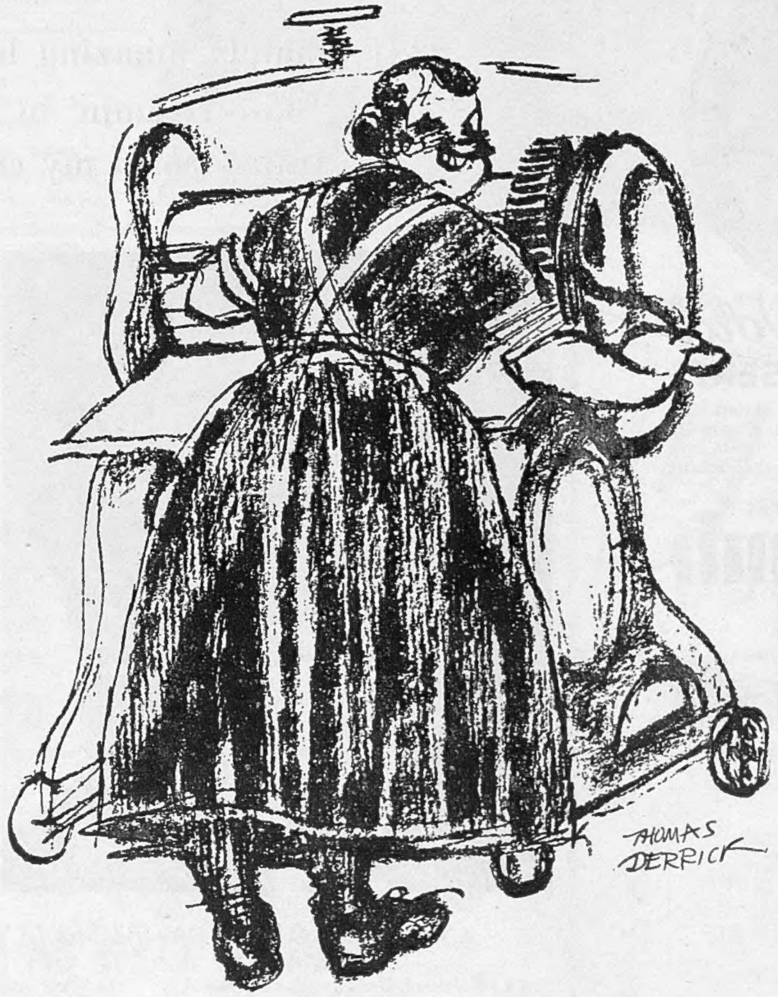
Lady Russell gives the credit for her smooth, flawless complexion to her regular use of Pond's Creams.

They will help you, too! For every time you use Pond's Creams you actually "cream into" your skin a fresh supply of the "skin vitamin" on which skin beauty depends! You can soon see the difference. Big pores close, the skin becomes smoother and finer—more radiant, with healthy colour. Blemishes go. And, as shrunken tissues fill out, lines and wrinkles disappear!

Use Pond's Cold Cream for cleansing and softening your skin, Pond's Vanishing Cream for daytime protection and to hold your powder on smoothly! You'll be amazed how much lovelier your complexion will look in just a short time.

LADY RUSSELL is the wife of Lord Russell of Liverpool. Although she is almost invariably in London during the week, she spends many of her week-ends on board her yacht.

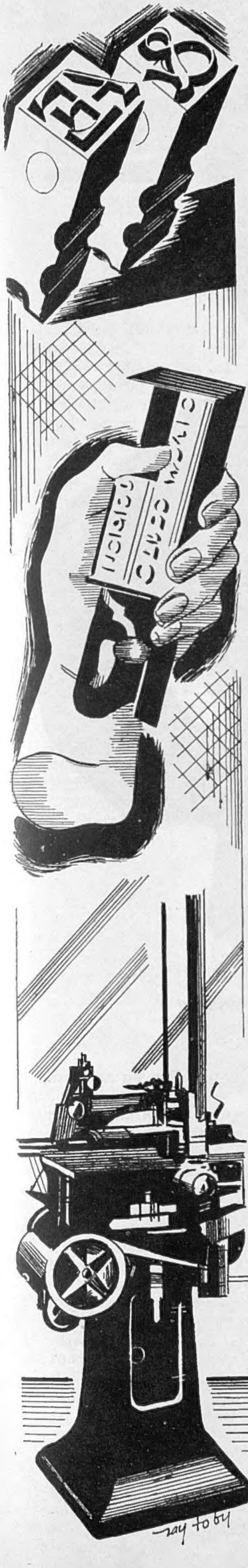
She says: "I've used Pond's Creams for simply years. And they've always been so marvellous there didn't seem room for any improvement. But the addition of the 'skin-vitamin' really has made them better than ever! It has improved my skin marvellously—made it finer, softer and fresher-looking, besides smoothing away the little lines that once threatened to form."


THOMAS DERRICK
FORECLOSE
but
SHELL for GO
YOU CAN BE SURE OF SHELL

Number Nine: The Printed Word

THEY MADE OUR WORLD

The comfort and convenience of our life to-day, and its promise for to-morrow, depend on a few basic inventions. Here are their "nutshell" stories



HERE are words printed on paper. . . .

It has been said that there are three great "w's" in invention, wheels, wings, and wireless. But one greater "w" has been left out: it is writing.

In what sort of world was it that a human being wrote the first word—and in what tongue, and under what circumstances? We can only guess. As an invention, writing ranks with agriculture—the basic invention which made civilisation possible.

Ts'ai Lun, dwelling in the China of two thousand years ago, knew nothing of machines, had no dream of printing. He studied plant culture, and did some original thinking and experimenting in that realm. He showed the farmers how to rotate their crops. He taught them methods he had discovered for improving fruit and vegetables.

As he grew old, the emperor said to this valuable brain: "If there be no way in which thy learning may be passed on to those who follow, Ts'ai Lun, what availeth all thy labours? The people will forget."

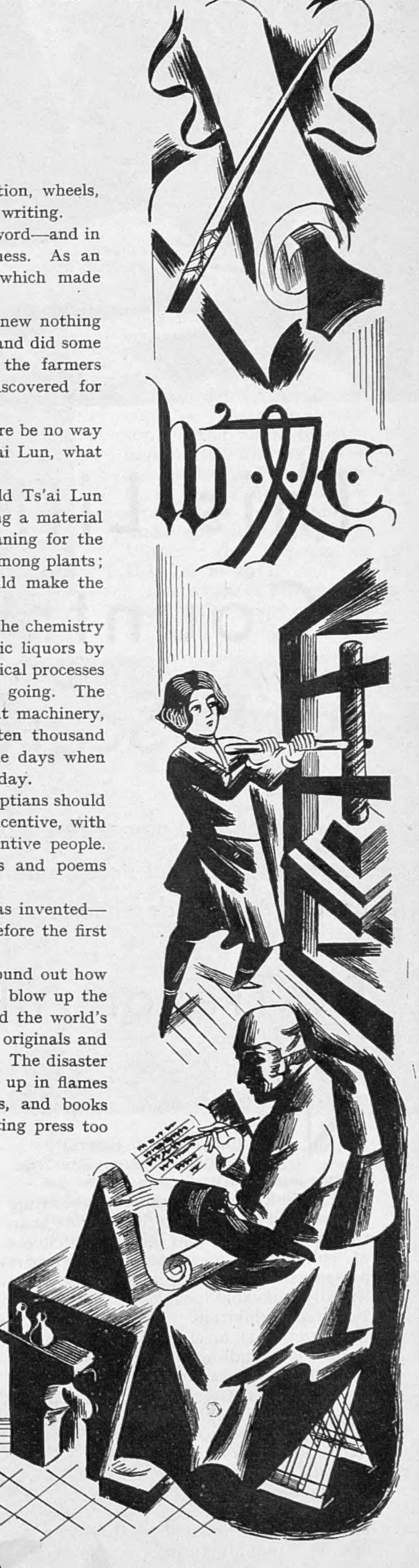
Thus reminded of his duty to those who would come after, old Ts'ai Lun turned his profound and ingenious mind to the problem of making a material on which could be marked signs, each of which had a clear meaning for the initiated. He experimented, naturally, in his own field of study, among plants; and he found that out of the bark of the mulberry tree he could make the material which to-day we call paper.

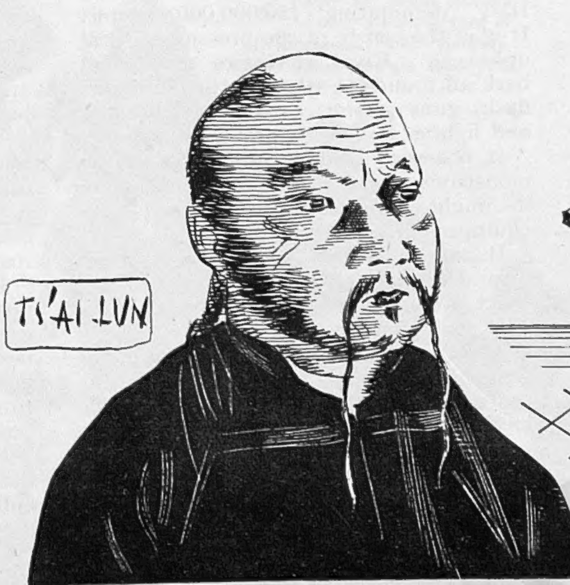
He turned fibres of cellulose into paper, without understanding the chemistry of the process—just as for thousands of years men made alcoholic liquors by fermentation processes without in the least understanding the chemical processes which occurred when they mixed things together and got a brew going. The practice of paper making is still based on Ts'ai Lun's process; but machinery, replacing hands, now enables one man in one day to produce ten thousand times as much paper as the fastest hand-worker in China in the days when paper making was an invention as revolutionary as radio is in our day.

It is curious that neither the Romans nor the Greeks nor the Egyptians should have thought of printing. The Romans especially had a great incentive, with their zest for political propaganda. But they were not an inventive people. They went on century after century, dully copying by handbooks and poems for which there was a public demand.

It was not until the sixth century, A.D., that block printing was invented—a century later than the football. Nine more centuries passed before the first printing press was devised, and began to function.

This was in 1450, and a new civilisation was born when men found out how to produce and circulate pieces of writing in quantity. One could blow up the world's greatest treasure-house of books, the British Museum, and the world's biggest library, the Library of Congress in Washington, and only originals and rarities, historical curiosities and literary treasures, would be lost. The disaster which befell mankind when the great library of Alexandria went up in flames could not be paralleled to-day—there are too many libraries, and books containing essential knowledge have been copied by the printing press too many times, and distributed too widely over the planet.





Philippe Etter, President of the Swiss Republic, is a Catholic and a Conservative, also the father of ten children. Is head of a State that boasts of something impossible in any other European country, viz.—four peoples living under one government, German, French, Swiss and Romansh

This Little Country Isn't Scared

Switzerland plumps for absolute neutrality, it cannot accept guarantees or enter into defensive alliances

By Trevor Allen

Colonel Commandant Wilie, of the Swiss Army Corps, is chief of instruction of all Swiss infantry. Is one of four similar colonels who, in the event of war, would be elegible for the position of Commander-in-Chief of the Swiss Army

No A.R.P. trenches or dugouts in the cities.

No indication of jitters.

A feeling of complete confidence and security.

These impressed me most on revisiting Switzerland this summer; even more than the beauty of lake and peak, the richness of sub-Alpine meadows, the graphic presentation of the everyday life of a friendly, likeable people in the Zürich National Exhibition.

Switzerland is an enigma—almost a joke.

Here is a small-brother country of some 4,300,000 inhabitants, just over half the population of Greater London; 16,000 square miles, roughly twice the area of Wales and mostly mountain at that.

It comprises three distinct races—German, French, Italian in origin; speaks four languages, including the odd bit of Romansh; has two diverse religious faiths, Protestant and Catholic; lacks iron, coal, oil, all essential raw materials, both for peace and war. Its people are stoutly democratic; and on two of its frontiers are Nazi Germany and Fascist Italy, dominating 150,000,000 people. It is in the centre of the present political upheaval. Rival ideologies growl and bark all round it; sabres rattle, bayonets flash, guns glower, tanks roar, bomber and fighter squadrons prowl the skies.

It possesses insignificantly few of the monstrous machines of war which make its mighty neighbours vast armed forts equipped on a war footing.

It cannot accept guarantees or enter into defensive alliances because of its strict neutrality.

It must rely on itself.

According to all the rules of the game it should be the windiest, nerviest spot in central Europe. It should be having anxious days, sleepless nights, looking round corners apprehensively, and up at the sky, and over its shoulder.

It is nothing of the kind. It is smiling, philosophic, confident, and even amused.

Why?

This was the enigma that prompted me to seek enlightenment: from the President, Dr. Philippe Etter, himself, from diplomatic counsellors, leading officers of the army staff at Berne, peasants, farmers, burghers, business men.

What I first had to appreciate was the political and spiritual Switzerland. Politically, it is the Little Lord Fauntleroy of nations: a small fellow with an impeccable conscience, innocent blue eyes and rosy cheeks that are completely disarming.

It wouldn't hurt a fly. It covets nothing, wants nothing from anybody—except tourists and the normal honest-to-goodness exchanges of trade. It is one hundred per cent defensive; no army has left its frontiers to pinch something from somebody else for five centuries.

It doesn't manufacture greeds or hates, has no desire whatever to impose its culture on others. It likes home life,

Two views of the Swiss National Exhibition at Zurich. This exhibition is held in a different town every twenty-five years. The previous exhibition was in 1914 when Europe was in a turmoil

stays at home and cultivates its somewhat stony garden.

Please don't try to tell me that, being such a guileless little chap, it can't do anything else. If it chose it could join the axis gamble and racket: make a secret deal with A to help A sock B on the understanding that it would get a bit of C as a booby prize provided everything went well and D didn't object and E was too cowed to do so.

In these stirring days there are plenty of tempting tit-bits held before the noses of smaller fry who see themselves lining up with the world-beaters and haven't the sense to remain purely defensive, relying either on themselves or only on those who promise them nothing but their own integrity in face of aggression.

Switzerland has the sense. It is not in the market; it isn't putting its shirt on outsiders or even the first favourite. President Etter told me significantly that when guarantees for various countries were being negotiated his country was not consulted, it wasn't even informed, out of respect for its resolute neutrality. Only if it were attacked would its government consider accepting outside help—not until. So it offers no grain of provocation to anyone.

Officers of the Swiss Army studying a map at the recent army manœuvres

What does this mean, politically and spiritually? That any violation of its neutrality would be a plain, plumb, moral crime on the part of the violator. In the nostrils of every decent man on earth it would stink. And moral indignation matters in wars as well as bombs and bayonets; it is worth quite a few army corps and bombing squadrons in the long run. Witness the invasion of Belgium in 1914. . . .

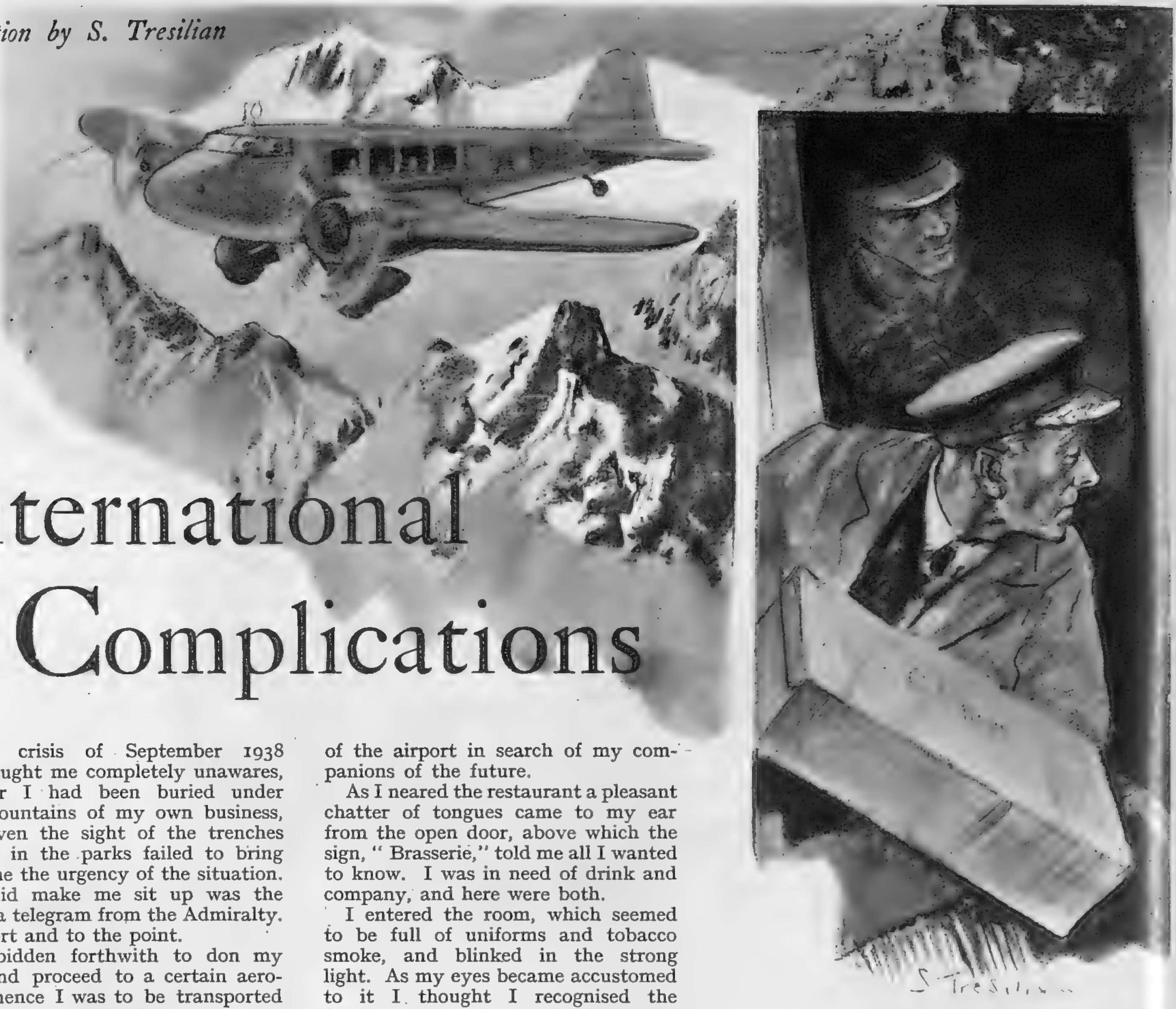
In the case of Switzerland there (*Continued on p.* 83)

The Swiss Army is very democratic. Here are two soldiers talking to a staff colonel and a colonel of artillery. The soldiers are on their way home, having just finished their three weeks' annual training. They take all their equipment home with them

(Below)

A patrol of Swiss soldiers during a ski-ing race at Grindelwald. The competitors have to race with full military kit

Illustration by S. Tresilian



International Complications

THE crisis of September 1938 caught me completely unawares, for I had been buried under mountains of my own business, so that even the sight of the trenches being dug in the parks failed to bring home to me the urgency of the situation.

What did make me sit up was the receipt of a telegram from the Admiralty. It was short and to the point.

I was bidden forthwith to don my uniform and proceed to a certain aerodrome, whence I was to be transported to an unspecified destination. The only hint that I was going abroad was contained in a last rider to the effect that tropical uniform would be required.

Within two hours of the receipt of the telegram I had found my kit which, since I had only recently retired, was in tolerable condition, kissed my wife and children farewell, and started for the aerodrome.

The grave turn of events startled me; I was so completely taken by surprise; but I could not restrain a feeling of excitement and eager anticipation at the thought of voyaging by air into the unknown to take part in this new and unexpected Armageddon. As for my private life, my affairs were in perfect order and my wife had been wonderfully brave. I decided to think of them as little as possible, and to get on with the problems of the immediate future without restraint or regret.

It was getting dark when I arrived at the aerodrome, where the greatest activity prevailed. I was stopped at the gate by a uniformed official, who checked my name against a list and permitted me to enter, which, after paying off the taxi, I did, carrying my small suitcase.

"You'll find the others over at the restaurant," he said, and hurried back to his desk. He had no time for idle chatter. I should have liked to have asked who the others might be, and where our plane was, and a hundred other questions, but there was no alternative but to set out alone for the lighted buildings of the airport in search of my companions of the future.

As I neared the restaurant a pleasant chatter of tongues came to my ear from the open door, above which the sign, "Brasserie," told me all I wanted to know. I was in need of drink and company, and here were both.

I entered the room, which seemed to be full of uniforms and tobacco smoke, and blinked in the strong light. As my eyes became accustomed to it I thought I recognised the familiar figure of an old friend, and moved towards it, but I found my path obstructed by someone who obviously intended to monopolise my attention.

I took a dislike to him at first sight. Short and thin, he wore the uniform of a naval commander and had the aggressive manner of a small man in authority. He carried a piece of paper in his hand at which he squinted through his pink-rimmed eyes before addressing himself to me. "Jenkins?" he barked, without preamble.

"That is my name," I assured him.

"Ah." He pursed his lips and, producing a pencil, made a large tick on the paper. "You're late," he continued; "the others have been here an hour." I ignored the implied criticism and went in pursuit of information.

"When do we start, and where are we going?" I asked.

"There has been some hitch about the plane, but I am expecting a report from the O.C. Airport any time now. Slack lot they are—no sense of the urgency of the situation," he spoke unctuously. "As for our destination"—he patted his pocket and withdrew an official stamped envelope. "Sealed orders, not to be opened until we're in the air, so don't ask any questions." He fumbled in his pocket, produced a large gold watch, and stumped off, muttering to himself.

"Oh, my ears and whiskers—I shall be late for the duchess's garden-party." A voice that I knew so well took the very thought out of my own mind. Henceforth the little commander would never be anything else but the White Rabbit to me.

I turned and found George standing at my side. He had two glasses of gin in his hand, one of which he proffered.

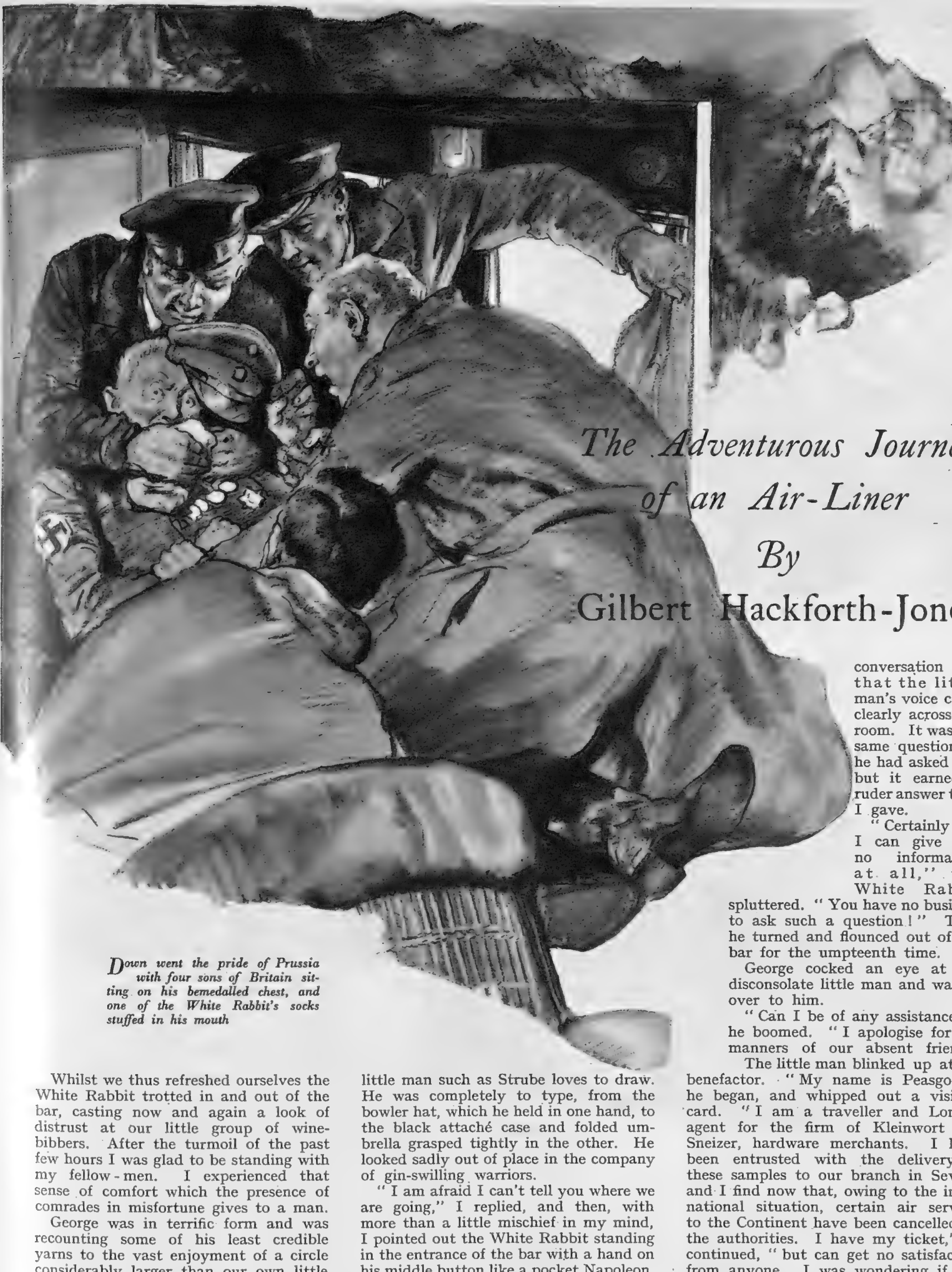
I was delighted to find George amongst my fellow passengers. George, that genial ruffian who, though he had been out of the navy for more than fifteen years, and had occupied the time since in as diverse pursuits as tea-planting and rum-running, was more of a sailor than any sucking-admiral. His colossal thirst and almost infinite capacity for taking gins had given him a legendary reputation in places where they drink. In spite of his enormous girth and expansive countenance he was a romantic figure, and my heart leapt at the prospect of having him as company in this journey to the unknown, in a crumbling world. Everything always turned out right when George was about, and it wasn't because he waited passively for fate to accomplish the inevitable, for he was a man of action and good temper. Seldom completely sober and never drunk, he was the friend of all men—who wished it.

I flatter myself that George was equally glad to see me. He showed it by showering pink gins upon me and the four other officers who were to take passage—a major of marines, two reserve lieutenants, and a doctor.

The Adventurous Journey of an Air-Liner

By

Gilbert Hackforth-Jones



Down went the pride of Prussia with four sons of Britain sitting on his bemedalled chest, and one of the White Rabbit's socks stuffed in his mouth

Whilst we thus refreshed ourselves the White Rabbit trotted in and out of the bar, casting now and again a look of distrust at our little group of wine-bibbers. After the turmoil of the past few hours I was glad to be standing with my fellow-men. I experienced that sense of comfort which the presence of comrades in misfortune gives to a man.

George was in terrific form and was recounting some of his least credible yarns to the vast enjoyment of a circle considerably larger than our own little one, and it was during a particularly hearty burst of laughter that I felt a touch on the elbow and heard a mild voice say:

" Pardon me, Sir, but may I ask if you are flying South to-night ? "

I turned and saw the earnest face of a little man such as Strube loves to draw. He was completely to type, from the bowler hat, which he held in one hand, to the black attaché case and folded umbrella grasped tightly in the other. He looked sadly out of place in the company of gin-swilling warriors.

" I am afraid I can't tell you where we are going," I replied, and then, with more than a little mischief in my mind, I pointed out the White Rabbit standing in the entrance of the bar with a hand on his middle button like a pocket Napoleon. " That 's the officer who knows. Go and ask him."

The little man thanked me, and walked over to the man I had indicated. It so happened that the dropping of a tin tray by the barman had the effect of temporarily silencing the hum of conversation so that the little man's voice came clearly across the room. It was the same question as he had asked me, but it earned a ruder answer than I gave.

" Certainly not. I can give you no information at all," the White Rabbit spluttered. " You have no business to ask such a question ! " Then he turned and flounced out of the bar for the umpteenth time.

George cocked an eye at the disconsolate little man and walked over to him.

" Can I be of any assistance ? " he boomed. " I apologise for the manners of our absent friend."

The little man blinked up at his benefactor. " My name is Peasgood," he began, and whipped out a visiting card. " I am a traveller and London agent for the firm of Kleinwort and Sneizer, hardware merchants. I have been entrusted with the delivery of these samples to our branch in Seville, and I find now that, owing to the international situation, certain air services to the Continent have been cancelled by the authorities. I have my ticket," he continued, " but can get no satisfaction from anyone. I was wondering if you gentlemen were going South and could give me a seat in your 'plane. I am very small," he said pathetically ; " I wouldn't take up much room."

" I don't see why not," said George heartily. " We 're off to Marseilles in an hour."

(*Continued on page 85*)

The gay crowd watch a parade along the plank at Deauville

Switch-Back Fortunes of Deauville

A happy mixed trio on the sands at Deauville

(Below)
Maurice Chevalier with his wife, Nita Raya, on the terrace of a café at Deauville

(Below)
Van Dongen, the famous French painter, has a chat with Rip the revuist on Deauville sands

"A HECTIC Deauville. Short, sharp, and gay."

So, they answered my question, bearing on the season ahead. "They"—Parisians, men and women, who flourish commercially and in other ways, or do not, on the strength of three lightning weeks annually at the barometric Norman resort. "Barometric" because Deauville does serve as an instrument measuring atmospheric pressure in the financial, political, and social fields.

Deauville may not be in one's line, even pocket permitting, yet it is not correct to dismiss it as "a collection of freaks pretending to enjoy themselves," as is sometimes done. Aside from its creating much employment, the place has become a continental institution and, as such, its switch-back fortunes are worthy of analysis ; a switch-back being "a railway in which ascents are effected by momentum of previous descents" ; which is Deauville, all right, always has been, if the downs have not been so trumpeted as the ups.

There have been years when the season has been a wash-out, when one did not have to search far for the explanation : slump, later made to sound less unsettling as "business recession." There have been other years when France was avoided as a holiday ground because of the "dear" franc, or because the French were not being currently liked so well, or their country was thought to be going "red."

This resort of hectic pleasure was founded a century ago. Since then it has experienced many ups and downs owing to political and financial complications

By

Ferdinand Tuohy

THE Casino is one of the chief attractions at Deauville. Gambling in very large stakes frequently occurs

THE late André Citröen, who lost 9,000,000 francs in one night in the Salle Privée at Deauville

Deauville's delicate instruments never failed to respond to successive causation.

Correspondingly, how it has registered the high spots, the delirious times, the fever to disconnect from money; and continues so to do.

Glancing backward, a hectic Deauville means one of two things. Either times are good, with a reasonably assured period ahead, of freedom from serious bother. Or the times are abnormal, such as the hysterical release of that first summer after the War, or, going to a different extreme, the present admirable year that drives people to act on the "let's have a good time while we can" philosophy. Yes, if the 1939 Deauville is a peak year (and if the almost unnatural gaiety of Paris these last months is a pointer, as it is, such will be the outcome) there will be no need to explore for the reason. Dancing on the edge of a precipice, internationally, impels to doing all sorts of "walks" on the dance floor. A record uncertainty playing on the nerves and producing an inevitable urge to have another good time in case there's going to be trouble, such is the frame of mind of the day, and one, moreover, conveniently backed by easy profits from general remilitarisation. The very kind of money that finds its way to Deauville.

How did the place get that way?

Come on the switch-back and let's find out! I believe there is a current inclination for finding out how things, people, places, started. Possibly because we are waving furiously farewell to so many things, people and places.

Well, Deauville started just a hundred years ago with Alexandre Dumas the elder. In between his heavy boulevard loving and monumental literary output, Dumas *père* liked to escape. He liked to go native on a farm, a Norman farm, as it turned out to be, to which he would bid his cronies. And the spot he chose was "the sinuosity of a hillside running down to a marshland bordering the beach; a sprinkling of very modest dwellings clustering round a tiny church perched on high." Having discovered the fishing village of Trouville, Dumas *père* liked to stroll across the River Touques to the still unnamed little agglomeration on the hill. It was fresh, it was innocent, away from the absinthe-laden cafés and racket of the three-horse Paris omnibuses.

A decade later, a second illustrious literary name was to become associated with this fresh and innocent spot. Gustave Flaubert's family, of nearby Rouen, built a retreat there, and the young creator-to-be of the first modern novel spent many a summer's day where since have freely trodden lesser literary lights.

Quietly we come to 1857. (*Continued on page* 88)

H.H. THE ALY KHAN and the Begum Aly Khan dining at the "Ambassadeurs" at Deauville

Below:

BATHING tents and belles on the broadwalk at fashionable Deauville

As a high spot, chimneys have a character all their own

On the roof of the London Palladium you may see the tenor lead, a badminton champion and a "hula" girl amusing themselves

"HIGH SPOTS"

By Ralph Stock

WHAT *is* a high spot?

It can only be described as one of those insidious Americanisms which are as descriptive as they are undefinable. Shall we say that a high spot is an apex, physical or emotional, and leave it at that? I think so. It will save me trouble, and you possible boredom.

To start nearest the high spot of the sky (and it is difficult to get any higher) chimney pots may not be particularly beautiful, but they have a character and outlook all their own. Of every conceivable shape and size, they raise their cowled heads against the sky, and except for the occasional intrusion of the sweep's broom, lead an aloof existence in keeping with their exalted position. Like a well-drilled regiment of soldiers, they stand at rigid attention staring over the roofs before them. And they see strange things, for the roofs of London are not as deserted as the man in the street below might imagine. If, for instance, you climb the apparently endless iron stairs of the London Palladium, you will at last emerge on a spacious roof where the

(*Continued on page* 17)

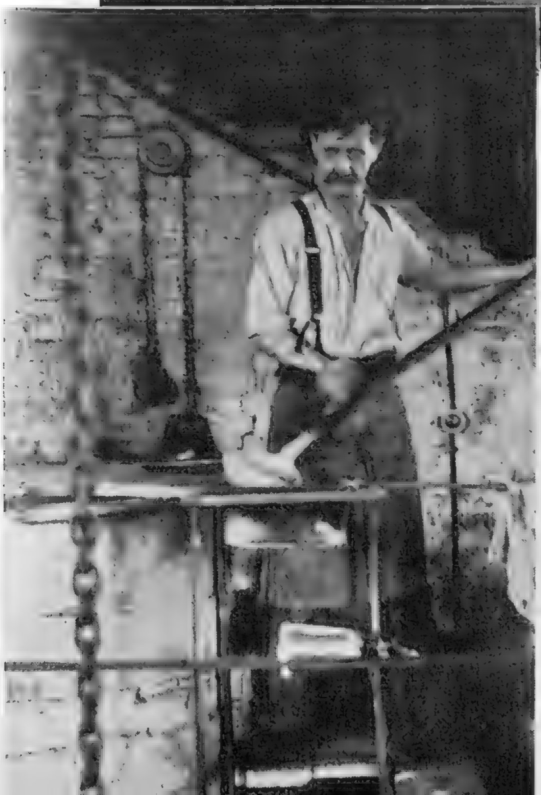
Practice where the sky is the limit

On other roofs the "nippy" trains to be still nippier

Pictures by
Ralph Stock

The foreman of the air-conditioning plant on the roof of the Savoy Hotel has the finest view in London—but it is doubtful if he ever notices it

A hundred feet above Oxford Street the weary shopper may rest beside a rushy pool that might be in Devonshire



No, this is not a brewery chimney . . .

. . . it is where the guardian of many trade secrets pours leaden rain down the shaft of a hundred and thirty year old tower. Fred, the man seen at work in the picture, has worked at the top of this tower for thirty years — and likes it

(Right) For a real high spot in life the housebreaker holds pride of place—unless he forgets to jump before the fall occurs

(Right) At the top of a free grand stand spectators watch the non-stop performance of ships loading and unloading

The eternal roof of the tree tops, where the crows build their houses and lead a communal life of freedom to be envied

(Right) The road is up—because it happens to be a section of Tower Bridge—while shipping passes

(Right) Rodin's "Burghers of Calais" turn their backs on the high spot of scaffolding that cloaks a tower of the House of Lords

(Below) A curiosity in roofs. A law of the period enforced their construction upside down—to prevent tiles from falling into the street

A high spot in the life of a tailor—and customer

Pictures by Ralph Stock

For other high spots in life we go to the Covent Garden porter—who is just as proud of his basket-balancing accomplishments as is the tenor robusto of his vocal triumphs at the neighbouring Opera House . . .

. . . or to the Billingsgate fish porter who emulates him in the neighbourhood of the London Monument

tenor lead, a champion of badminton, and a dancer in the "Honolulu" number may amuse themselves in their own particular fashion between the shows.

On others you may see the engaging "Nippy" preparing herself for work, sport, beauty and inevitable marriage; children at an open-air school studying the clouds instead of their copy-books; jaded shoppers, hot from the milling throngs of Oxford Street a hundred feet below, sitting beside a boulder-strewn pool that might be in the heart of Devonshire; not to mention the foreman in charge of the air-conditioning plant on the roof of the Savoy Hotel, a resident fortunate enough to be paid instead of having to pay for the finest view in London.

But for real high spots—both physical and emotional—it is hard to beat the life of Mr. Billings. Like the housebreaker of the comic strips, he must stand on a crumbling pyramid of masonry and deliberately demolish it under his feet. He assured me that in reality there is nothing comic about his job at all. He has to find a "fault"—which is no more difficult in brickwork than in life itself—climb above it, and inserting crowbar or pick, lever strenuously until the wall begins to fall. Then it is advisable to jump.

If ever there were an outstanding high spot in the London scene, it is a tower across the Thames from Charing Cross. Literally millions of people must have accepted this quaint-looking pile, eternally dribbling smoke, as part of the south side landscape, without knowing or wanting to know its uses. "Oh, just a chimney," they will tell you if you ask. But like most casual information it is entirely wrong.

After signing a document absolving the company from blame in case of accident, you enter the tower doorway and look upward—250 feet, to be exact—to where a speck of daylight at the top of the shaft shows a pygmy man leaning out over the abyss. This will be Fred, the guardian of many secrets. He has worked at the top of this tower for thirty years of its hundred and thirty years' existence—and likes it.

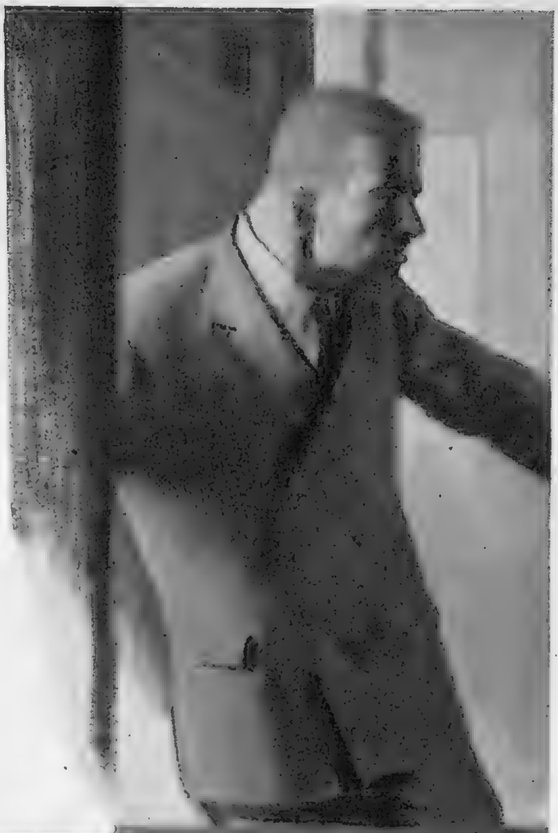
He may be reached by climbing a spiral iron staircase for what seems hours, and it is worth the effort. This presiding genius of the tower ladles molten lead—and other ingredients which are a strict trade secret—from a cauldron into a sieve, through which it drops in leaden rain for as many feet down the shaft as are necessary to transform it into various sizes of shot. This may sound a primitive process in these complicated days, but it is still the best—as Fred of the Shot Tower will tell you.

For other high spots in life we need only go to the Covent Garden porter, who is just as proud of his basket-balancing accomplishments as is any tenor robusto of his vocal triumphs at the Opera House; to Billingsgate Market, where the porters have been known to carry three hundredweight of fish a quarter of a mile over very slippery cobblestones on their funny, cork-padded hats, and the language is a high spot in itself; to one of the two remaining ladies in all London who are permitted by some supreme power to sell flowers from the top step of the Piccadilly Eros, and who told me with an air of triumph that many had tried to get both her and the head of Eros into one picture, and failed. So did I.

Yes, there are a lot of high spots in life.

. . . or to one of the two ladies in the world who are permitted to sell flowers from the top step of the Piccadilly Circus Eros.

The Greatest Glory



TWICE before I had seen him in the restaurant, eating food in the way a man does who has too much on his mind to be particular about what is set before him. He seemed a little surprised at the life moving about him; but what quality there was in it that so affected him I could not guess. He was a foreigner, evidently; a man who had been reduced in bulk by some experience that emphasised spirit rather than flesh. His eyes, meeting mine once or twice, impressed me with a sense of something haunted but hopeful. A curious thing. Perhaps, after all, I should have guessed that his puzzled look was born of the fact that men and women about him could laugh without constraint, could speak their minds without fear.

It was on the third occasion of our lunch time coinciding that he passed by his usual table, came towards me, hesitated, made as if to go by, then said: "May I join you?" His English was excellent; his accent slight.

"By all means," I said.

He took off his hat, which up to now he had forgotten to remove. He set it down in a queer, ceremonious way on the edge of the table, and leaned towards me.

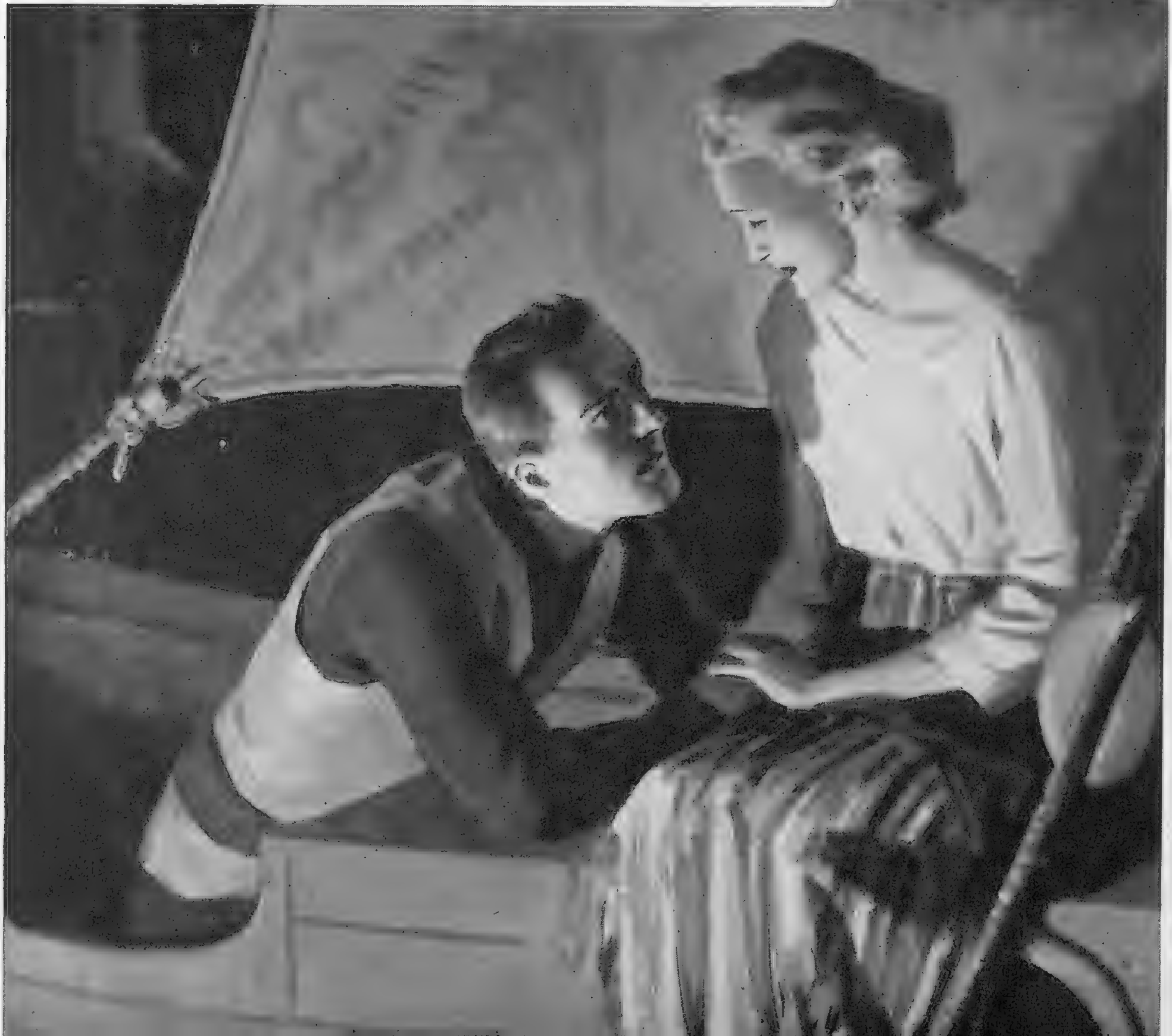
"They tell me you are a writer?"

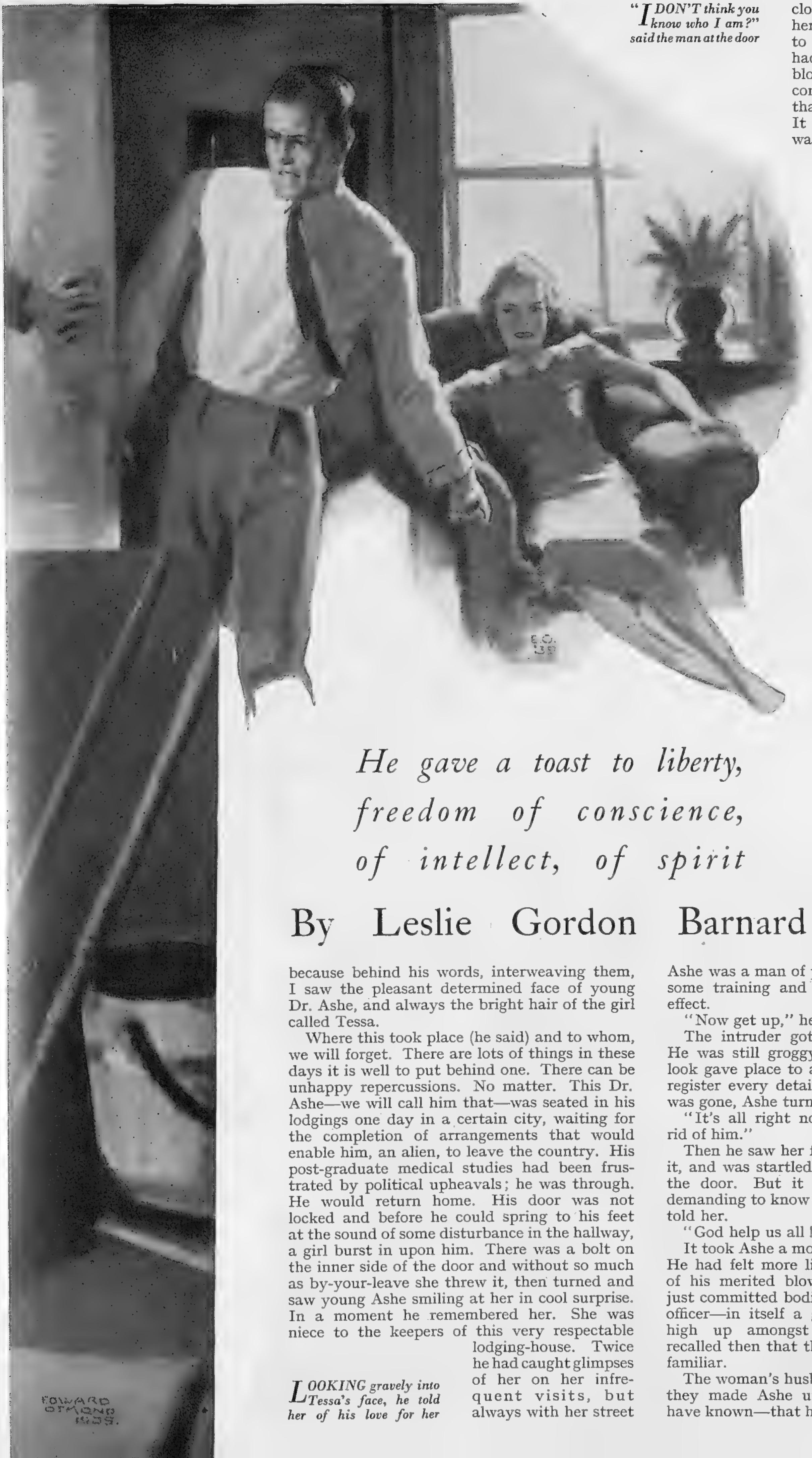
"That is correct."

"Then I will tell you, if you will allow me, a story you may care to use. It has the merit of truth."

As accurately as memory serves, I have here fulfilled his wish. If at times I have dramatised incident, or built up the background, it is because he made vivid for me the whole strange tale. It is

Illustrated by Edward Osmond





"I DON'T think you know who I am?" said the man at the door

LOOKING gravely into Tessa's face, he told her of his love for her

He gave a toast to liberty, freedom of conscience, of intellect, of spirit

By Leslie Gordon Barnard

because behind his words, interweaving them, I saw the pleasant determined face of young Dr. Ashe, and always the bright hair of the girl called Tessa.

Where this took place (he said) and to whom, we will forget. There are lots of things in these days it is well to put behind one. There can be unhappy repercussions. No matter. This Dr. Ashe—we will call him that—was seated in his lodgings one day in a certain city, waiting for the completion of arrangements that would enable him, an alien, to leave the country. His post-graduate medical studies had been frustrated by political upheavals; he was through. He would return home. His door was not locked and before he could spring to his feet at the sound of some disturbance in the hallway, a girl burst in upon him. There was a bolt on the inner side of the door and without so much as by-your-leave she threw it, then turned and saw young Ashe smiling at her in cool surprise. In a moment he remembered her. She was niece to the keepers of this very respectable lodging-house. Twice he had caught glimpses of her on her infrequent visits, but always with her street clothes on. Now, quite rightly, her bright hair seemed to him to frame the purest face he had ever seen. There is a bloom that can survive harsh contacts, and an innocence that can survive experience. It is very rare—but of such was Tessa.

Dr. Ashe took a second look and sprang to his feet.

"Someone has tried to molest you?" he said.

"Yes."

The handle of the door turned. There was an angry knocking.

"I'd better go," he said. "Have no fear." He went and opened. The man who stood there was heavily built, in early middle life. He was in mufti, but had the look of a soldier about him, and his face struck Dr. Ashe as vaguely familiar.

"Did you wish something?" the doctor asked.

"There is a woman here."

"There is a young lady here," amended Ashe, "and if you wish to avoid trouble, I would suggest you make yourself scarce. This happens to be my room." He blocked the way.

"I don't think you know who I am?" said the man at the door.

"You may be the devil himself," said Ashe, "but this is still my room, and I shall be obliged if you will leave."

The epithet the fellow used Ashe could have stood, but applied to Tessa there seemed nothing else for it. Dr. Ashe was a man of pacific nature, but he'd had some training and he used his skill to good effect.

"Now get up," he said, "and get out."

The intruder got up, dabbing at his face. He was still groggy, but slowly his surprised look gave place to a fixed stare as if he would register every detail of Ashe's face. When he was gone, Ashe turned to the girl.

"It's all right now," he said. "We've got rid of him."

Then he saw her face, saw the utter terror in it, and was startled by a renewed knocking at the door. But it was only the girl's aunt, demanding to know what had happened. Ashe told her.

"God help us all!" cried the woman.

It took Ashe a moment or two to understand He had felt more like laughing at the success of his merited blow. But it seemed he had just committed bodily injury not only upon an officer—in itself a grave offence—but on one high up amongst the political elect. He recalled then that the fellow's face had seemed familiar.

The woman's husband came up, and together they made Ashe understand what he should have known—that he was in for a bad time. He would, he said, go and see his consul. They agreed that this was wise.

The consul, whose brow had grown a lot of new furrows the last twelve months or so, took a serious view.

"I will do what I can," he said, "but they will be at your heels like a pack of hounds. Once they land you, God knows what trace there will be. Besides, you have committed a criminal offence."

"Protecting a girl against a rotter like that?" protested Ashe.

The consul smiled wearily.

"You would have been far safer," he said, "to have blasphemed against God Almighty from some house top."

A city that had always seemed friendly to Ashe had suddenly become a place of fear, even though he tried to cry down evil prophecies.

A block away from his lodgings, a shadow by a wall became a man.

"Go no farther," said Tessa's uncle. "They have already ransacked your rooms and seized your books. Half of any man's library is suspect these days. Four men are waiting to take you, and an officer, a captain for whom you must watch out." He fumbled in his pocket and brought out a scrap of paper. "Here is an address," he said. "Go directly there and ask for an old man named Feiss. Hand him this and he will help you."

Even then the thing seemed absurd. But Ashe was learning. He had up to this time run into little but friendliness. Absorbed in his studies, he had bothered with few papers from the outside world, and a censored Press within made a comfortable sieve. He listened to final instructions, and to a description of this Captain X who was a watchdog of the man whose enmity he had incurred.

"And what of Tessa?" Ashe asked.

"There is no safety left for her, either. She has already gone."

THE weight of the uncle's sorrow pressed down upon Dr. Ashe. There was a resignation in the man's voice that seemed, to him, a very terrible thing. Not to add to it, he left at once. The place to which he was directed was a small shop in an ancient terrace backing on a canal. Feiss he found to be a man incredibly old, with the face of a saint and eyes shrewd also with worldly wisdom. Feiss took the card, nodded, beckoned, and the doctor was led down a flight of stone steps.

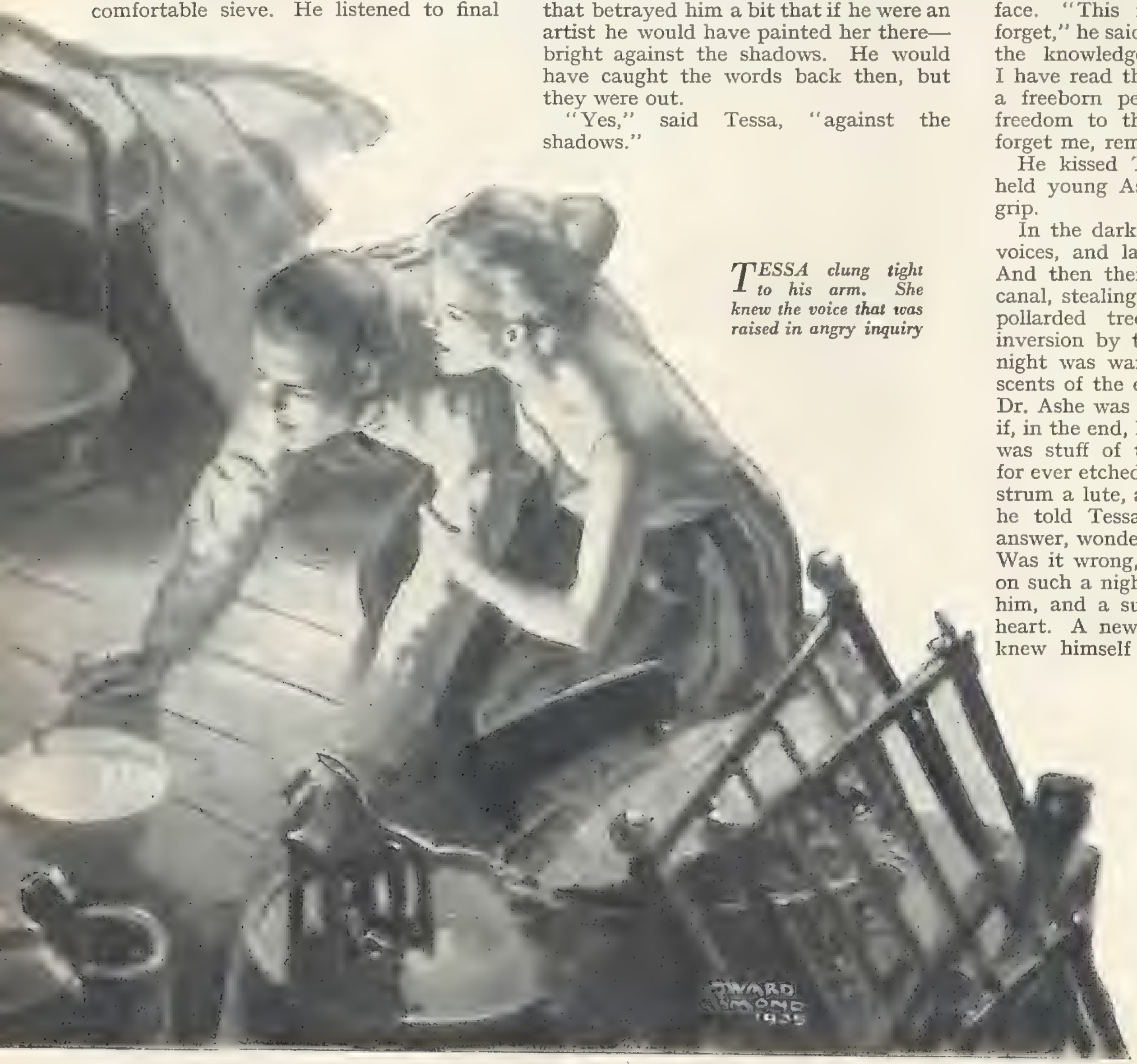
"This is melodrama," Ashe told himself, "at its——" He might have said "at its worst," but there, in the room into which he was shown, whose windows gave glimpses of the canal, was Tessa. Cloaked and hooded like a peasant, he hardly knew her at first. She sprang up to greet him.

"I have been afraid for you," she said.

Even then he thought her a little overstrained. He was not yet able finally to believe.

There were still two hours to sundown, and as he sat there the light fell fully upon her. You would have to have seen Tessa in the flesh to know how the young doctor was moved by her. He sat pulling comfortably enough at his pipe, but watching her, telling her in a voice that betrayed him a bit that if he were an artist he would have painted her there—bright against the shadows. He would have caught the words back then, but they were out.

"Yes," said Tessa, "against the shadows."



TESSA clung tight to his arm. She knew the voice that was raised in angry inquiry

Behind her old Feiss murmured encouragement.

"Come, to-morrow we will have you both safe across the border."

Ashe was to remember afterwards that evening: how the sunlight withdrew, and outside the windows the waters of the canal ran red as if with blood, changed to the purple of grapes, were drained by the coming night; how two sailing barges came by, the late light caught in their sails; how old Feiss looking out, remarked that there would be moonlight. "Not too much," he said. How a woman, ancient as Feiss himself, served a simple meal on crazed pottery of delft blue, and afterwards the old man put on his spectacles, and drawing a lamp close to him, read: "As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about his people," and a moth sought the flame of the lamp, and a wind stirred the curtains, and the old woman sighed heavily and young Dr. Ashe sought another hand with his and pressed it without rebuke.

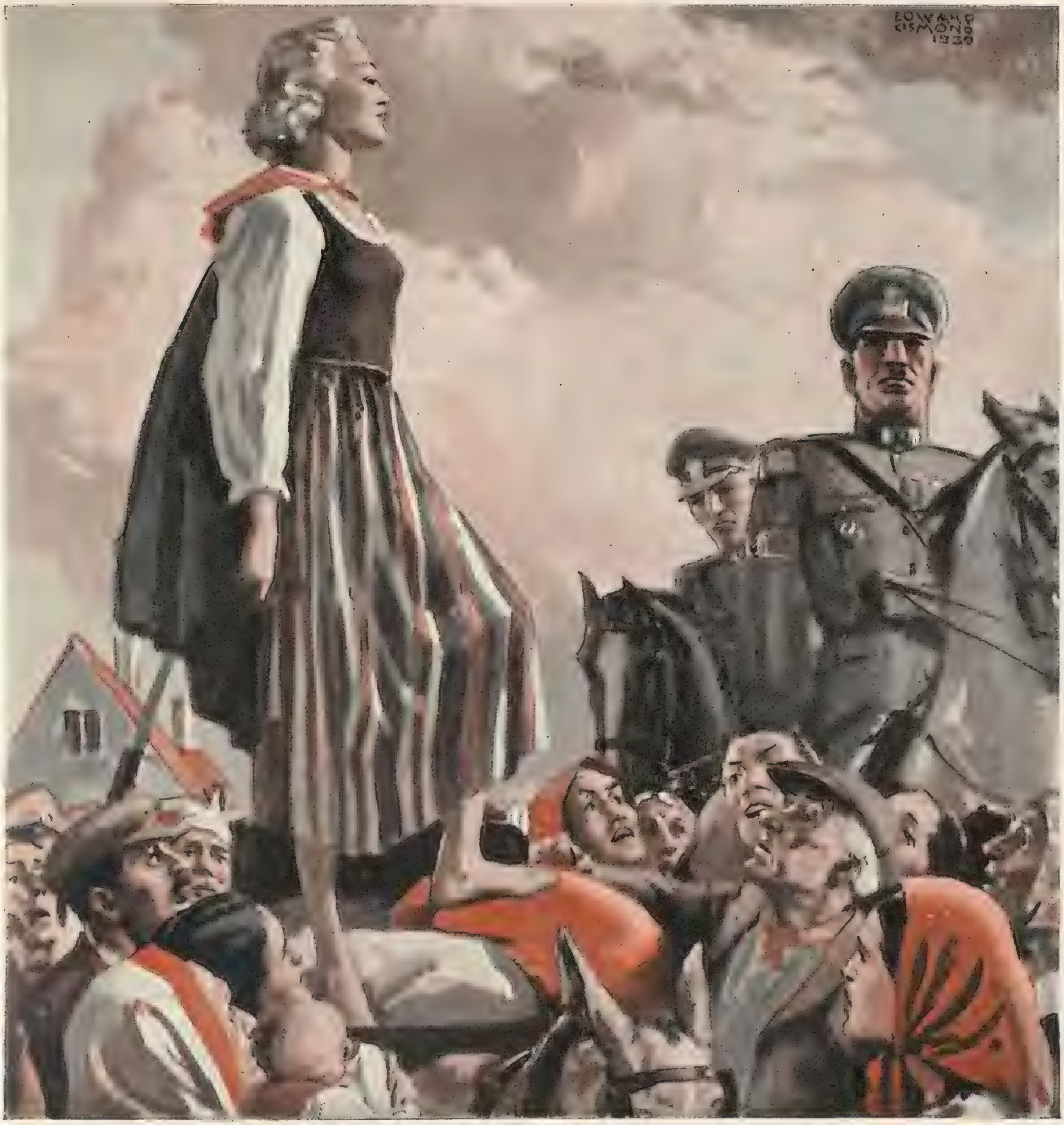
"You had better rest," said Feiss, "I will call you when the time comes."

The old woman took Tessa, and Ashe obediently curled up on a horse-hair couch, and from exhausted sleep was roused by the old man shaking his shoulder. "Everything is ready," he said. "Here are the papers, and the clothes you will wear. While you change, I will instruct you in details."

HE saw them later to the wharf. The light of a lantern fell upon his aged face. "This is a night you will not forget," he said. "Learn from it. Pass on the knowledge to others. Somewhere I have read this: 'The greatest glory of a freeborn people is to transmit that freedom to their children.' When you forget me, remember that."

He kissed Tessa's upturned face; he held young Ashe's hand in a moment's grip.

In the darkness they embarked. Low voices, and lanterns in cautious hands. And then their boat slipping down the canal, stealing by darkened windows, by pollarded trees caught in a blurred inversion by the still dark waters. The night was warm and the wind brought scents of the earth. All this, too, young Dr. Ashe was committing to memory, as if, in the end, he might awaken and there was stuff of the dream he would wish for ever etched in his mind. "One should strum a lute, and sing sweet, sad songs," he told Tessa, and when she had no answer, wondered if he had given offence. Was it wrong, he asked, to be romantic on such a night? She turned her face to him, and a sudden fear clutched at his heart. A new absurdity was born. He knew himself to be in love with her. He knew that for her he would quarrel with principalities and powers and the spirits of darkness. But it was the rulers of this world that brought the fear to clutch at his heart. He asked himself what the State was for if not to offer securities to simple, honest folk like Feiss and his wife, like the uncle and aunt of Tessa—like Tessa herself. Anger burned a bright candle alongside that of his fear, and both were dimmed by another



THE man from whom Ashe had once protected Tessa edged his horse forward. He was facing Tessa, but he was also reckoning with the crowd

glow that suddenly, as if it were inevitable, had him looking gravely into Tessa's face, telling her his love. He felt apologetic, felt he must argue or excuse so sudden and complete an avowal. He need not have been afraid. This girl, this woman, was forthright as a child.

"I have known it for hours," she said.

He thought of the subtleties and evasions and mischances of loves he had read of and heard about and set this simple wonder to challenge them. Reason told him he must thank an evil-minded man and a tyrannical State for narrowing the background into a focus where this could be possible. He lay back on the deck of the small craft, holding Tessa's hand, watching the dark shore go by and points of light that were cottages and spatterings of light that were villages spring up and pass them by. A false sense of security grew in him. "Once we are over the border," he said, and as if to mock him lanterns swung red signals in the darkness ahead, and hoarse hails came across the intervening water.

"We are denied further passage," said the boatmen. "All are ordered to make fast here and go ashore."

Ashe took heart when he saw how many small craft like their own were involved. Fireflies in the forest of masts, the lanterns gleamed, and on the quay a small company of soldiers directed operations. It was past midnight, but the streets of the little town were alive. Gendarmes and soldiery kept the main ways open, but in every open space—the market square, the side streets—men, women and children were congregated, with carts, hand carts, and all the paraphernalia of the refugee. Dr. Ashe, with some difficulty, piloted Tessa, whose sympathy was instant. "Poor souls," she grieved for them.

"But why all this concentration and activity?" he wished to know.

He was soon enlightened. A minority problem was in course of solution. These people were being evacuated. There were few young faces amongst them, except women with families, the crippled and deformed, or children too young to be absorbed into a new regime that would need youth for its marching ranks.

"Where shall we go now?" Tessa asked.

One of the boatmen employed by old Feiss had set that right. The two hotels and the smaller inns were crowded, but in a musty-smelling place near the waterfront a word (*Continued on page* 100)

THEY'RE NEW —

HOLLYWOOD had its "IT" Girl. Hollywood acclaimed its PLATINUM BLONDE. And now it is rejoicing in the possession of a new star, known as the "OOMPH" Girl! Her name is Ann Sheridan. She is vivacious, sparkling, full of appeal. She has flaming red hair, provided by Nature; her eyes are green-blue, large, and fringed with lashes even longer than those belonging to the Great Garbo.

Ann Sheridan is one of a long list of new players for whom Fame and Fortune are waiting on the Screen. In the years I have known Hollywood I don't think there has ever been such a string of promising young actors and actresses, eager to prove themselves worth the chances the studios are giving them.

Ann Sheridan, John Garfield, Priscilla Lane, Robert Preston, Geraldine FitzGerald, Greer Garson, John Payne, Nancy Kelly, Jeffrey Lynn, Lucille Ball, Jane Bryan, John Wayne, Louise Campbell, Patricia Morison, Lana Turner, Dennis O'Keefe, Tim Holt; there are many more, but seventeen should be about enough for the present occasion.

When Ann Sheridan breezes into the comfortable Green Room Restaurant, at Warner Brothers' Studio, the whole place wakes up. That girl certainly deserves the "OOMPH" title somebody was cute enough to bestow upon her. She swings along, a ribbon bound round her glorious hair, a bag containing knitting dangling over one tanned arm. Yes; the "Oomph" Girl likes to knit.

Voices hail her from every table. "Hallo there, Annie! Where's Cesar, and has he chopped off that frightful beard of his, yet? . . . Hallo, Annie, what about a couple of lamb chops and a spot or two of the rhumba at Marcel's to-night? . . . Hallo, Annie, don't forget you're booked for an all-day barbecue

next Sunday. See you make it, my girl, and no excuses!" The "Cesar" above mentioned is Cesar Romero, with whom Ann was having what Hollywood calls "a hot romance," during my visit to California this year. They are still friends, according to correspondents resident in the film city; so the romance may be considered on, I gather.

Ann came to Hollywood along the beauty-competition road. She was one of several girls and boys chosen by Paramount to appear in the film called *Search for Beauty*. All the way from Texas Ann Sheridan journeyed to Hollywood, played in the film as arranged, and then found herself one of six beauty prize-winners picked to stay on in Hollywood, at a salary of fifty dollars a week.

Miss Clara Ann Sheridan thought fifty dollars a week was a fortune. She had never made money in her life, and everything looked rosy. Talking of her descent upon Hollywood this "Oomph" Girl, without any illusions, said to me: "It was one of those glorious fog-soaked days that the Chamber of Commerce knows nothing about, when we first hit Hollywood, and found ourselves escorted with banners and Pressmen and photographers to the Roosevelt Hotel. To myself I thought, 'Well, if this is Hollywood, give me Texas any old day!'

"Interviews, photographs, excitement followed in swift succession. Next day we reached the studio, and I was shown the way to the make-up department. I came out an hour later a sadder and wiser Sheridan. I thought I was going to look like Dietrich—but instead I looked like heck! The first time I had to speak in a scene I rehearsed my one line: 'It's time to get up!' and (*Continued on page* 102)

10

—AND NEWS

Margaret Chute tells you how the Screen's newest stars stepped forward to fame

6

7

8

1 Ann Sheridan, the "Oomph" Girl of the screen. See her in Warner Brothers' new film, *Dodge City*.

2 Jane Bryan is seventeen years old and destined to be a great screen star, so the experts say.

3 Geraldine FitzGerald is a red-headed Irish girl. Has played in two films for Hollywood early this year, *Dark Victory* and *Wuthering Heights*.

4 Greer Garson made one of the biggest hits of the year in *Good-bye, Mr. Chips*. Will play lead in *Susan and God*.

5 Robert Preston, a new figure in screenland. He makes his first important appearance in *Beau Geste*.

6 John Garfield, the Screen's new star. Has a great physical resemblance to James Cagney.

7 Priscilla Lane, the youngest of the Lane sisters, and a new star in Hollywood. Made a hit in *Four Daughters*.

8 John Payne marched into the first rank of film actors because Dick Powell walked out of a certain part.

9 Lucille Ball is now a star in her own right after many comedy performances as a supporting player.

10 Jeffrey Lynn and Priscilla Lane, two new stars, appear together in *Yes, My Darling Daughter*.

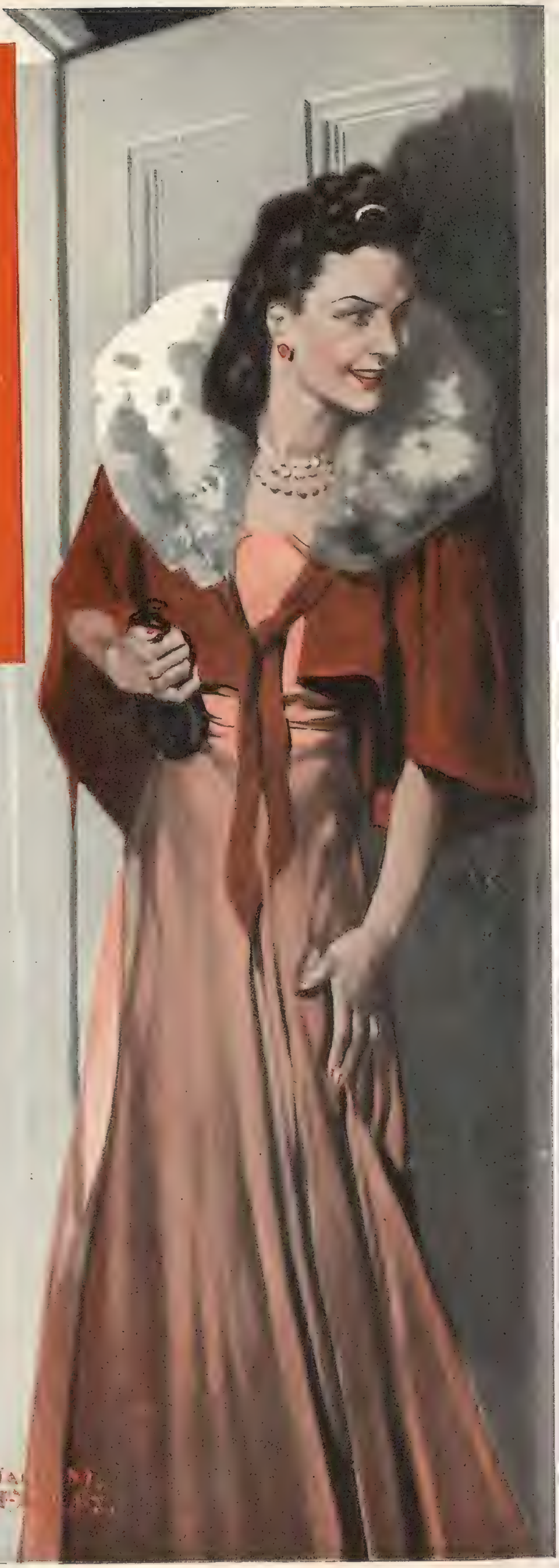
SHE WANTED DIAMONDS

A film-struck girl plays a real film scene without realising it

By

Howard Spring

Illustrated by Jack Faulks



OF all the houses! Not even gas, to say nothing of electric light, in this year of our Lord!

Alice Forbes turned up the wick of the cheap tin lamp that stood on the dressing-table. It began to smoke, to smell, to smear the glass chimney. She cursed and turned it down again.

When you knew the house was going to come down, because it had been condemned as unfit for human habitation, you could understand that no one was going to bother to put in gas or electric light or anything else. But why did *she* have to live in a house that was unfit to be lived in? What did Myrna Loy have on her, anyway?

Now, if this were Myrna Loy's room, Myrna would come through that door, touch a couple of switches (if there were not someone to touch them for her) and the whole place would fill with a soft radiance. Although this was a bedroom, there would be a fire burning—fancy that! a fire in a bedroom!—and there would be no sound as Myrna advanced across the deep carpet towards the polar-bear skin spread before the fire. She would stand there, pensively tapping the fender with her foot as the firelight gleamed on the cold icy folds of her dress. The curtains would be drawn, and though there was so much light, it would all be filtering through silk shades. And there in the background would be the bed—immense, white, with silk sheets and a marvellously embroidered counterpane, and a switch so that you could put out the last light when you were in, and another switch that called a servant.

Alice got up from the bed whose mean coverings were stretched over a straw-stuffed mattress. The lamp was smoking again. She cursed it, as she knew how to curse, turned it a little lower, and looked at the ghost of her face in the dull, inadequate mirror. She thought she looked all right. She smeared the lipstick with her fingers, rubbed some powder into her chin—it was the devil how her chin would shine—and turned again to the bed. She shoved the film-fan magazine under the mattress—mum hated those magazines, "putting ideas into your head"—and put on her cloak. It was plum coloured, with a grey fur collar, cheap as muck; a shower of rain would ruin it. But, barring accidents, it would look all right.

She blew out the lamp and crept down the echoing wooden stairs. Dad and mum were in the kitchen. Dad looked fagged out, poor old thing. She'd like to do something for him. He never jawed her, as mum did. He had his boots off, and as he sat in a broken-down old wicker chair his feet were on the fender. Dad was always resting his feet. No wonder, tramping round all day with a little pan and brush, sweeping up the orange peel and waste paper and what the horses left behind. What a job for a man! She'd bet Myrna Loy's father would never have to do that.

Mum was at the other side of the fireplace, darning a pair of dad's socks. He didn't half get through them! You could put a fist through the hole that stretched across mum's darning mushroom.

"Well, and where are you off to, your ladyship?" mum asked. She didn't ask it nicely, either. Always surly. "Why don't you stay in sometimes of a night and do a bit of darning or something?" That was what she meant. And you'll catch me doing it, Alice thought. You'll see me staying in this place that's been condemned because the walls are rickety and the woodwork's rotten, and that hasn't got so much as a bath.

"I'm going out with Joyce Sanders," Alice said, hoping her attitude was full of easy nonchalance.

"Palley de Dance again, I suppose," mum sniffed.

"Right, as usual," said Alice; and dad said, taking his old clay pipe from his mouth with his twisted rheumaticky hand that shook a little: "Let her get some fun while she can."

"Fun!" said mum. "I don't know what they call fun nowadays. We didn't have that sort of fun when I was a girl—out till eleven o'clock or midnight. *And* we dressed according to our station. You can't tell a lady from a skivvy nowadays."

You cannot, Alice thought, not unless you see where they live. Put her in the right place—let her just walk across that bedroom of Myrna Loy's—and she'd look as good as the next. She pulled her cloak about her, and wished she had orchids. She could carry them. "You're the sort of girl who ought to wear orchids." That's what someone had said to her. Never mind who. That was over now—the dirty dog. She knew his sort.

She tapped her foot on the fender, standing up very straight and tall. There was not enough light to shine on her lustrous hair; but it was lustrous, and she had just sneaked time to have it dressed before coming home. She knew it looked all right, dark and shining above her dark, shining eyes. Dad put out his shaking hand and stroked the cheap velvet of her cloak, wistfully. "You look grand, Alice," he said.

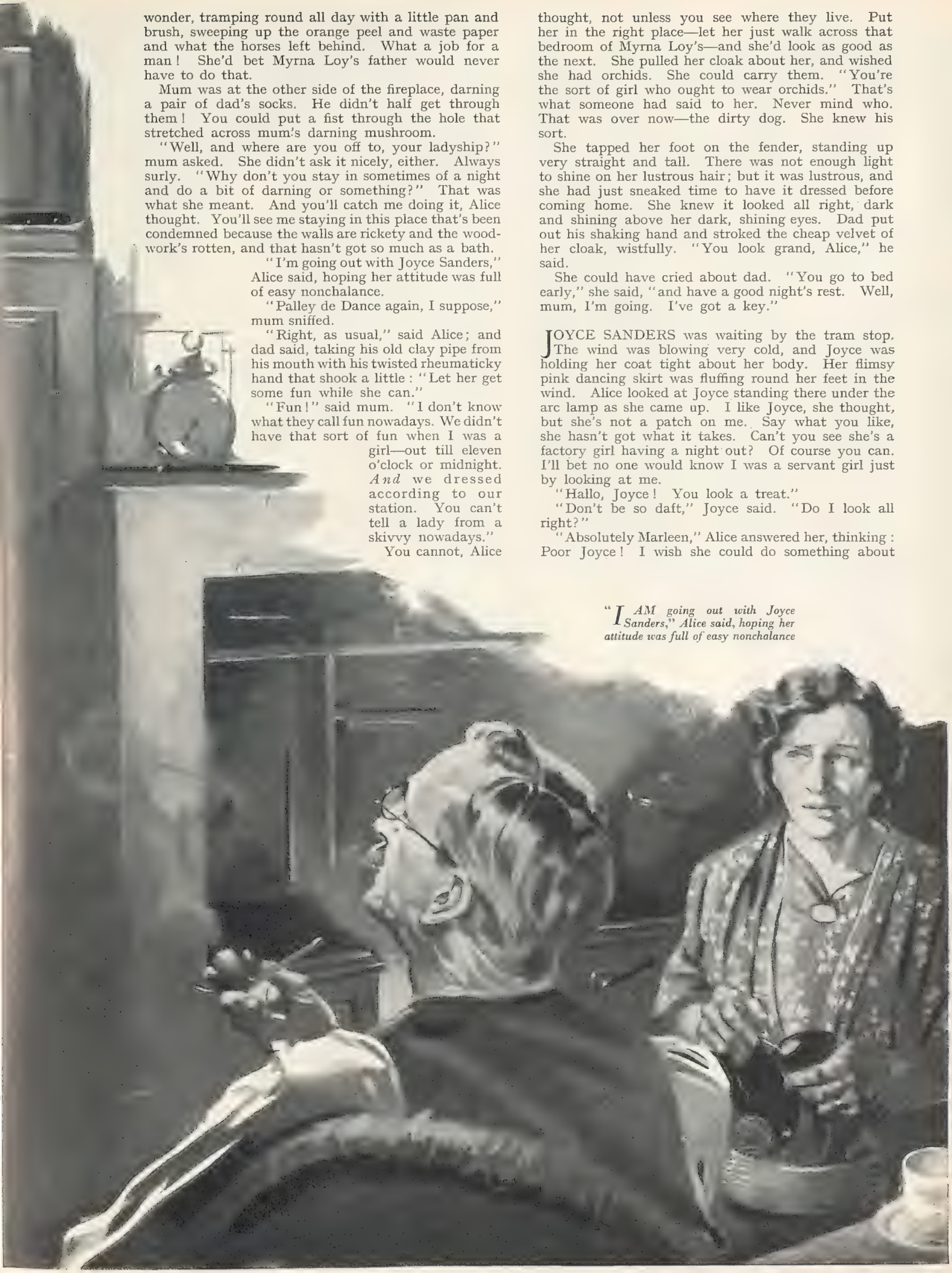
She could have cried about dad. "You go to bed early," she said, "and have a good night's rest. Well, mum, I'm going. I've got a key."

JOYCE SANDERS was waiting by the tram stop. The wind was blowing very cold, and Joyce was holding her coat tight about her body. Her flimsy pink dancing skirt was fluffing round her feet in the wind. Alice looked at Joyce standing there under the arc lamp as she came up. I like Joyce, she thought, but she's not a patch on me. Say what you like, she hasn't got what it takes. Can't you see she's a factory girl having a night out? Of course you can. I'll bet no one would know I was a servant girl just by looking at me.

"Hallo, Joyce! You look a treat."

"Don't be so daft," Joyce said. "Do I look all right?"

"Absolutely Marleen," Alice answered her, thinking: Poor Joyce! I wish she could do something about



"I AM going out with Joyce Sanders," Alice said, hoping her attitude was full of easy nonchalance

that awful skin. But there! You have to have a friend. It was safer to go about in twos.

The tram roared up, nearly empty. The conductor barred their way, grinning. "*Next* tram for Buckingham Palace, ladies," he chaffed. "This one's only for the boorjwassie." Cheeky hound! He wouldn't talk to me like that if I wasn't with Joyce.

"Good night, chickens," he said when they got off. "Watch out for the foxes."

Joyce laughed and waved her hand to him as the tram went away—the silly little fool. He was just her class.

In the ladies' cloak room of the Palais de Danse Joyce powdered Alice's back. "You do look lovely, Alice," she said. "D'you think I could wear a dress like that?"

Not if your back's anything like your face, Alice thought; and she said: "Why not? Nothing like showing a bit of the real piccaninny to fetch 'em."

"I don't think Albert would like it," Joyce said.

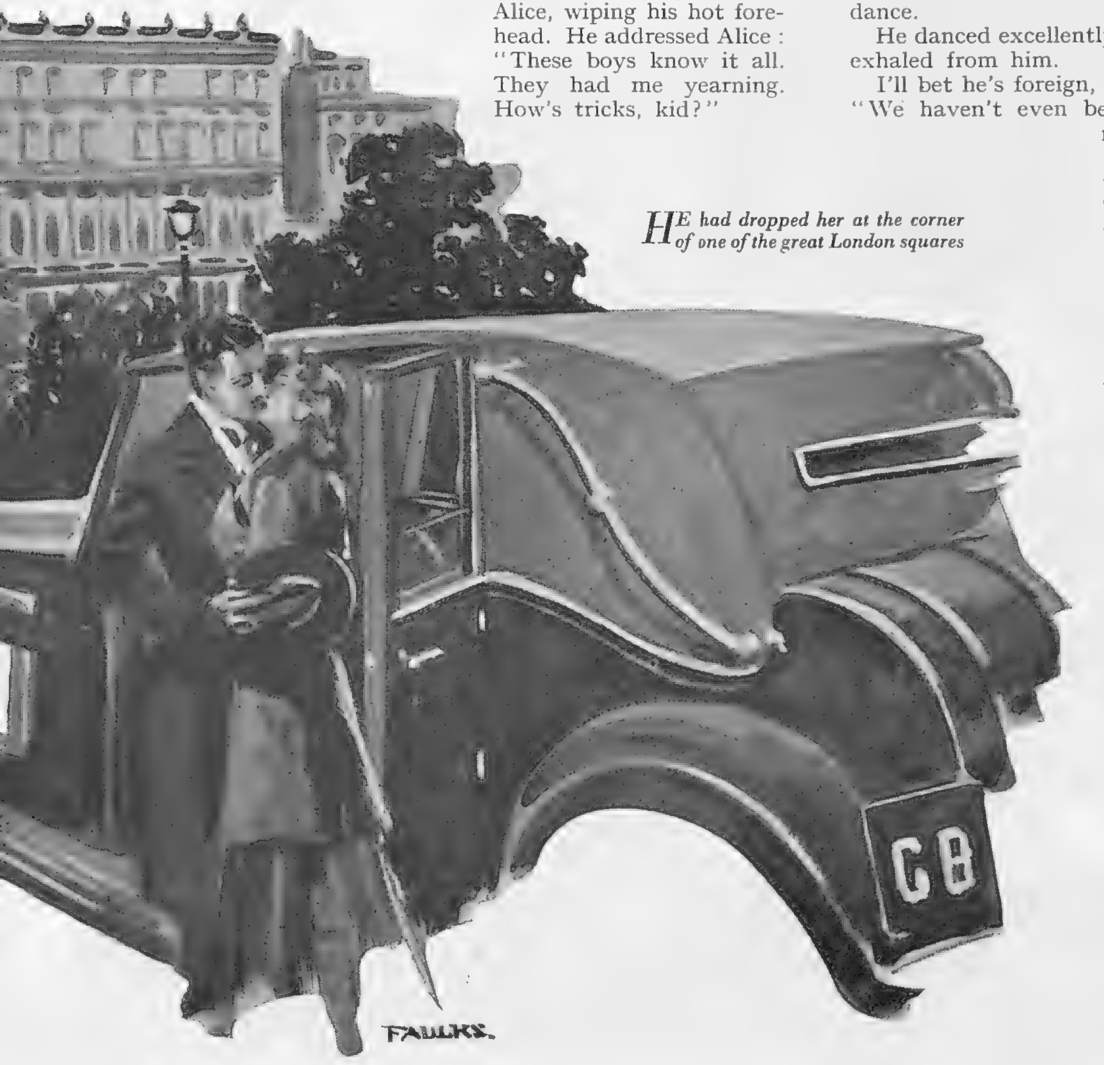
You *get* your Albert before you begin worrying about what he likes and doesn't like. I've never seen him take you home yet, or bring you. Of course, you couldn't *say* a thing like that, but there's no harm in thinking. Alice leaned close to the mirror to give a final touch to her lipstick. And Albert, anyway! My God! Albert! Had you seen him? Yes, thank you very much.

JASPER MERRIDEW'S Hot Rhythm Boys were knocking it up properly. "Come on," Alice said, and they went out together to the floor.

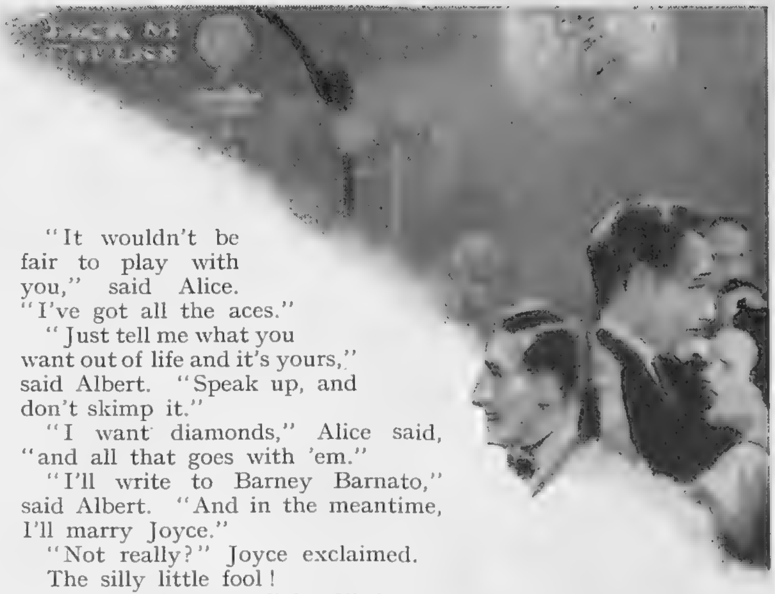
The disk made up of red, green, yellow, blue and gold segments was revolving before the spotlight. It was lovely—just lovely.

There were a number of dancers there already, and the Rhythm Boys were making them respond. The trap drummer was all over the place—*whang! boom! ping!*—and Jasper Merridew himself was half turned to the dancing floor, his oiled curly hair shining, his white teeth flashing. He was the only man there in tails and a white tie. It wasn't often you saw so much as a dinner jacket at the Palais de Danse. Mostly, the boys wore their Sunday best and dancing pumps.

The dance ended with a spatter of sporadic clapping. Albert Hopkins let go the girl he had been dancing with and came across to Joyce and Alice, wiping his hot forehead. He addressed Alice: "These boys know it all. They had me yearning. How's tricks, kid?"



HE had dropped her at the corner of one of the great London squares



"It wouldn't be fair to play with you," said Alice. "I've got all the aces."

"Just tell me what you want out of life and it's yours," said Albert. "Speak up, and don't skimp it."

"I want diamonds," Alice said, "and all that goes with 'em."

"I'll write to Barney Barnato," said Albert. "And in the meantime, I'll marry Joyce."

"Not really?" Joyce exclaimed.

The silly little fool!

A flood of moony light filled the room. The band began to play a blues; and Albert said: "Come on, Joyce. Leave her to her dreams."

Not of you, anyway.

"Good evening. If it's not an impertinence to ask, may I have this dance? Sorry to burst in, but I don't know a soul here."

Alice turned round very slowly. There was something in the voice. He was wearing a dinner jacket! He stood there with his hands in his coat pockets—you know that elegant way, just the thumbs showing—legs slightly apart, superbly at ease. She gave herself time to take him in thoroughly: the stripe of broad braid down the leg of his trousers; the dancing pumps, not cracked like so many here; the silk handkerchief, with a thread of black in its white, peeping out of his breast pocket. He was about as tall as she was, but stouter, and there was an exciting foreignness in the brown suffusion of his eyes and the crinkly lie of his hair.

Alice smiled and said: "Delighted!" They moved into the dance.

He danced excellently. A vague, almost imperceptible, scent exhaled from him.

I'll bet he's foreign, Alice thought, with a queer excitement. "We haven't even been introduced," she murmured. "My name's Alice Forbes."

"George Burnson," he said in that voice that was hardly above a whisper. "Like to know something more about me?"

"Uh—huh."

"I couldn't help overhearing what you were saying when I was standing behind you admiring your back."

"I expect I was saying something very silly."

"Not at all. You were saying you wanted diamonds. Nothing silly in that. You and diamonds, Quite appropriate."

He held her with a disturbing sense of intimacy, and his voice suggested secrets between them alone.

"It struck me as queer, because I'm in diamonds."

"You mean you *sell* diamonds?"

He laughed softly. "I handle them every day."

This was roughly true, for George Bernstein was a pawnbroker's assistant.

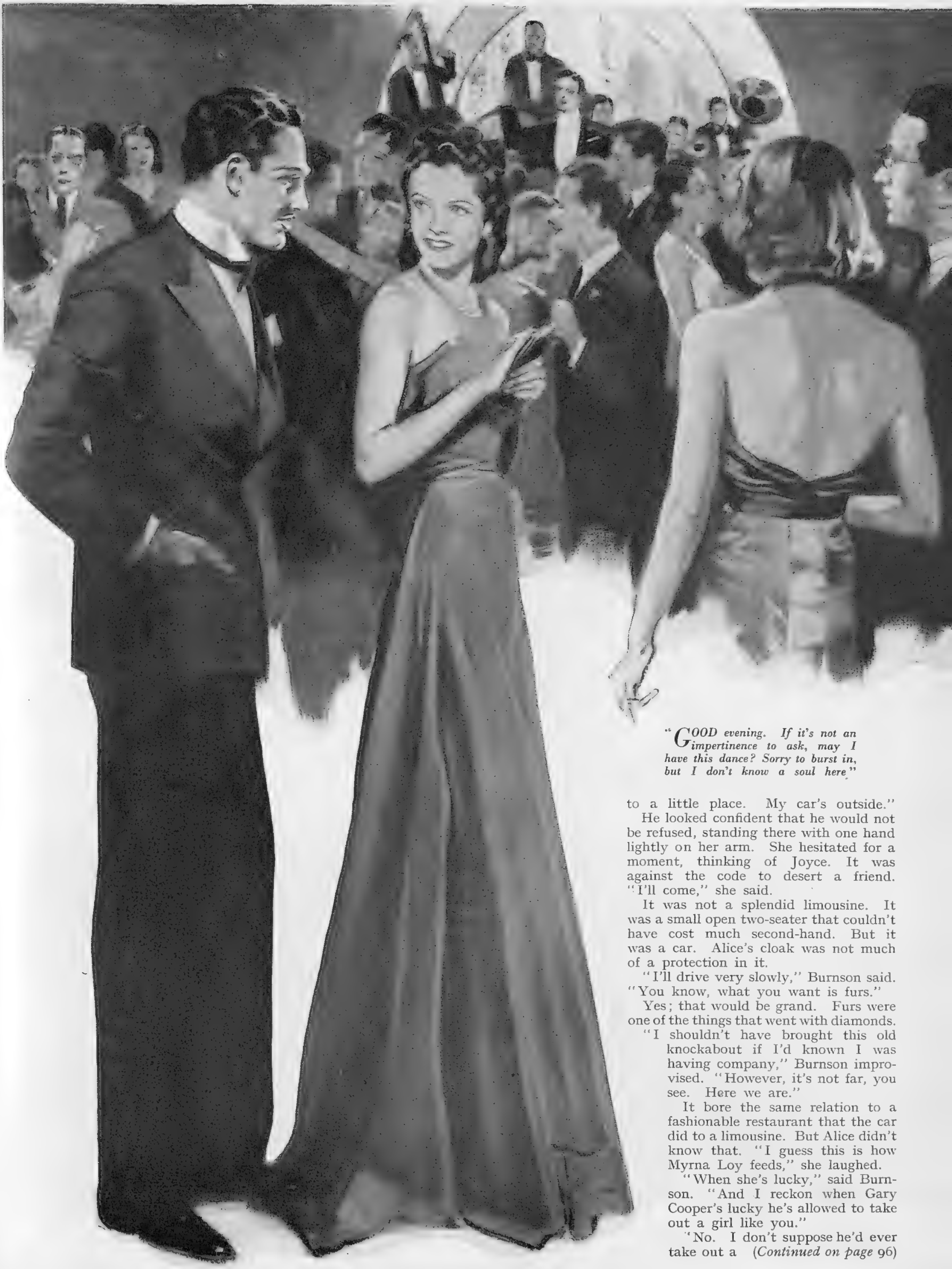
"How wonderful!" Alice murmured, picturing Mr. George Burnson running cascades of jewels through his hands, as she had seen Ali Baba do in a pantomime.

"That was lovely," Burnson said. "Thank you." He joined perfunctorily in the applause and led her off the floor. "What about a bit of supper?"

"Oh, I'd love it. But you can't get much here."

Mr. George Burnson laughed softly, disparaging the ices and the coffee and biscuits which were all the Palais de Danse ran to.

"I didn't mean here. I could run you



"GOOD evening. If it's not an impertinence to ask, may I have this dance? Sorry to burst in, but I don't know a soul here."

to a little place. My car's outside."

He looked confident that he would not be refused, standing there with one hand lightly on her arm. She hesitated for a moment, thinking of Joyce. It was against the code to desert a friend. "I'll come," she said.

It was not a splendid limousine. It was a small open two-seater that couldn't have cost much second-hand. But it was a car. Alice's cloak was not much of a protection in it.

"I'll drive very slowly," Burnson said. "You know, what you want is furs."

Yes; that would be grand. Furs were one of the things that went with diamonds.

"I shouldn't have brought this old knockabout if I'd known I was having company," Burnson improvised. "However, it's not far, you see. Here we are."

It bore the same relation to a fashionable restaurant that the car did to a limousine. But Alice didn't know that. "I guess this is how Myrna Loy feeds," she laughed.

"When she's lucky," said Burnson. "And I reckon when Gary Cooper's lucky he's allowed to take out a girl like you."

"No. I don't suppose he'd ever take out a (*Continued on page* 96)

KEEPERS *of the* SEA GATE

SOMETHING about the ancient seaport of Gravesend invites the attention of the artist. He finds stimulus in the stones of ancient wharves sucked smooth by the tides, in rambling old taverns and bluff-bowed bawley boats so near the sprawling sophistication of the metropolis. But engrossed with the picturesque the artist frequently misses the old town's most important claim to distinction; the fact that the men of Gravesend waterfront seem to have escaped the standardisation already conquering other outports of London. The Thames is justly famed for its sturdy independents, for its wit and tradition; at Gravesend you will find more "characters," keener wit and harder-dying tradition than anywhere else on London River.

In the forecastles of the seven seas Gravesend automatically suggests pilots, for here is the Clapham Junction of the Port of London. Many Gravesend pilots might almost claim to have tidewater in their veins, for not easily does a stranger learn the moods of temperamental Father Thames, and tideway wisdom has in many cases been handed down through generations. Most Thames workers tend to regard the Trinity House pilots as the sages of the river hierarchy, and they are treated with the deference due to their responsible position. But Gravesend waterfront, while acclaiming the skill and devotion to duty which makes the Port of London exceptionally free from accidents, sometimes shows its independence by indulging in a little slanderous leg-pulling where the pilots are concerned.

One of the best stories told is about a fictitious pilot who, steaming too fast in a fog, asked his waterman stationed in the forepart of the ship if he could see anything. The waterman replied that there was a sailorman (sailing barge) on the starboard bow and a small coaster on the port bow. He added that the ship was bound to hit one of them. "Which looks the cheaper?" the pilot is alleged to have demanded. "The sailorman!" replied the waterman. "Okay," said the pilot. "Hard a starboard, quartermaster!" An equally scurrilous yarn is about a shipmaster whose vessel suffered slight damage while a Gravesend pilot was on the bridge. This shipmaster afterwards claimed that this particular pilot was the greatest Englishman of all times, even greater than the national hero, Horatio Nelson. When pressed for an explanation, he is reported to have said: "Well, Nelson only sank a couple of ships at Trafalgar!" A more complimentary story tells of a shore launch making several clumsy and ineffectual attempts to get alongside a twenty-thousand-ton liner anchored in the stream. At last, says the Gravesend waterfront, the pilot of the liner lost his temper and roared through a megaphone to the launch crew: "You drop your hook, and I'll come alongside you!"

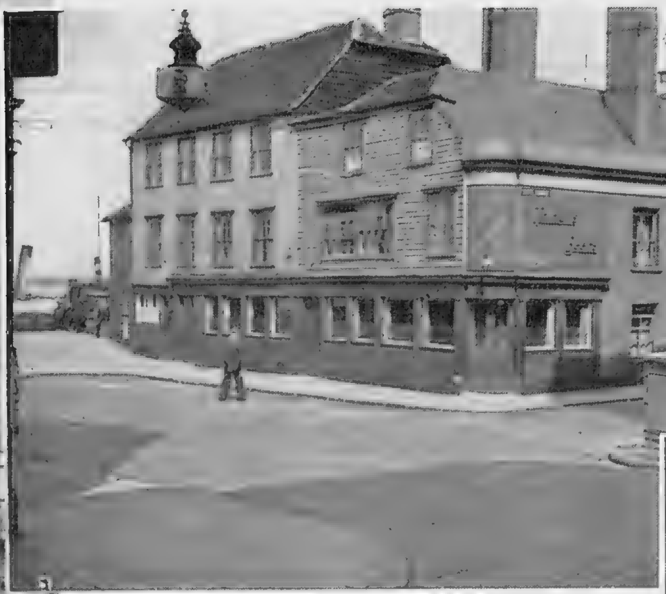
Gravesend tugboat men have inherited the spirit of the generations of watermen who defied the Crown, the Press and the civic authorities, and no more sturdy and independent characters exist on London River to-day. The men of the

The tug-buoys at Gravesend. The Customs' cutter is seen returning to its station

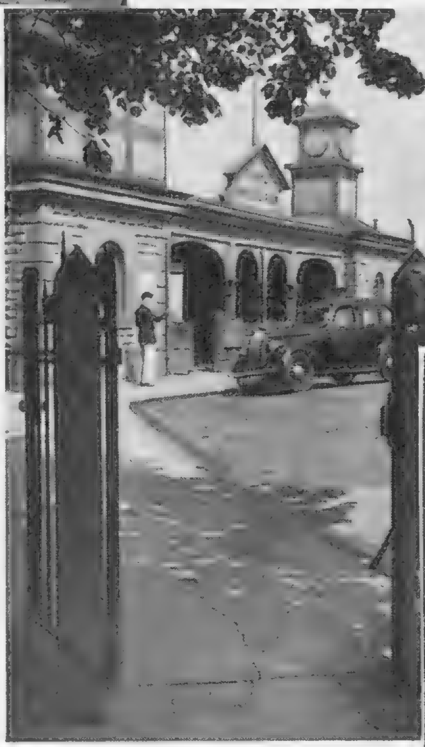
A "B.I." liner arrives at Gravesend and the pilot's cutter returns to its base

Gravesend lies between London's throbbing dockland and the ocean highway which leads to the ends of the earth

By L. M. Bates



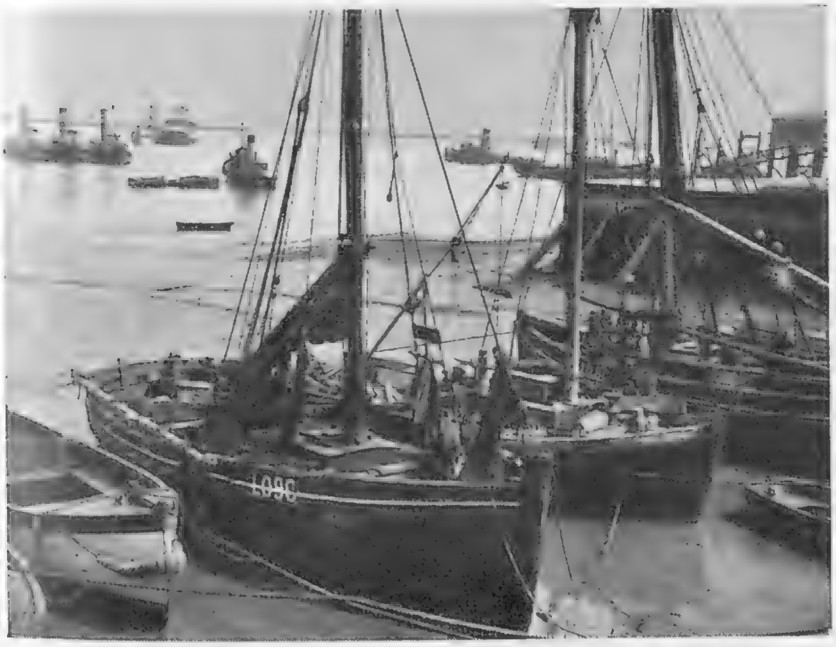
The "Three Daws," one of Gravesend's oldest taverns. (Left) Low tide at Gravesend, showing the L.M.S. ferry boat at the Town Pier. On the other side of the river can be seen Tilbury Hotel and the deep sea landing stage



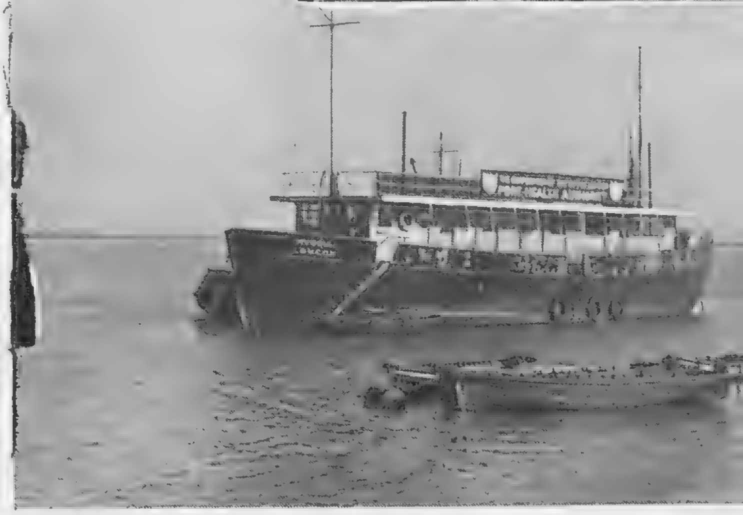
The entrance to the Royal Terrace Pier, home of the Trinity House pilots. Many Gravesend pilots are sons and grandsons of past pilots

Below: A Trinity House pilot leaving an outward-bound vessel and boarding the pilot's cutter by aid of the rope ladder at Gravesend

big ship-towage tugboats are usually afloat for days at a time, and if you are privileged to join them for a last cigarette on the foredeck before turning in you will hear much of the wit and tradition of the river. Hear them tell in their inimitable style the story of a certain tugboat which brought her powerful fire-fighting equipment to the help of a blazing ship. The fire had already gutted the quarters of the ship's engineers and the tugboat crew was highly delighted to receive assistance from a profane engineer who had escaped with no more than his pyjamas, and who had had recourse to the property chest of the ship's amateur dramatic society for clothes; he was dressed in an opera hat, a medieval cloak and jodhpurs! Only those who realise the greedy fascination of a maritime salvage job can fully appreciate the story of another Gravesend tugboat which raced down Channel in response to a radio call from a disabled ship. The Gravesenders had the mortification of being beaten by a matter (*Continued on page* 117)



Bawley Bay where the little bawley fleet rest when off duty



The "Hygeia" home of the Port of London Health Committee

The Wanton Queen
THE INTIMATE STORY OF QUEEN CAROLINE
P. Tisdall
FAMILY TIES
MARGUERITE STEEN
GREEN MONEY
D E STEVENSON
GEOFFREY HARMSWORTH
SLIMMING for the MILLION

BOOKS: Reviewed by Alan Seymour

NOVELS predominate in this month's batch and include some excellent reading, but none, I think, written with greater feeling than "Family Ties" by Marguerite Steen (Collins and Co., 8s. 6d.).

This is the story of a publishing family, head of which is "Old Harry," a pillar of rectitude whose son-in-law Simon and his step-brother Daniel are in charge of the business.

The characters of the men and the women who dominate their lives naturally play an important part in the unfolding of the story which centres round the book "Cypriana" by Marius Lear.

Ever since the Bible recounted the story of The Woman Taken in Adultery, prostitution has provided a prolific source of inspiration for writers of all creeds. "Cypriana," too, deals with this subject, but underlying its sophisticated theme is a philosophy which we are told renders this "book within a book" an important contribution to the world's literature.

In some mysterious manner an advance copy of "Cypriana" falls into the hands of one Eric Neil, who condemns it in the paper for which he writes as a pornographic work.

"Old Harry" is horrified to think that his own name and that of his firm, Crome and Lygon, could be associated with anything of a scurrilous nature and the fat is well and truly in the fire.

It would be unfair to the author for me to tell you how this situation develops but I am quite justified in saying that Marguerite Steen rounds off an absorbing story with brilliance.

Not the least delightful aspect of her book is the intensely subtle satire she lavishes upon the character of Eric Neil which—at any rate to my mind—may readily be associated with that of a certain present-day journalist who similarly gloats in secret over his horde of pornographic novels, the pornography of which exists principally in his own distorted mind!

WITH war-shattered China ever in the news an added interest attaches to "Lustrous Pearl" by Shore Leith (Thornton Butterworth, 7s. 6d.).

This author is already renowned for an intimate knowledge of the East and readers will remember his "Sampan Smith" as a delightful exposition of the Chinese mind.

In "Lustrous Pearl" Mr. Leith fills a larger tapestry and, with a bold design, links up events that took place in the China of the Ming Dynasty—when Shakespeare was alive in England, and Cervantes, Galileo and Columbus walked the earth—with happenings in the China of yesterday.

The shuttle of his art weaves a romance of mystery, love, greed and revenge, in which the threads of fate entangle the East with the West.

The search by Chinese agents for a talisman, the fulfilment of a legend predicted centuries before by the priesthood and known

(*Continued on page* 98)

Ladies must live
AND WARS SHALL CEASE
NO SOUTHERN GENTLEMAN
MAURICE GRIFFITHS
LUSTROUS PEARL
SHORE LEITH

THE BOOK OF THE MONTH

"No Southern Gentleman," by Maurice Griffiths (Rich & Cowan, 10s. 6d.)

SOME months it is difficult to determine which book of those I have to review most deserves the honour of selection as "The Book of the Month," but in the batch before me now the selection is an easy one.

"No Southern Gentleman" is a worthy successor to Mr. Griffiths's previous novel "Dempster and Son." Like its predecessor its locale is that of the Southern States—in this case before the Civil War destroyed its romantic civilisation.

When the iron paddle-steamer *Atlanta* was burnt in mid-Atlantic, Roscoe Torrence, an Englishman, was one of the survivors left adrift in a boat. Picked up by a slaving schooner he was brought face to face with all the horrors of the slave-trade, and when finally he lands in New Orleans the experience has left an indelible impression on him.

Settling in New Orleans amongst the friendly and hospitable Southerners, however, he sees other, more kindly aspects of slavery.

In partnership with a delightful character, Captain Isaiah Hickman, Roscoe becomes owner of a steamboat and is introduced to all the romance and excitement of Mississippi steamboating in the 'fifties when it was at its height. Races with rival boats, wrecks and floods are but incidents in this gripping story.

His passionate love for Virginia, a spirited daughter of a slave owner, brings a conflict with his abolitionist views. In his masterful way he forces her to give up a rival and marry him, and the stormy path of their marriage, and the part he and his steamboats play in the war when it comes to the Mississippi amid the gradual ruin of Southern hopes, completes one of the most moving and comprehensive novels of its type which has come my way for years.

There is an air of authenticity about the environment and a verisimilitude about the characterisation which raises this novel high above the usual run of such period stories and readers will find it difficult to put the book down once they have started it.

THE WOMEN I MEET

By Princess Paul Troubetzkoy

A Month to Month Commentary

Lady Caroline Paget

SEPTEMBER to me is always the month of the unexpected—particularly unexpected meetings. All the rest of the year there are so many plans made, so many definite engagements, luncheons, dinners or parties—business, duty or pleasure—a full programme which to most people permits little elasticity or changing of arrangements, and then suddenly, in September, to the mutual surprise of each, you lunch with someone whom you have been dying to see for months, and dine with others who have, in their turn, been absent from one's life for so long that you have wondered if you would ever see them again.

In September many people are in London for just a few hours or days; perhaps between journeys or lovely far-away holidays, perhaps passing through for shopping or urgent business, but their plans under such circumstances can have room and pleasure in unexpected meetings. Then again, it is the season for that lovely—though alas, in these times of stress, waning—English custom of country house parties, at which, while many of the guests have been on the hostess's lists for months, others may well have arrived almost without warning, and the meeting for cocktails before dinner may mean the most pleasant of surprises.

An ideal fellow guest to find in any country house is LADY MARION CAMERON, sister to the Countess of Kilmorey and the Earl of Huntingdon. To start with, she is more than pleasant to look at—in fact, she is as pretty as a picture!

The colour of her eyes I do not know, for sometimes I think they are hazel, sometimes dark, and sometimes they just seem to blend with her fair hair which has a touch of honey gold in it.

Viscountess Tredegar

She has a real fragrance of good manners and a courtesy which is as humanly kind as it is unaffected—which makes her companionship a genuine joy. She is quiet, perhaps, from a modern, cocktail party, standard; she monopolises no attention, and her voice is the least heard in any controversial conversation, but she has a great sense of humour, can be subtly witty, and has a tremendous capacity for enjoying fun.

Her friends call her Anne, which seems less a diminutive than exactly the name she should have, for, to my mind, certain names belong to certain types of people and an "Anne," to me, is someone very serene, who brings to one a sense of the graciousness of a past period, who is all that is gentle in femininity, and who has no comprehension of the shoddiness of untruth or the bitterness which can grow from frustrated achievement.

But if I describe Lady Anne as quiet, I am ready to say that she is an interesting conversationalist. She has travelled a great deal and lived in places far from the tourist track. For example, she has spent months living on her family sheep-farming property in the Falkland Islands, which are somewhat remote to usual conception. There existence has much of primitive simplicity, even though the land is so productve, and social life is represented mainly by the penguin colonies.

Lady Anne has a penchant for penguins for she has had considerable opportunity to study their habits. They have a philosophy of life which to her is baffling, yet interesting, particularly in the nesting season. Then the birds form into what are called in the islands, "camps," which means that a colony select a site and proceed to build their nests in a large circle. As each penguin waddles down, carrying a stick to add to its own individual untidy heap, and having placed it in position returns in search of another, so its neighbour removes the reward of that diligence to its own next-door nest, the same procedure occurring in turn as the thief goes off for its own building material. So, no penguin's nest is ever finished, and presumably no penguin is ever on speaking terms with its equally roguish neighbours.

A sadly *human* touch in the feathered world, but Lady Anne will explain that the penguin State could no more continue to exist than could ours except by community living. The birds have only as defence against danger or attack the services of what she says are called the (*Continued on page* 113)

Mrs. Warren Pearl

Miss Margaret Vyner

The Countess of Carlisle

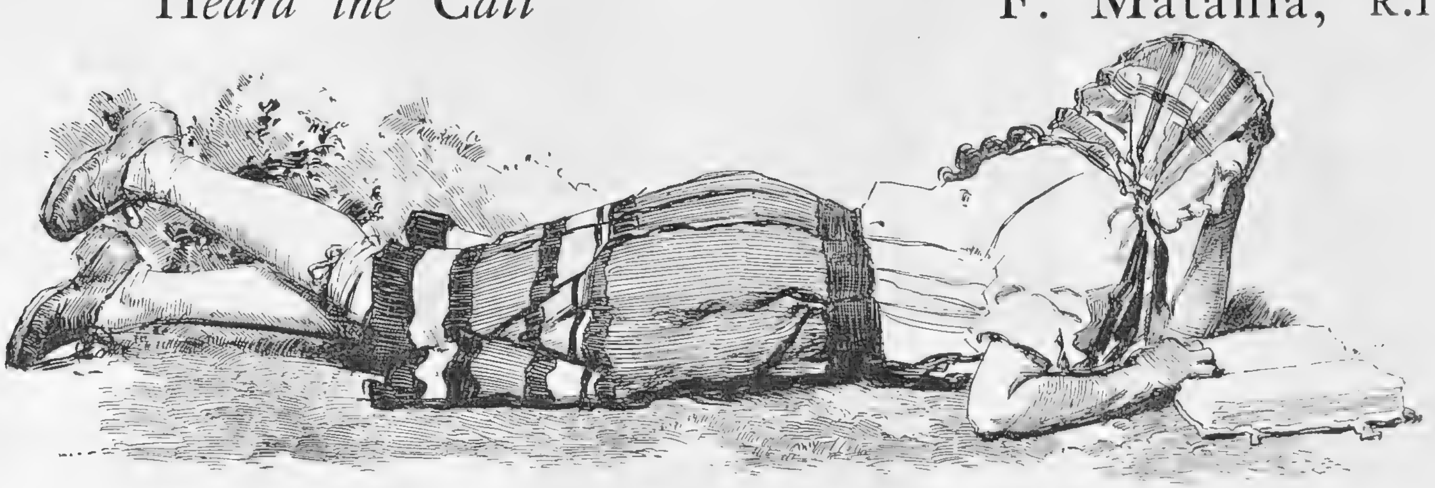
Lady Marion Cameron

Old Tales Re-told

When Elspeth Buchan Heard the Call

Written and Illustrated by

F. Matania, R.I.



When she was able to read the Bible she became so engrossed in the fascinating mystery of the sacred scriptures, that with time it took the form of an obsession

RELIGIOUS fanaticism has been responsible for many tragedies, for untold cruelties as well as exemplary heroism. The very nature of it has carried people to excess and it has made the supposedly enlightened ones commit crimes which, in the lesser light of common sense, they would have seen had no connexion with any Divine precepts.

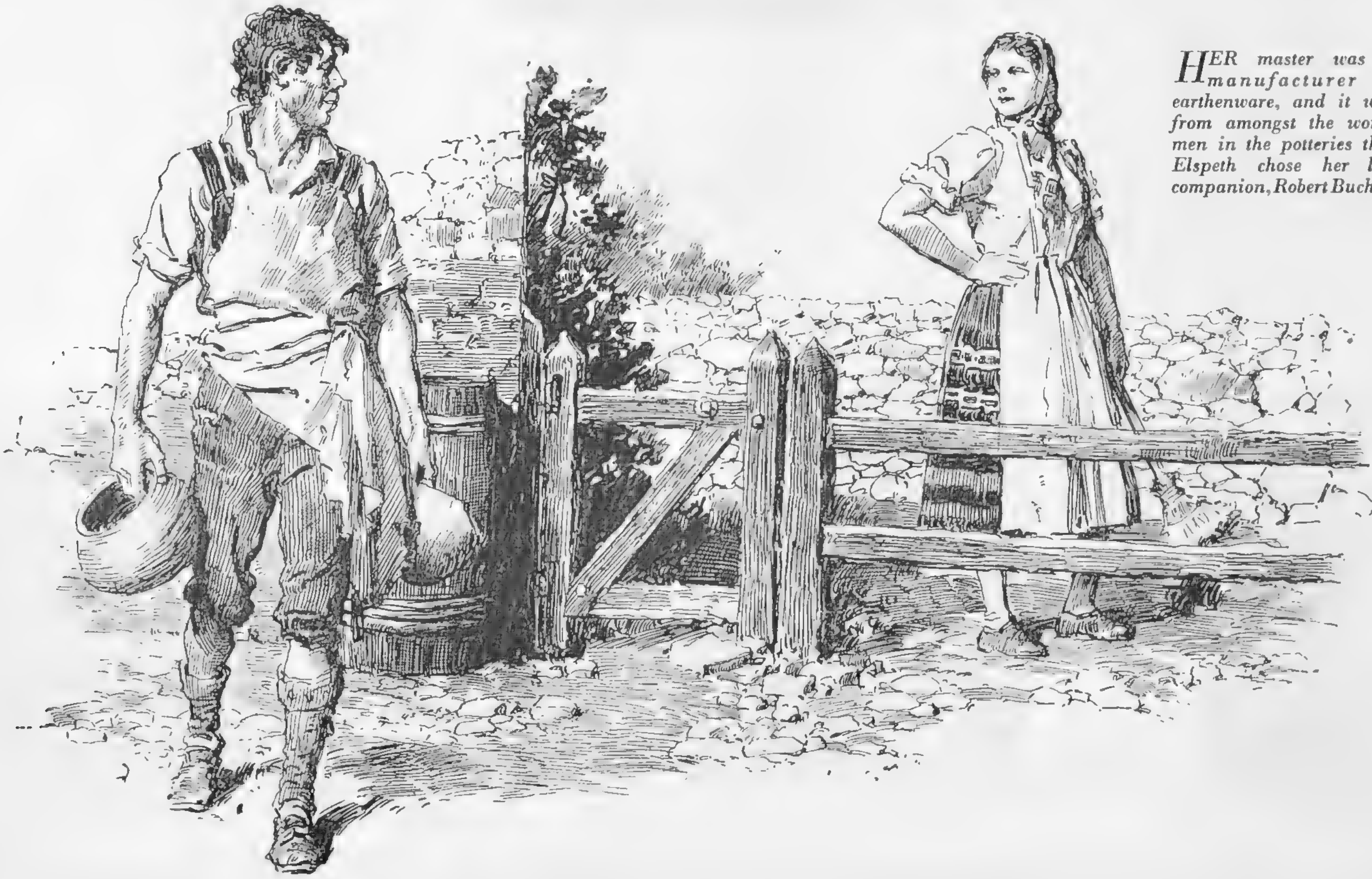
Together with instances of intolerance and drama there are, strangely enough, a few comedies arising from the same source. Comedies, wherein the actors themselves, unconscious of the degree of absurdity that they had reached, behaved in a way that not only had no tragic result, but appealed to the sense of humour of most of their contemporaries and indeed, makes amusing reading for posterity.

After the wars between Catholics and Protestants had spent themselves a state of peace ensued. That peace gave many the inspiration they had been waiting for, and in the middle of the eighteenth century there were many creators of new sects whose enthusiasm laid them open to ridicule, but whose earnestness can only be described as admirable proof of ardent faith.

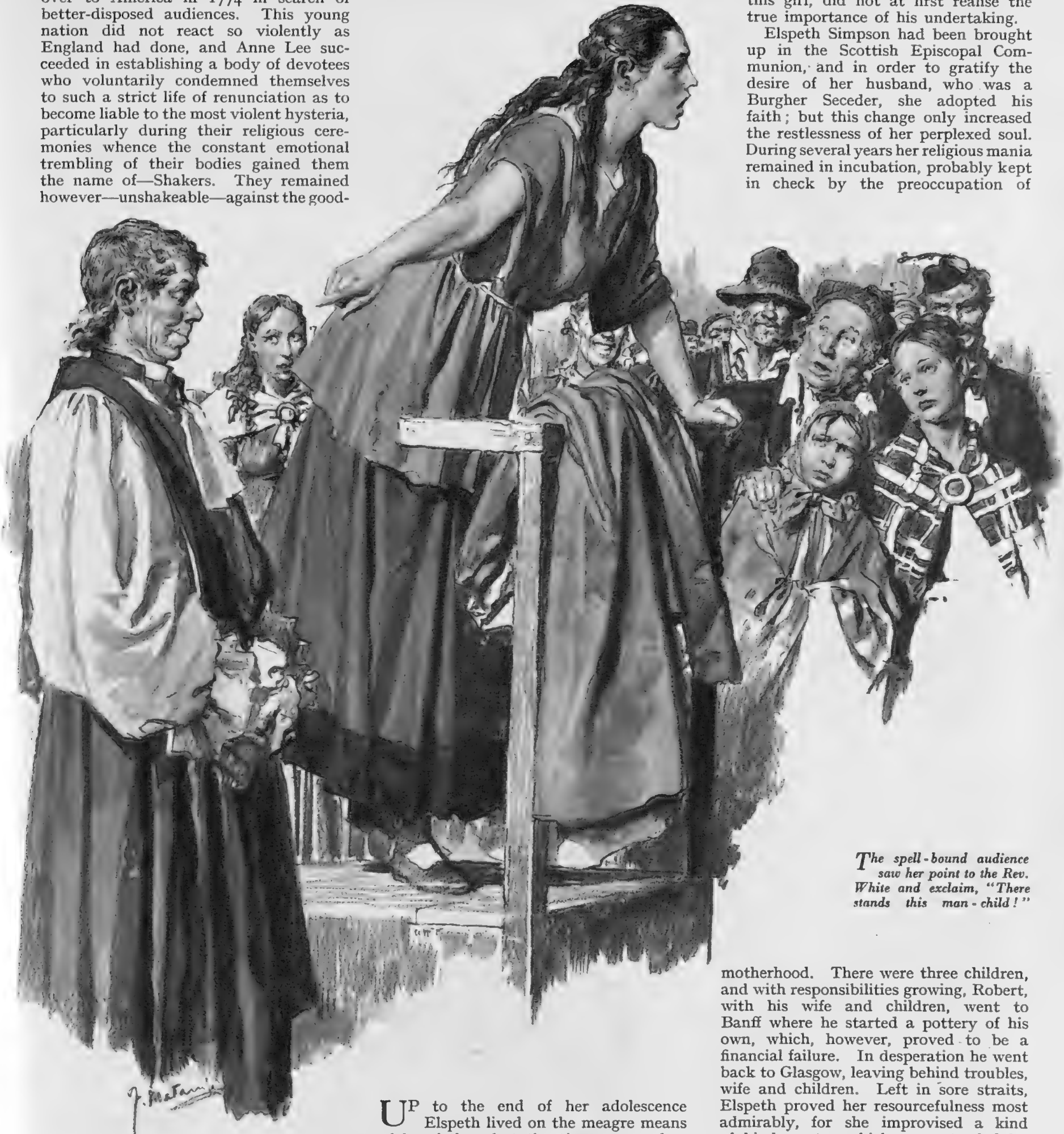
Many of these originators were women, and they succeeded in attracting to their banners numerous emotional followers equally ready to assume the shape of apostles to spread the new light.

Owing to their patience and tolerance English-speaking nations have offered to these self-styled "chosen ones" a very fertile ground, but there have been cases when this tolerance has reached its limit, and the priestess has been compelled to look for fresh fields.

There was the famous Anne Lee who, instead of profiting from the practical atmosphere of her native Manchester, created a new creed of which the principal feature was the return of Christ to earth, which, she declared, was about to happen at any moment. To her great dismay she failed to convince the heathens on



Her master was a manufacturer of earthenware, and it was from amongst the workmen in the potteries that Elspeth chose her life companion, Robert Buchan this side of the Atlantic, and so crossed over to America in 1774 in search of better-disposed audiences. This young nation did not react so violently as England had done, and Anne Lee succeeded in establishing a body of devotees who voluntarily condemned themselves to such a strict life of renunciation as to become liable to the most violent hysteria, particularly during their religious ceremonies whence the constant emotional trembling of their bodies gained them the name of—Shakers. They remained however—unshakeable—against the good-humoured ridicule of the Americans, whose characteristic wit was, and still is, second to none.



The spell-bound audience saw her point to the Rev. White and exclaim, "There stands this man-child!"

About the same time a similar creed sprang up in Scotland. The heroine who originated the new religious movement came, like the Maid of Orleans, from a very humble family. Her father was a modest innkeeper, and he brought up his little daughter in no way differently from that of any other country girl. When she was able to read the Bible she became so engrossed in the fascinating mystery of the sacred Scripture that with time it took the form of an obsession. Her name was Elspeth Simpson.

Up to the end of her adolescence Elspeth lived on the meagre means of her father, but the time came when she was obliged to earn her own livelihood, and she obtained a position as a domestic maid with a family at Glasgow. Her master was a manufacturer of earthenware, and it was from amongst the workmen in the potteries that Elspeth chose the companion of her life—Robert Buchan. It was presumed that they were properly married, but later examination has failed to find any documentary proof of such mundane proceedings, and it is therefore quite probable that she assumed the name of Mrs. Buchan without having bothered about a trifle which, as we shall see, she completely excluded from the precepts of her creed. It is evident that the good-natured Robert, attracted by the physical qualities of this girl, did not at first realise the true importance of his undertaking.

Elspeth Simpson had been brought up in the Scottish Episcopal Communion, and in order to gratify the desire of her husband, who was a Burgher Seceder, she adopted his faith; but this change only increased the restlessness of her perplexed soul. During several years her religious mania remained in incubation, probably kept in check by the preoccupation of motherhood. There were three children, and with responsibilities growing, Robert, with his wife and children, went to Banff where he started a pottery of his own, which, however, proved to be a financial failure. In desperation he went back to Glasgow, leaving behind troubles, wife and children. Left in sore straits, Elspeth proved her resourcefulness most admirably, for she improvised a kind of kindergarten which was attended by an adequate number of children. Her proficiency in this work was undeniable, but she did not confine her activities to that alone.

It was customary for the parents to gather once a week in order to attend theological discussions. Elspeth, taking full advantage of having an audience, explained her arguments, using all the power of her robust lungs and her unquenchable enthusiasm. She had the gift of pouring out oratorical torrents with the utmost facility. Writers and eye-witnesses speak of her supernatural oratorial gift. While the astonished audience did not deny her all praise as a preacher, they, at the same time, terrified at the boldness of her unusual arguments, came to the conclusion that she was a religious maniac, and gradually withdrew their children from her school.

Deprived of the only means of livelihood that she had, Elspeth went to Glasgow, reminded her husband of his neglected duties, and reconstructed the happy family. Having secured this point, she devoted all her energies to approaching as many ministers as she could, and on one occasion, she was deeply struck by the unusual fire of faith expressed by a country preacher, the Rev. Hugh White. That sermon was to prove the great turning-point in Elspeth's life.

She wrote White an enthusiastic letter that flattered him beyond words. After four months a weekly, wordy, and erudite correspondence convinced them both that they were bound together by one glorious destiny.

It was decided by the Rev. White and some of the members of his church at Irvine that Elspeth should be invited to preach there. It was what she had most ardently desired, and on the appointed day she embraced her children, kissed her completely flabbergasted husband, and mounted the coach, her mind totally inebriated with the great mission that she was about to undertake.

At Irvine she had an enthusiastic welcome, and was immediately lodged at the Rev. White's house. She wasted no time, and at once began to expound her astonishing doctrine to everyone, going from house to house, penetrating everywhere, invading every place where there were sufficient people to constitute a worth-while audience.

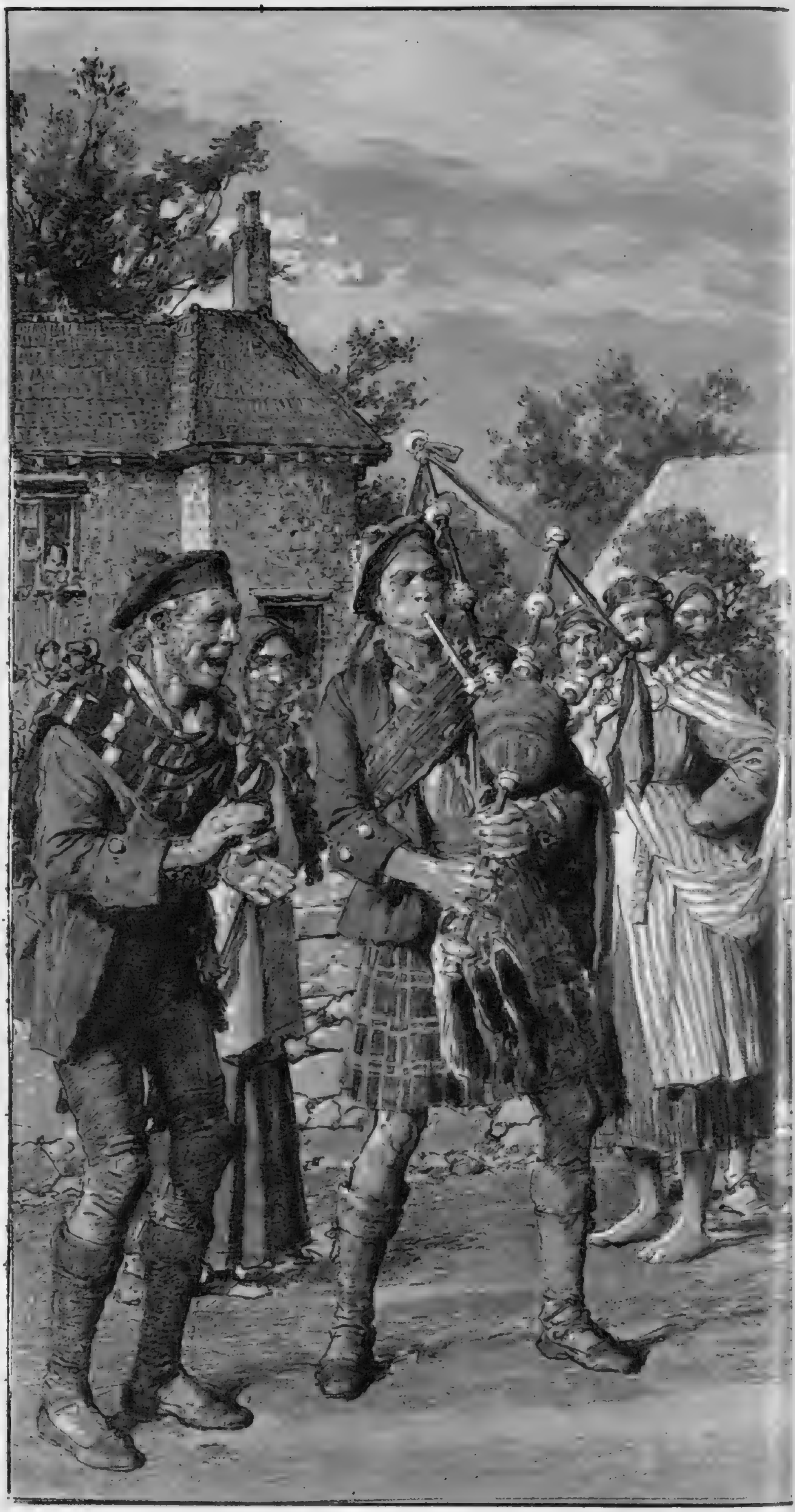
Her wild eloquence had mesmerised the Rev. White to such a point, that the more logical section of his flock was gravely disturbed, and when they saw how enthusiastically he accepted every one of her utterances, however absurd, they requested him to get rid of her. The minister looked upon this as a great affront and refused most determinedly.

NO absurdity has ever thriven without supporters. Elspeth also had her disciples in plenty, and so the formerly peaceful population of Irvine was plunged into an unexpected struggle between two parties, one in favour of the Elspeth-White alliance and the other bitterly against it. The latter gained the upper hand, for the Presbytery, urged on by indignant protestations of the malcontents, imposed on the Rev. White the ultimatum of either dismissing Elspeth Buchan or else of being deposed from the ministry of the Relief Church. " Never ! " was the reply of the stubborn priest.

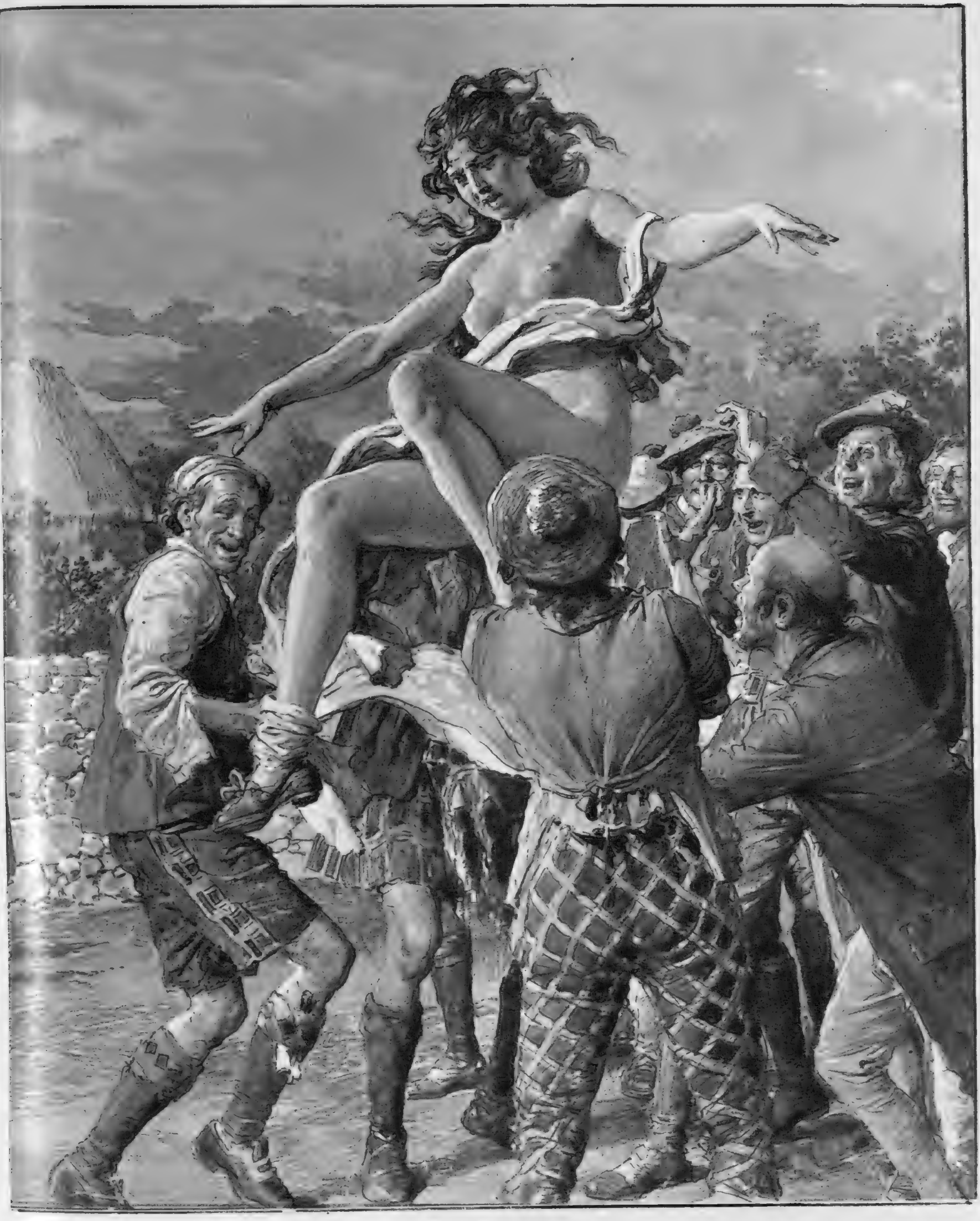
He was now more than ever tenaciously attached to the prophetess who had shown him the new light, and still more tenaciously was he attached to his salary.

The fight was brisk and violent. Mr. White refused to give up the keys of the church he had closed to his opponents. The indignant Presbytery used force, and he was compelled to deliver them.

Nevertheless, backed by a few supporters, he held meetings every day in a tent that did service as a temple. Someone cut the ropes, and the minister was compelled to move elsewhere, taking with him the untiring woman preacher of whom he had definitely become the most fervent disciple. A real wave of collective lunacy had spread over the entire town of Irvine, for the fight between the two opposing parties reached disastrous extremes. Families were divided and broken up by differences in opinion, no end of people lost their work through listening to the stormy speeches that the two orators uttered in defence of their doctrine and of their union. The windows of the Rev. White's house were left with not a single pane of glass unbroken, for any amount of bricks had found their way through them and had



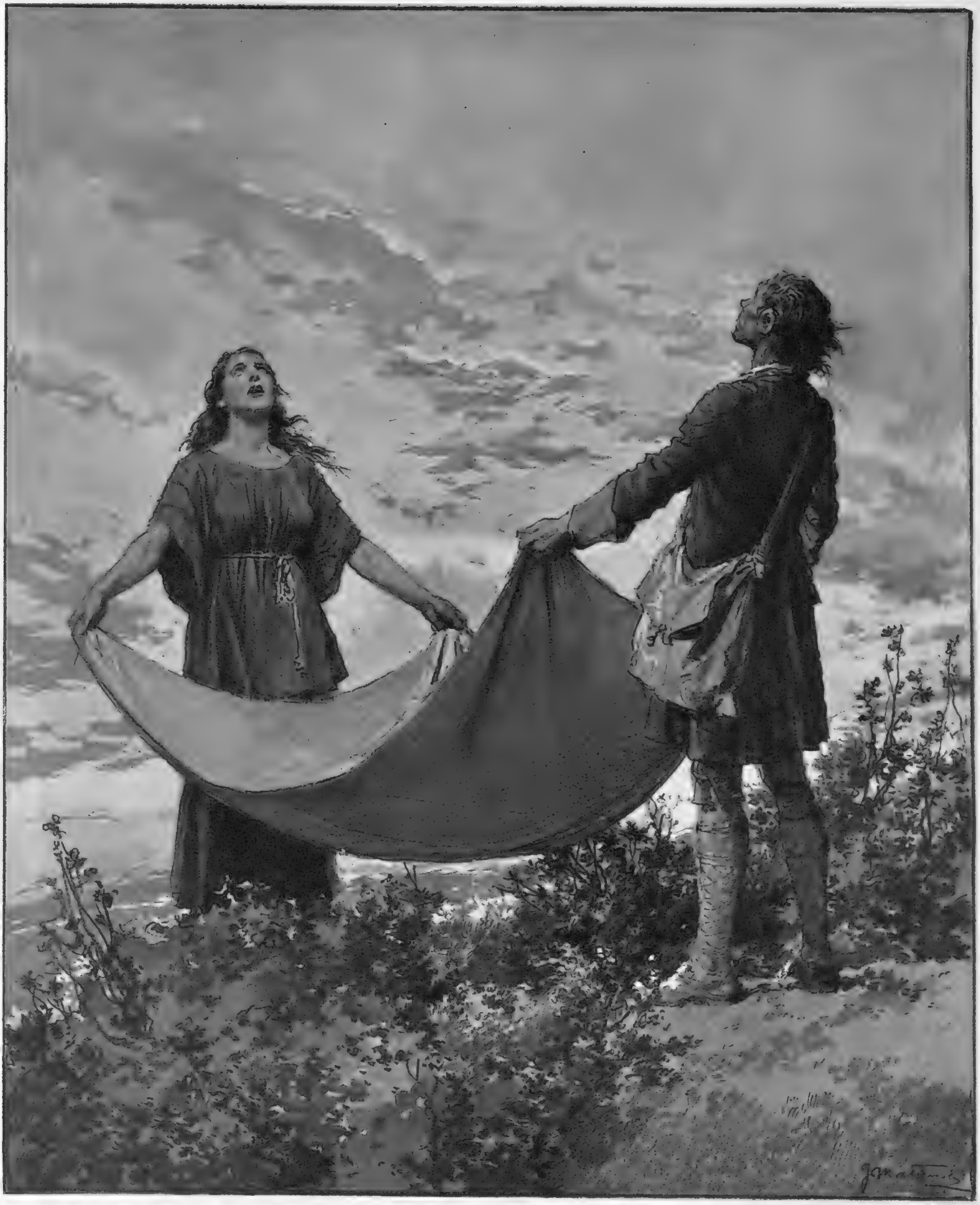
They dragged her from a house where her out of town. Amidst shouts and



she was visiting, stripped her of nearly all her clothes and, hoisting her on their shoulders, carried laughter on and on they went through villages and hamlets, followed by an ever-increasing crowd

interrupted the impassioned sermons delivered in his own abode, the only refuge left to the persecuted couple.

ONE cannot wonder at the public resentment nor at its exaggeration when one hears what caused it. The following is a sample of what Elspeth was trying to impress on the minds of others. In all seriousness she quoted from the xiith chapter of Revelations: "And there appeared a great wonder in Heaven; a woman clothed with the sun and the moon under her feet, and upon her head a crown of twelve stars": adding, "This woman stands before you now, for I am that woman." The spell-bound audience then heard her go on to say



Accompanied by one of her followers she took a large blanket to the top of a hill where, between them, they held it open and waited. The hours dragged by without any sign of the promised miracle

in ringing tones: "And she brought forth a man-child, who was to rule all nations with a rod of iron": Rev. xii, v. 5. Pointing to the Rev. White she exclaimed: "There stands this man-child!" It seems that the assumed innocent and childish attitude of the Rev. White did not convince that part of the audience which still had, somehow or other, retained its sanity.

THESE arguments provoked a still more violent reaction, for one day a group of hooligans staged a cruel trick against this woman. They dragged her from a house where she was visiting, stripped her of nearly all her clothes and, hoisting her on their shoulders, carried her out of town. Amidst shouts and laughter, on and on they went through villages and hamlets, followed by an ever-increasing crowd. At intervals they would stop and say: "Come on, Luckie" (she was called "Luckie Buchan") "fly up to Heaven like Elijah. Here is the whirlwind!" In saying so they tossed her up in the air. Every time she struck the ground with a thud, we can only hope that it was softened by that natural wealth of curves with which hefty wenches like Elspeth were abundantly provided. Eventually, being a powerful woman, she succeeded in getting away from her persecutors, but not before they had carried her for eight miles.

After this, the magistrate, thinking it better to remove the cause of so much disturbance, expelled Elspeth from Irvine, and she returned to her husband's house, which, needless to say, she at once converted into a lecture hall. The door was thrown open to the public and every room was filled to its utmost capacity. As though that was not enough to drive any man to distraction, the unhappy Robert had to see that full hospitality was lavishly offered by his crazy wife to people whom he did not know from Adam.

Utter destitution soon put a full stop to the merry gatherings which, as soon as the larder dried up, were no more stirred by the promise of heaven. It is not difficult to imagine Robert's sigh of relief when his persevering wife decided to brave the law of banishment and join again her inconsolable Rev. White at Irvine.

Her holy determination, however, was still being interfered with by the hand of the law, for she was expelled once more. But this time Elspeth's departure from the town took on a solemn form. The cry of "All ye faithful ones, follow me!" was answered by forty-six of her devotees.

The belief of the Buchanites was that Christ's arrival upon earth was so imminent that within the space of a few days they would all fly to heaven, and so they did not bother to shut their doors nor to attend to any earthly interest, but left open shops, stables and farmyards at the mercy of whoever wished to enter. The faithful then formed themselves into a procession. At the head was Elspeth mounted on a white horse and draped in a voluminous red cloak. She was followed by the Rev. White, who had decided to forget his entire past and follow the prophetess. Behind him marched the forty-six loyal Buchanites, mainly composed of women. They took an easterly direction, singing as they went and confident that at any turn of the road they would come face to face with the Saviour.

Thus the Buchanites travelled on for many miles, unperturbed in spite of the occasional rain of missiles that sped them on their way. Historical example set by the Christian martyrs of the past gave them strength and endurance, they declared.

The journey ended at a farmhouse in New Cample, where the Buchanites agreed to hand over their money to their leader so that she should administer it for the benefit of all. New recruits had collected as the journey had progressed, and the number of mouths to feed was now considerable.

One morning Luckie Buchan described to her followers how heaven had revealed to her that a rain of gold would fall from the sky for them all. Accompanied by one of her followers she took a large blanket to the top of a hill, where between them they held it open and waited. The hours dragged by without any sign of the promised miracle, until her companion, exhausted by the vain expectation, left her alone to await the generosity of heaven.

Later she arrived at the farm waving a five-pound note, which according to her statement she had received direct from God.

ON another occasion the resourceful Elspeth led her flock to believe that the day of farewell to this world had really arrived, and she suggested that they should purify themselves from any human weakness or vanity, and throw away every jewel, ornament or trinket that they still might have in their possession. Promptly they obeyed, and bracelets, rings and watches were pitilessly thrown on the refuse heap. Then they ascended the hill from whose summit they would be lifted heavenwards and be lost sight of in the limitless expanse of the sky.

But once again the devout Buchanites were doomed to disappointment, for heaven was deaf to their prayers and they were obliged to return to the farmhouse, there to remain mere humans for a little longer.

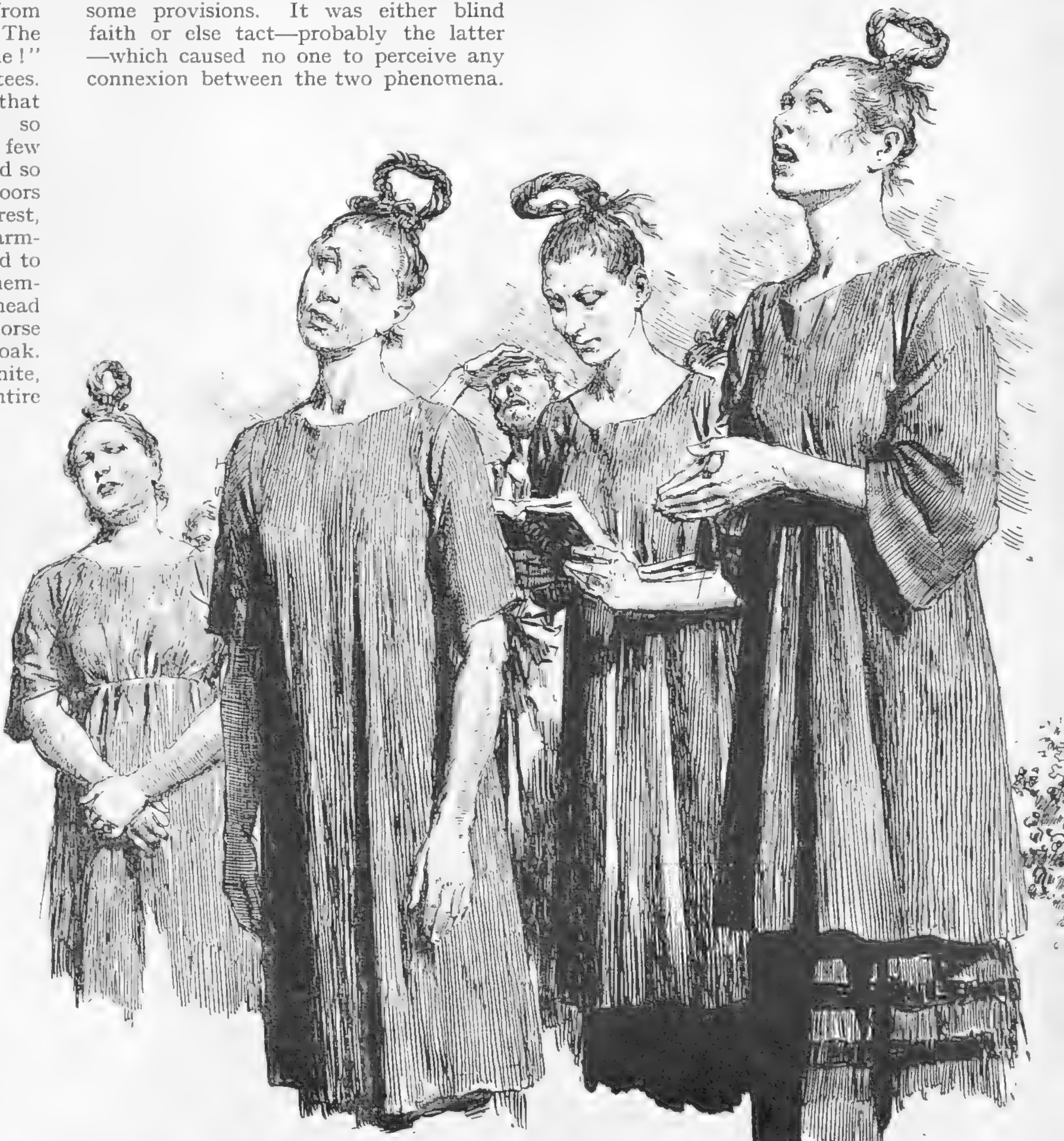
Two surprises awaited them on their return. The first was to find that their valuables had disappeared from the dust heap, and the second was the arrival of some provisions. It was either blind faith or else tact—probably the latter—which caused no one to perceive any connexion between the two phenomena.

The house wherein the Buchanites lived was not large enough to harbour sixty persons, yet they found a way of accommodating themselves without resenting the very close contact imposed by the limited space.

The public, neither being versed in the philosophy of Plato nor believing that the Buchanites all possessed St. Anthony's power of self control, expressed some very caustic opinions on the subject. In reality, however, the Buchanites were better than they were made out to be.

The Buchanites rejected the idea of death or the separation of the soul from the body, and when the time came they believed that they would ascend into heaven body and soul complete. Only the wicked would die, that is to say, all but the Buchanites, and they would remain dead for a thousand years. Meanwhile the Buchanites would return to earth with the Lord Jesus, and after the lapse of the thousand years, during which time they were to be in complete possession of the world, they would face a terrible struggle with the devil and his army of wicked followers whom they would eventually defeat.

Marriage, love and all such earthly pleasures were (*Continued on page* 112



TO facilitate the ascension that God had so many times postponed, Elspeth ordered every woman to cut her hair, leaving just enough on the top to form a loop which would come in very handy for the angels when snatching them to heaven

NOT ALL DREAMS

I never had much time for castles in Spain, but a castle in England would suit me very nicely.

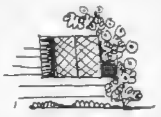
Well, perhaps that's an exaggeration, because though towers and turrets undoubtedly provide an excellent background I have my doubts as to their homeliness, and homeliness is the one thing I am unwilling to dispense with.

Not that I don't enjoy a bit of showing off as much as anybody. I do quite a lot of it when I'm building my imaginary house. Like you do, like everybody does. Then suddenly I find myself slipping in some quite humble notions for good measure.

That's the best of a hypothetical house. You can have Georgian interiors jostling with Jacobean ones.

So, like yours perhaps, my dream house is a pretty good mixture of fantasy and downright practical comfort. So far it consists of a great many ideas which I delight in stirring up together, but some day they'll be sorted out and fitted together and then my house will be a reality. Oh, yes, it *can* happen.

If it isn't a castle my house certainly isn't a cottage, though it has some of the lovable qualities of a little place. This part of the picture is quite clear. It must be rambling. A house that nestles into its green background and spreads itself impulsively wherever it chooses. It will look as if it *grew*.



I hope it will be built of timber because roses and honeysuckle cling more tenderly to wood, but stucco *would* do. In any case it will be white and there must be shutters.

Can you picture a house that combines the swank elegance of a Regency mansion with the pure simplicity of an English farmhouse? Well, that's my idea. I don't see why the two shouldn't mix.

Don't be deceived by the outward appearance of this house because it is really very modern. In all matters relating to homes and decoration I confess to an obsession for combining the best of the old world with what I can afford of the new.

Take the kitchen now. This will be something between a farmhouse dairy and a piece from the Efficiency Exhibition.

It is large and spacious. Deliciously warm in winter and fragrant with the scent of home-made jam in the summer. There is a big, shabby easy chair and shining pewter covers. Oh, yes, they make work I know, but what sort of a life is it when there is nothing unpleasant to do. How can you enjoy idling if you never work?

So much for sentiment. The other side of the picture shows superlative modern cooking apparatus, a perfect and abundant water-heating system and an arrangement which segregates the sink and the cooker from the rest of the room. This compartment can take the form of a large recess, tiled and entered through an arch, or as in one kitchen I have seen abroad, by a high counter.

You step through the slender classic doorway of my visionary house into a vestibule—vestibules are good. They make it possible to use the main hall as a reception room. Anyhow, I want a vestibule, preferably with wrought iron gates; elegant, lacelike, dividing the smaller entry from the hall which is to be panelled and to have an open fireplace.

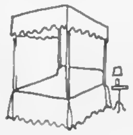
About staircases I admit I am slightly mad. Who isn't? What woman doesn't yearn for a grandly sweeping staircase upon which, wearing the most fabulous gowns, she can pose for the benefit of admiring guests.

That is one of the touches of drama I allow myself. Another has to do with windows. Picture windows which command the most dazzling vistas of a not too large and not too formal garden. Do you understand why people so seldom plan their gardens with thought for the views that it provides from indoors? I don't.

Furnishing my house is practically a full-time hobby. With so many ideas, plans are slightly confused but need one be too precise? What if you do get a Georgian effect in one room and a Dutch interior next door? Isn't it the tasteful assemblance of beautiful things in a harmonious setting more than conventional exactitude that makes for perfection?

When I entertain on a grand scale it will be in the Salon. Don't ask me when four walls cease to be a room and become a salon, because I don't know, but I like the sound of it. It conjures up visions of elegant high-back chairs, Empire couches and delicate Aubusson carpets.

The colour scheme changes from day to day, but for the present it is composed of honey-yellow, mint-green and touches of violet. Perhaps I shan't be terribly happy in this room but I shall be terribly smug.



Upstairs there must be at least one bedroom with a four-poster, a scent of maple wood and crisp muslin draperies at the window.

This room is for guests who share my whimsy tastes, but I shall cater for the hard boiled as well.

A modern guest-room, furnished with the precise formality of the modern taste, will have colourful striped fabrics, and brilliant rugs strewn on a painted floor. Grey, red and black sound pleasing to me. I have made a note of Bowmans, of Camden Town, as the people who combine the right degree of inspiration in modern furniture design with a commendable restraint. Yes, Bowmans are the people for my modern furniture and fabrics. They have it all.

Whatever the character of the bedrooms, the beds themselves will be poems of comfort.

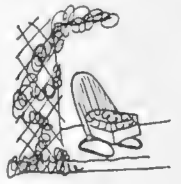
I have spent a lot of time perfecting my judgment of beds and much of it surreptitiously bouncing upon strange mattresses, weighing their possibilities of comfort.

The sum of my knowledge amounts to this: that a bed should be yielding and yet supporting and that after ten years it should be yielding and supporting with as much gusto as it did at the start. Unless somebody produces something superior in the meantime, which seems impossible, I shall have Vi-Spring mattresses in my perfect house.

Central heating? Yes, but only as a supplement to fires. Passages, bathrooms (there will be several), out-of-the-way corners will be warmed in winter.

Need I say that there will be a luxurious veranda where I can pretend I am in Florida or the South of France. It will be on the American principle, admitting winter sunshine through glass walls that can be partly removed for the summer season.

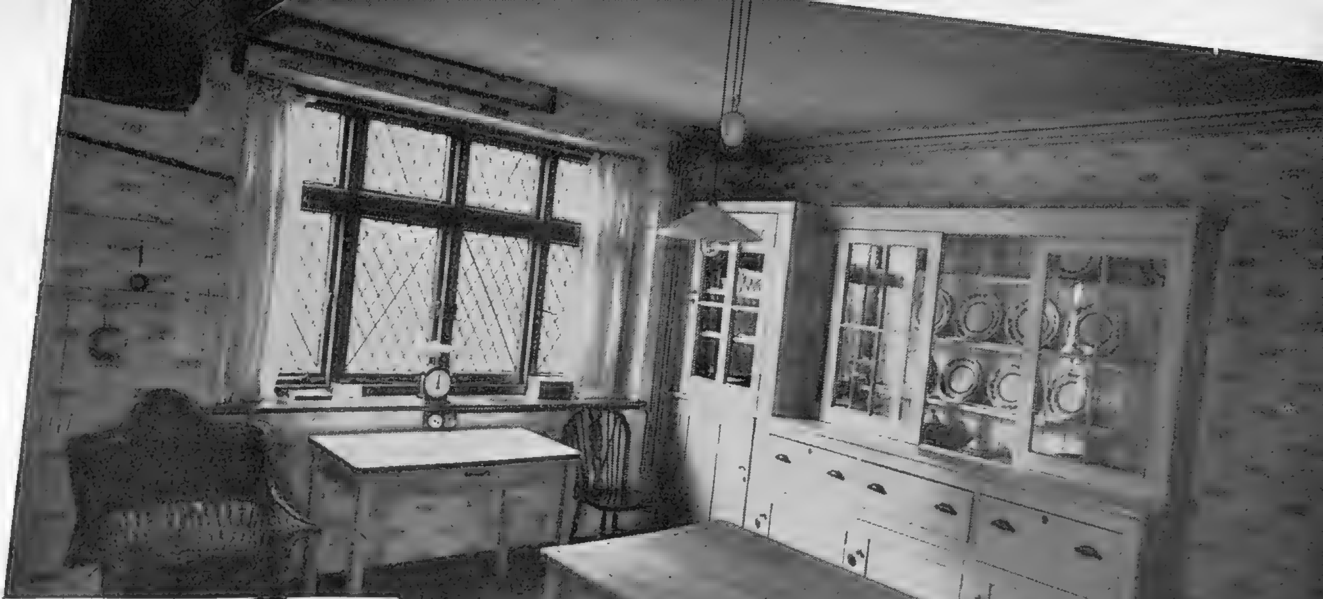
I fancy gay-coloured woven fibre furniture for here. It looks exotic and in keeping with an outdoor atmosphere, yet it has all the comfort that furniture is capable of. Lloyd Loom chairs are made in so many designs and colours. Lying-down chairs and sitting-up chairs and glass-top tables. All the paraphernalia I covet.



What will it all cost? How shall I get it? I don't know, yet. And I'm not the only one who is asking myself that question. You are, the others are, we all are. It depends on the run of the board; the Stock Exchange, the extent of our own confidence in the future.

But it's not all dreams. . . .

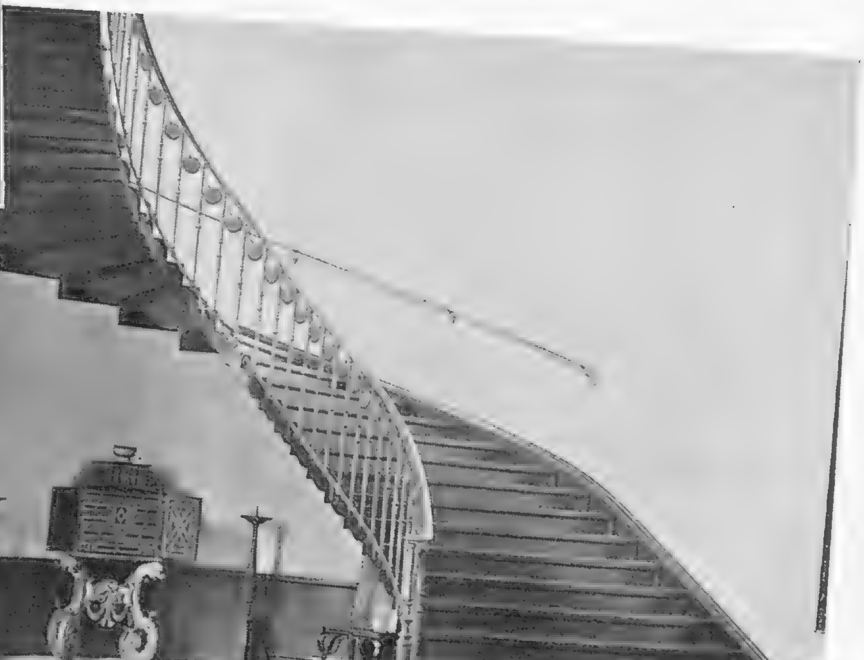
Winifred Lewis



↑ The Kitchen will be something between a farmhouse dairy and a piece from the Efficiency Exhibition

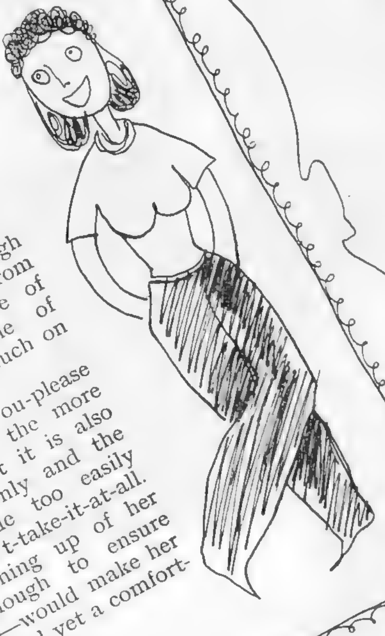
↑ Dazzling vistas of a not too large and not too formal garden

About staircases I admit I am slightly mad. Who is it? →



DOMESTIC

This is Mrs. "The Work Will Last Longer Than I Shall"



Having cottoned on to this indisputable fact, she uses it as a perpetual screen behind which to retire from all the household duties she most dislikes.

Her philosophy is sound enough inasmuch as it prevents her from exaggerating the importance of housework in the scheme of things, but she errs too much on the other side.

Her home is a go-as-you-please sort of place and all the more cheerful for that, but it is also inclined to be slovenly and the take-it-easy attitude too easily develops into don't-take-it-at-all.

A little tightening up of her theory—just enough to ensure more efficiency—would make her home a placid and yet a comfortable place to live in.

This is Mrs. "People As They Find Us"

She imagines herself to be an extremely hospitable person and in some way commendable because she dispenses with those formalities which delight a more conventional hostess. But though her entertaining certainly has a homely quality to be admired she forgets that her informality is often indistinguishable from discourtesy.

She expects "I don't put myself to any trouble for you" to be interpreted as a compliment, whereas it takes genius to distinguish such an assurance from a slight.

If she were to remember that informality implies no relaxation of courtesy, and that an appearance of informality with guests is different from neglecting them, she may become a successful hostess.

This is Mrs. "I Never Have Time For Anything"

She is the opposite number to the lady above and exists in a perpetual condition of frenzied effort without ever seeming to achieve a thing beyond her own discomfort. Unquestionably she is a very conscientious person, but she has forgotten, if she ever knew, that even a virtue can be rendered a bore by overstatement.

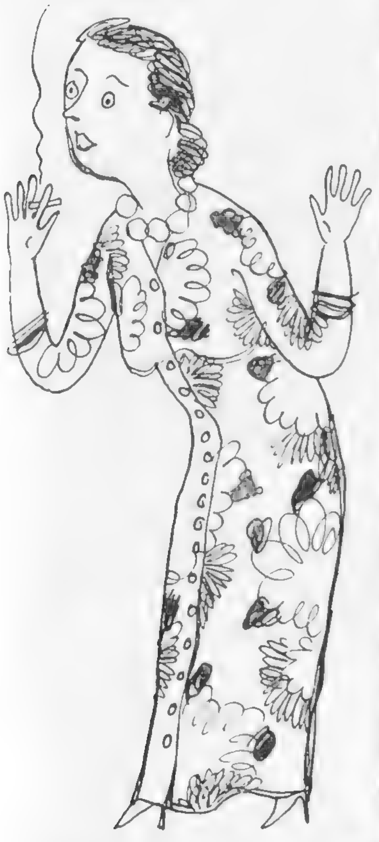
She can talk of nothing but her devotion to duty and her home, though efficient, is blighted by her resentment of her lot.

By diffusing her energies and her interests into other channels beside those of the home she could acquire a better sense of values and the beginnings of a pleasanter life for herself and those around her

This is a little portrait gallery of women you've met. There are nice women who could be much nicer if they tried, average women who could be more than average if they could put aside their hampering preoccupation with Self. All of them have bad sight when it comes to seeing themselves with a clear, candid vision

FRAME-UP

Must Take Us



and no nonsense. Take a good look at them. You may perhaps recognise some of your friends. You may recognise yourself. You will certainly appreciate that a great many homes could be happier if a great many more women would occasionally frame themselves up and take a look at the picture as others see it.

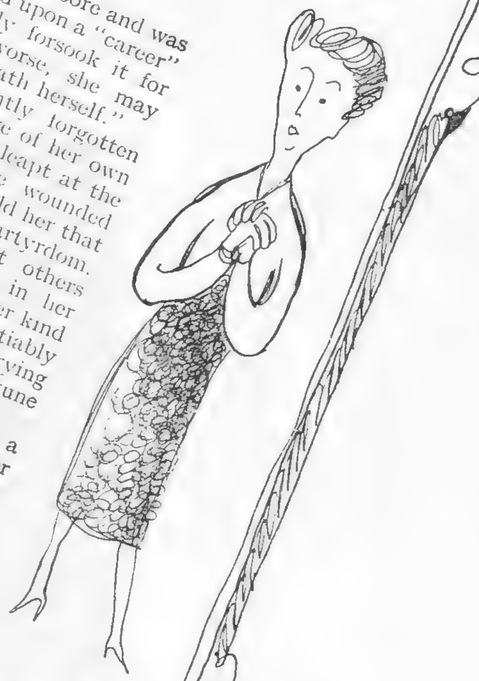
This is Mrs. "I Was Always Too Good For This"

Frankly, this one is a bore and was probably embarked upon a "career" before she willingly forsook it for marriage. Even worse, she may have married "beneath herself."

She has conveniently forgotten that she chose marriage of her own free will and probably leapt at the chance. She would be wounded beyond measure if you told her that she was enjoying her martyrdom.

She should realise that others find it difficult to believe in her capacity to succeed at another kind of career when she fails so pitiably in her present one, or that marrying beneath herself was a misfortune for anybody but her husband.

Her only chance is to make a decision one way or another, either to make a success of the career she so eagerly chose or to get out of it and try something else. This way she may yet bring some happiness to herself and others.



papworth

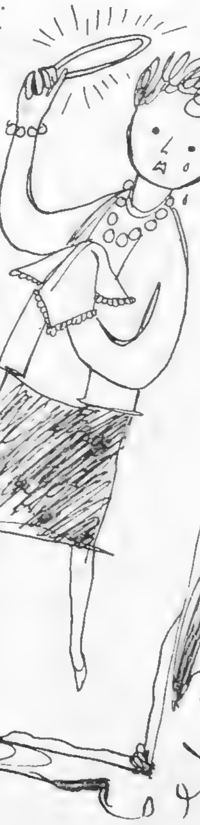
This is Mrs. "Nobody Appreciates Me"

She nourishes another variety of the martyr complex. She believes and continuously says that she is wearing her fingers to the bone in the service of a family which takes her for granted. She is vociferous in her demands for a halo.

She is quite unable to appreciate the fact that nobody is anxious for her to be martyred on their account, least of all her family who already suffer too much from it, and that the only person who can put an end to matters as they are is herself.

Though her family may "put upon" her, she has encouraged them to do so, and in the first place it was her own vain desire to become indispensable to them that induced her to throw caution and dignity to the winds.

A little less whining and a little more self analysis will soon re-establish her in the affections of her family.



THE DARK

JULES AUBERT heard them coming—mounted men galloping through the woods. "They are here, Jean!" he cried. Although Jules was fifty years old and a hickory-tough *courier-de-bois*, a boyish excitement now lilted his voice.

Jean, his strapping trapper son, came bounding from the cabin. Jean was twenty-five, barrel chested and all knots. "We shall preten' to be surprise, *mon père*," he warned jubilantly. "Lak we do not know they come to bring the fine gift for Jules Aubert."

Yet even with a big expanse of overflowing beard Jules Aubert quite failed to conceal the eagerness of his anticipation.

Two visitors burst forth, then, from a wall of spruce timber, with red coats and polished boots gleaming in the spring sunshine, they came charging up to the cabin.

"Cheerio, Jules, you old porcupine."

"What about boilin' the kettle, Jean, for a couple o' starved troopers?"

Corporal Steve and Constable Dave pulled up, dismounting flashily.

"You are vair' welcome, *mes amis*," Jules greeted.

Jean, because no fine gift was in evidence, tried not to look disappointed. Was it only a silly rumour, after all, that Troop D down at Lake of the Pines had passed the hat to buy an expensive token of esteem for Jules Aubert?

"We were out lookin' for a new lead on that old Haggerty case," said Constable Dave, "but we're stymied. So we thought we'd just stop by for a cup of——"

"If you're gonna make that speech, Dave," Corporal Steve broke in gruffly, "get along with it."

Dave grinned. He tipped his service stetson back on his head, loosened the diagonal strap of his Sam Browne, unbuttoned his crimson tunic and drew a paper from his inner pocket. "We," he began reading, "the duly appointed emissaries of Troop D, Royal Canadian Mounted Police, do hereby——"

"He has to read it!" Steve cut in. "After sitting up all night memorisin' this piece ——"

"Do hereby," Dave stubbornly proceeded, "desire to express our 'preciation, amity and profound gratitude for one Jules Aubert. The same Jules Aubert who for twenty years was a courier on the force. Who kept us on many a dark trail. Who made us look good plenty of times when we'd 've looked bad without him. Who headed off that Cree uprising ten years ago with a record mush two hundred miles over snow and ice. Who broke through a forest fire, last year, to——"

"To save the whole settlement at Musk Ox Lake," Steve cut in.

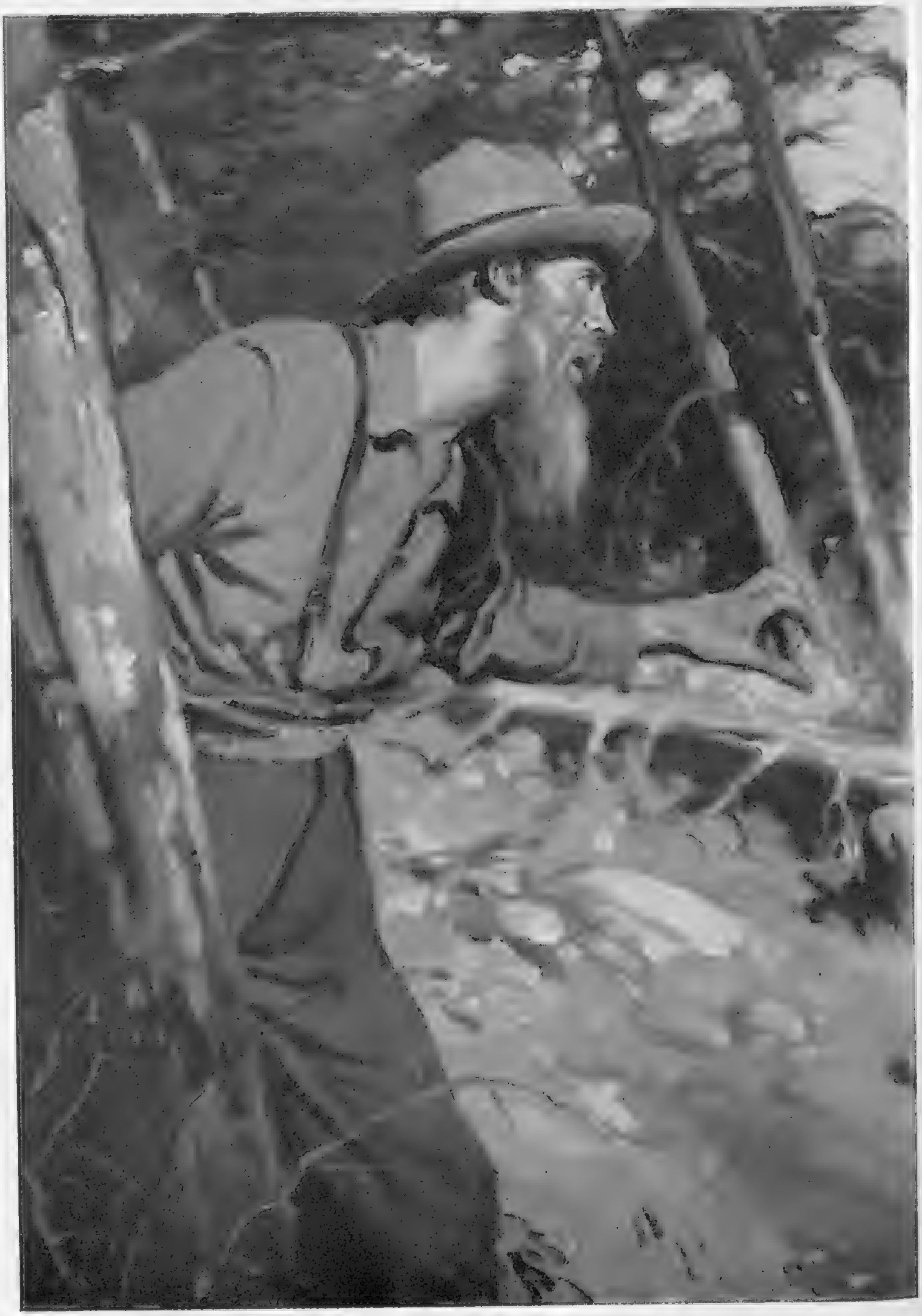
"Hey there, who's making this speech, anyway?"

Steve brushed Dave aside and finished it himself. "That was your last trail, Jules old scout. So we're squarin' it with you best we can. The boys of Troop D made a pot and——"

"You mak me vair' happy," murmured Jules. He couldn't see these good friends. Ever since that wall of flame at Musk Ox Lake, all trails had been dark for Jules Aubert.

"Shoo!" whispered Jean at his elbow. "Preten' lak you surprise, *mon père*."

Corporal Steve, turning, raised his voice. "Righto, Buck, fetch him along."



THEY knew only what Jules must have told them: that Jules had seen one stranger kill another one then make off on horseback

TRAIL

Catterson knew his liberty was in danger and its only hazard was a blind man groping twenty miles through a wilderness to the law

By
Allan Vaughan Elston

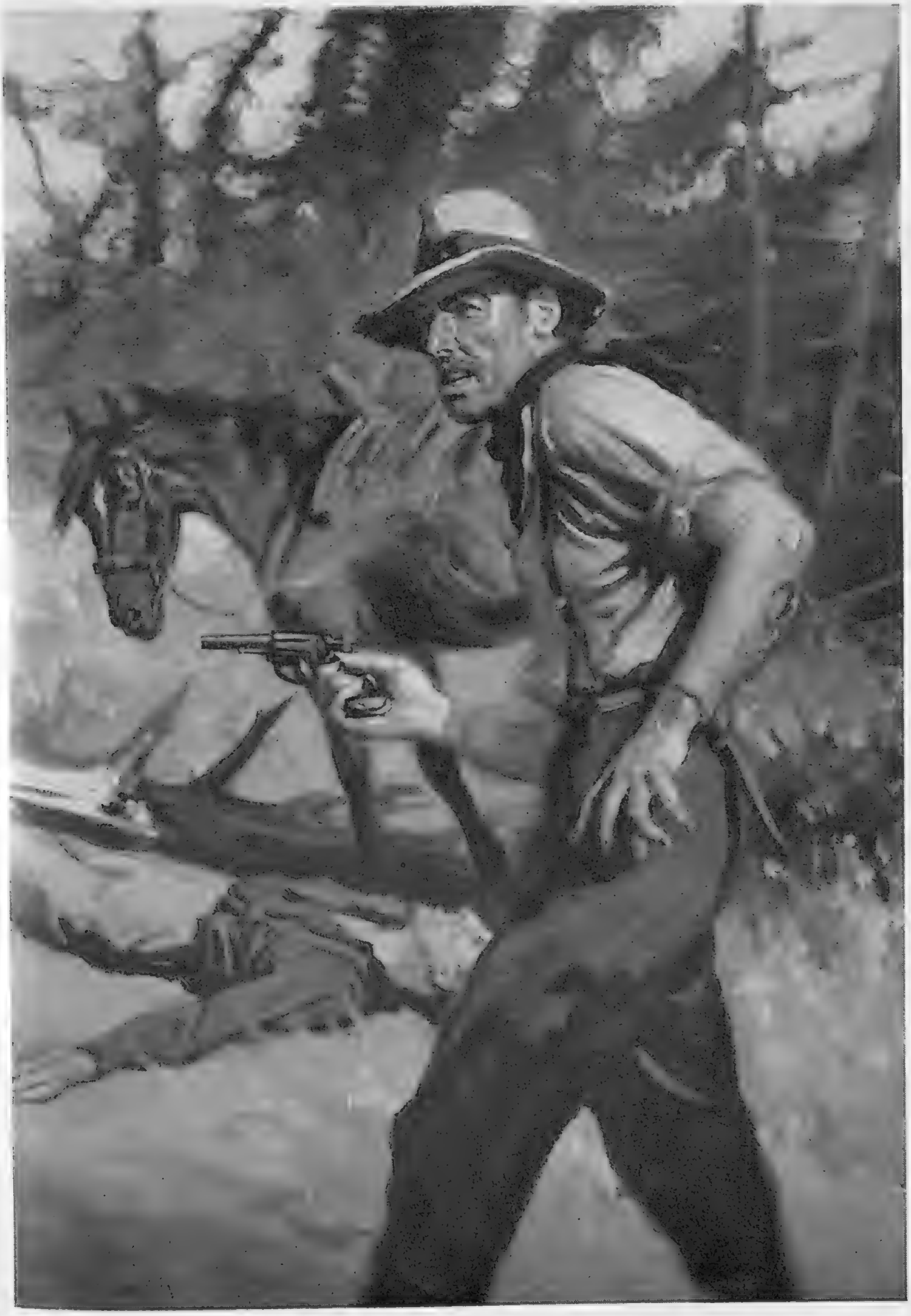
A third uniformed Mountie, Buck Newberry by name, appeared on foot from the woods. His left hand was leading his horse, while his right led a dog on leash. The dog was a magnificent German shepherd.

"A seeing-eye dog," Dave announced, "'specially bred and trained for a man who needs one, Jules."

"His name," Steve supplied, "is Sergeant-Major."

"Ah!" exclaimed Jean. "He is so beautiful, Jules. So beeg and strong, lak a fat wolf!"

"Weighs ninety pounds," Dave boasted. "And twenty-six inches high at the shoulder. A champion of champions, Jules. They say his trainers used to take him to the thickest traffic in New York. They'd blindfold a bloke and the Serg'd lead him across any boulevard in town."



Excitement all but choked Jules. The dog was by his knees now. He put out a hand and touched soft, thick fur. "The *bon Dieu* be thank! He is mine? I can go through the woods now, just lak I see?"

"Not yet," Steve cautioned. "You'll need practice, Jules. You and the Serg got to train yourselves as a team. Keep him by you day and night. Don't worry. The Serg'll catch on, all right."

"We ain't doin' this exactly cricket," Dave admitted. He went on to explain that usually a sightless man had to go all the way to the training kennels at Morristown, New Jersey, and there become acquainted with his "Seeing Eye" and take schooling under expert instructors. "But our pot wasn't big enough for that, Jules, old tomato, so you and the Serg'll have to do the best you can right here."

Jules, caressing the dog's back, groped forward and felt leather.

"It's his workin' harness," Dave said. "Here is the handle." He put Jules' hand in a loop of the harness.

A thrill shot through Jules as he felt the dog's flank press warmly against his knee. "Sarjong!" he murmured. "We shall go all place together, *mon cher ami*."

The dog, a bit nervous until now by strange sights and smells, began relaxing. He squatted by Jules's leg, long red tongue panting rhythmically after the gallop from Lake of the Pines. He looked about him, taking stock. Definitely he was affronted by the odour of certain hides plastered against the cabin wall. But these men seemed all right. They were admiring him. Sergeant-Major liked to be admired. He was naturally vain of his bigness, of his perfect proportions, of the coal-black saddle of fur blending into tannish legs, of a reddish-brown ruff tipped with silver grey, and the gloss of his fawn-coloured chest, of his straight-up, expectant ears, of brilliant red-brown eyes asparkle with intelligence.

The Serg knew his points, and here were men who knew them too.

All but one. The Serg looked up into the face of this one and saw sightless sockets. Of course! His masters were always that way. It was what made him love them. It was what made him part of them. To lead, to guide—that was his destiny. A faltering step keeping pace with his own. A dependent hand gripping his harness. Helplessness at his shoulder—what more could a dog want?

Corporal Steve tossed a booklet to Jean Aubert. The title of it was: "Dogs Against Darkness." "It's got all the instructions, Jean. Read 'em aloud to Jules. Main thing is for the Serg to know Jules is his master."

"Don't kid yourself," Dave grinned. "He knows it already."

The Serg had turned and his tongue was licking Jules's hand.

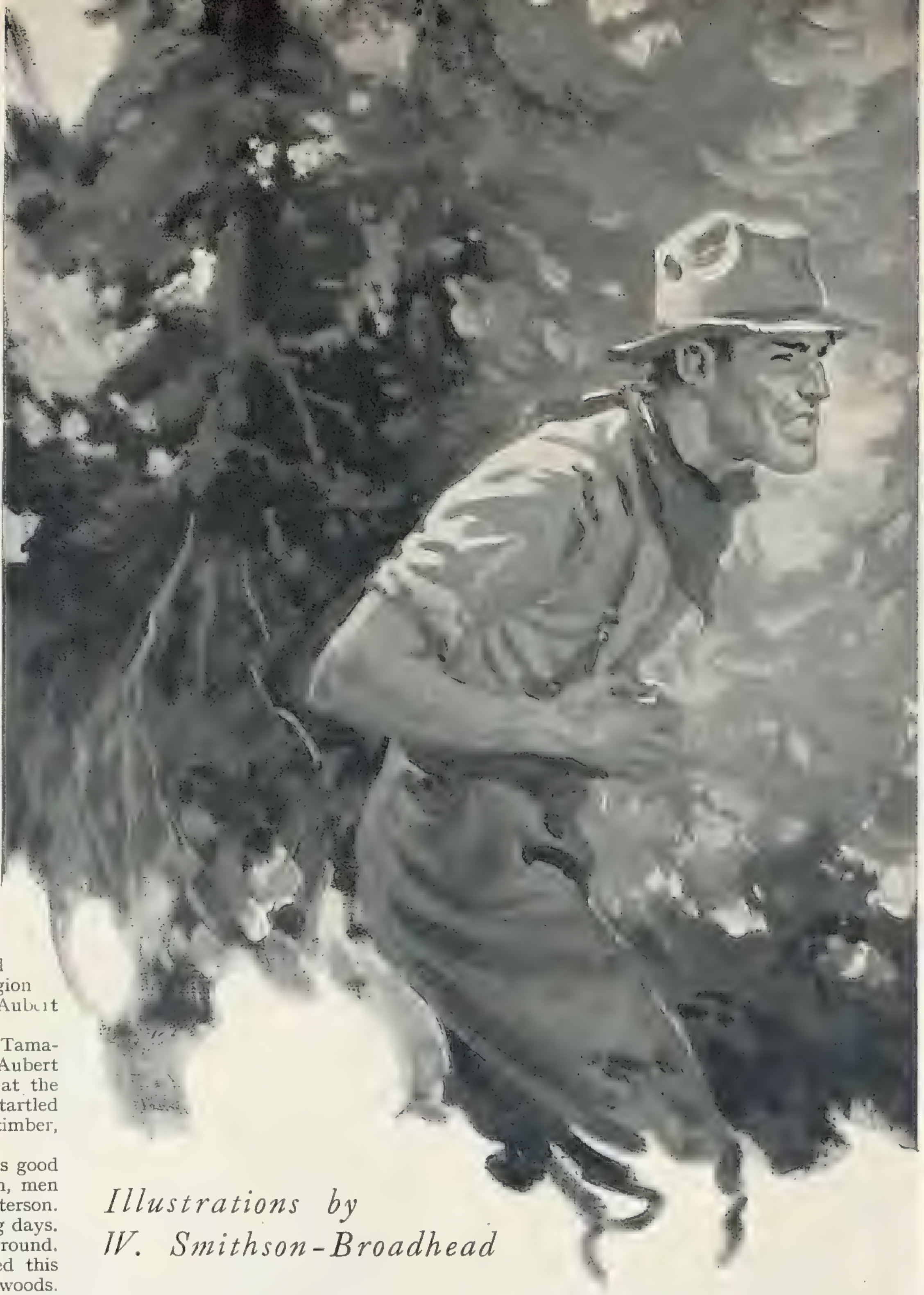
"Sarjong!" Jules purred adoringly.

He took a groping step forward. Instantly Sergeant-Major matched that step. Jules took another one. The Serg matched it, his flank pressed firmly against the groper's knee.

"I learn fast, yes?" cried Jules joyously.

Three troopers cheered.

"He'll never let you down, Jules," promised Constable Dave, "on any trail."



Illustrations by W. Smithson-Broadhead

TAMARACK CREEK, feeding a chain of narrow lakes, ran close by the Aubert cabin. The terrain beyond was swampy and untenanted. Only by selecting a region of extreme isolation could Jean Aubert hope to find good trapping.

Harry Catterson, by following Tamarack Creek, managed to locate the Aubert clearing. He stopped cautiously at the rim of it. The sight of redcoats startled him. Catterson retreated into the timber, nerves pumping.

Then he climbed a tree. He was good at climbing. In Detroit, Michigan, men had known him as "Cat" Catterson. That was in the old porch climbing days. Detroit was still his stamping ground. Only once before had he ventured this high and deep into the Canada woods.

His purpose now was to confirm a fact about Jules Aubert. Slung to a strap about Catterson's shoulders was a pair of binoculars. These, from a tree top, he trained upon the life congregated in the Aubert clearing. He saw five men, three horses, one dog.

Catterson ignored all of them but Jules Aubert. Jules was practising steps beside the dog. They were awkward, stumbling steps. The other men stood by to applaud and to shout advice.

Watching carefully, Catterson soon felt immeasurable relief. Jules Aubert was blind. There couldn't be the slightest doubt. Catterson had read in a Detroit paper about a courier named Jules Aubert losing his sight in a forest fire. But it was a thing he had to make sure of.

He couldn't trust rumours or risk the possibility of journalistic exaggeration. "It means my neck," reasoned Catterson.

When he was absolutely sure, he slipped down from the tree. What a break! No use to be jittery now. He'd be safe even if he walked boldly in among those red-coats.

They hadn't, Catterson knew, the foggiest notion about the Haggerty murder two years ago—except that it had been witnessed by Jules Aubert.

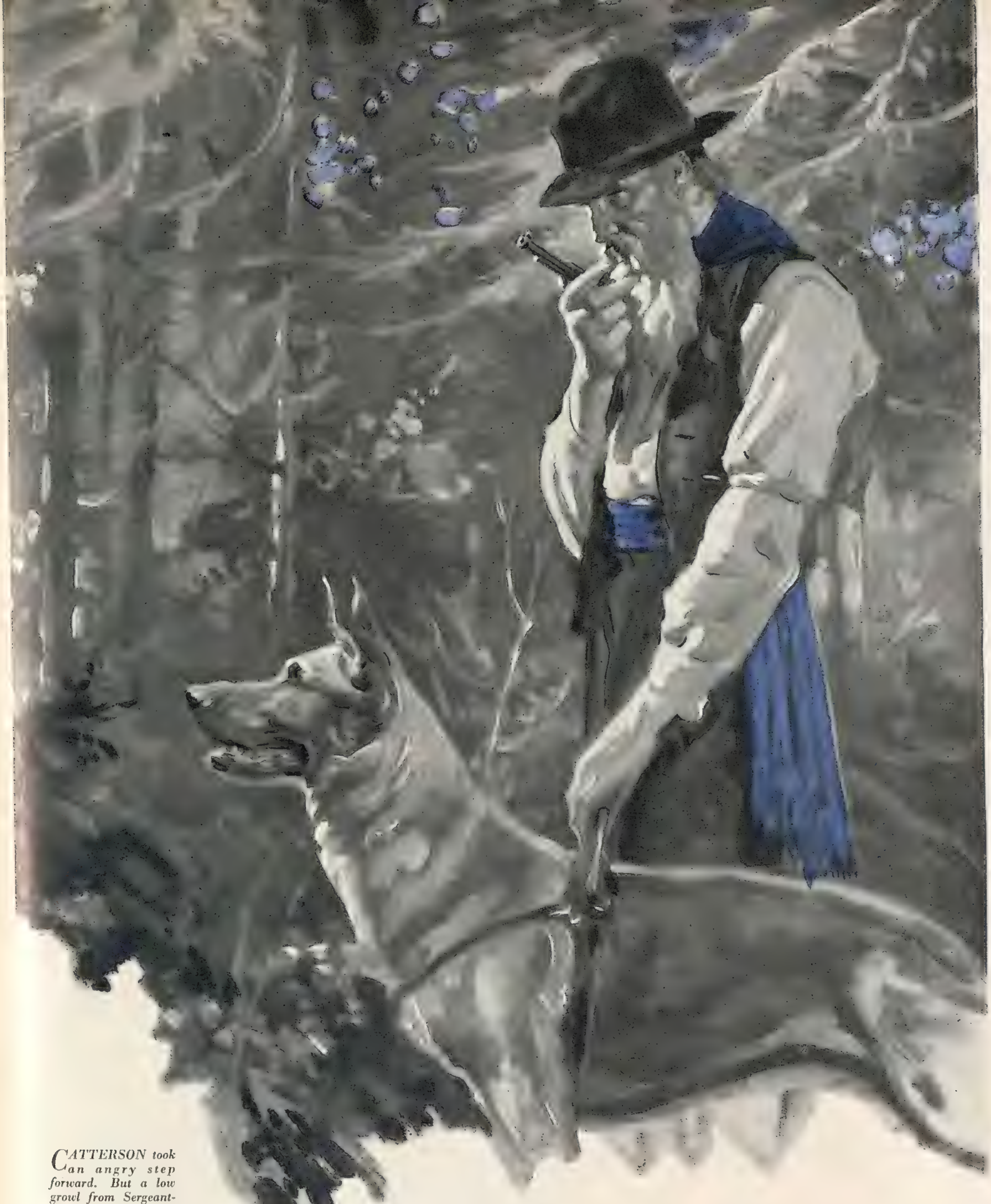
They had no notion of its motive. They knew only what Jules must have told them; that Jules had seen one stranger kill another one and then make off on horseback through the woods.

Catterson retreated upcreek to where he had left his pack. Strapping it on his back he began hiking northwesterly. There'd be trouble finding the right spot, he admitted, but he could take his own sweet time now. If any one stumbled on him he could say he was cruising timber, or hunting butterflies, or roughing it for his health. Made no difference even if they picked him up on suspicion, tried him for the Haggerty murder on a hunch, and brought in Jules Aubert as a witness. Of what good was a witness who couldn't see?

Catterson tramped on and in two hours came to a shallow brook. There he pitched his pup tent. He was equipped also with fishing tackle and a shotgun. The shotgun was a light, boy-sized piece, a sixteen-gauge. Between sundown and dark Catterson bagged three partridges.

Relaxing in his pup tent that night, he reviewed his position in detail to see if any hazard had been overlooked. The looting of a trading post, with Haggerty, and the getaway with seven thousand dollars. They'd left no clues there. Lakes and rivers had given up no trail. The swapping of the canoe to a Cree Indian for a packhorse. The continued flight toward a safe hideout of Haggerty's in Alberta.

Finally the camp at the base of a twin tamarack not more than a mile, Catterson was sure, from where he lay now. As a precaution against being surprised and searched by intruders, the fugitives had always hidden the loot before going to sleep at night. On this night they



CATTERSON took an angry step forward. But a low growl from Sergeant-Major made him stop

had stowed it in a knothole of the twin tamarack.

Then, next morning while Haggerty was cinching the packhorse, murder! One quick shot. Why split with a tramp like Haggerty?

How could Catterson have guessed that Jules Aubert had from a distance seen the smoke of a breakfast fire? And that Jules Aubert, perhaps curious, perhaps suspicious of fur poachers, had approached just in time to witness the crime!

His cry of protest had made Catterson whirl about. For a moment they had stood face to face. Then Catterson had jumped to the back of the packhorse, making off in a panic. And the courier, afoot, had been outdistanced by a running horse.

Safety in Detroit, where Cat Catterson could read all about the hue and cry in Canada. A picture of Jules Aubert, with a detailed account of his report to the force. No mention of any loot. No suspected connexion with the raiding of a trading post far to the north-east. Only the killing of stranger by stranger, with Jules Aubert competent to identify the killer.

For two years, then, discretion had ruled Catterson. He'd kept out of Canada. Let the loot stay there till it rotted. Why (*Continued on page* 105)

SEPTEMBER

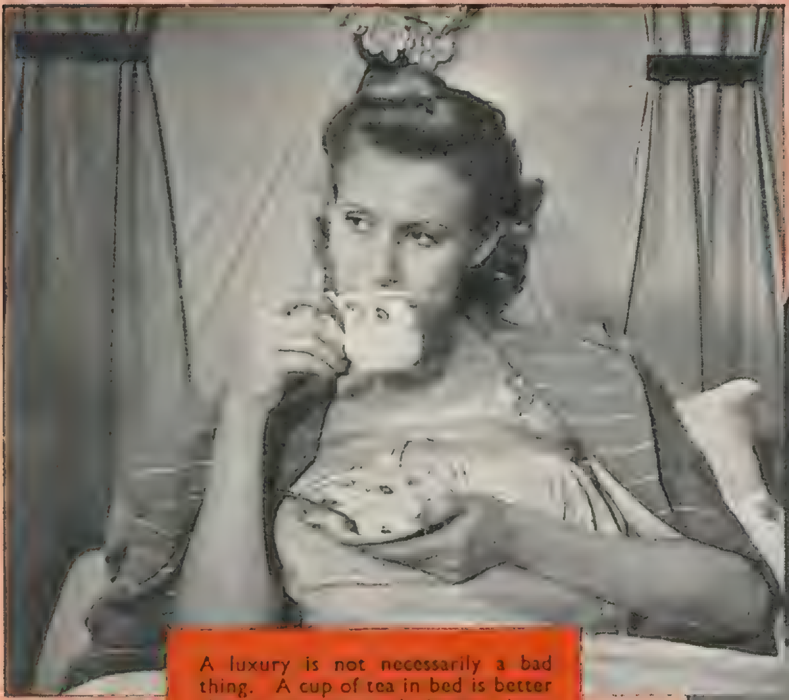
Don't leap out of bed the moment you awake. Blood pressure is low while you sleep, and sudden activity is a shock to the circulation. Stretch before you get out of bed. Make haste slowly

If you simply can't face your usual exercise routine don't cut it out completely. Try rolling out of bed. Do it leisurely. There is something about it that puts you in a good mood. Perhaps even good enough to do your exercises after all. Which will ensure your feeling good the rest of the day

Yes, lying on your stomach for a while is restful and does help towards keeping your figure if you are not energetic enough to do those morning exercises. Don't think it is a substitute for the morning dozen, but it does help

Unless you have an alibi such as illness, convalescence or genuine overwork, don't encourage the lie-abed-of-a-morning habit. If your night's rest hasn't refreshed you there is something wrong. Lying in bed won't help. Get up and exercise. Breathe in the fresh air. The morning hours are a tonic to health and beauty

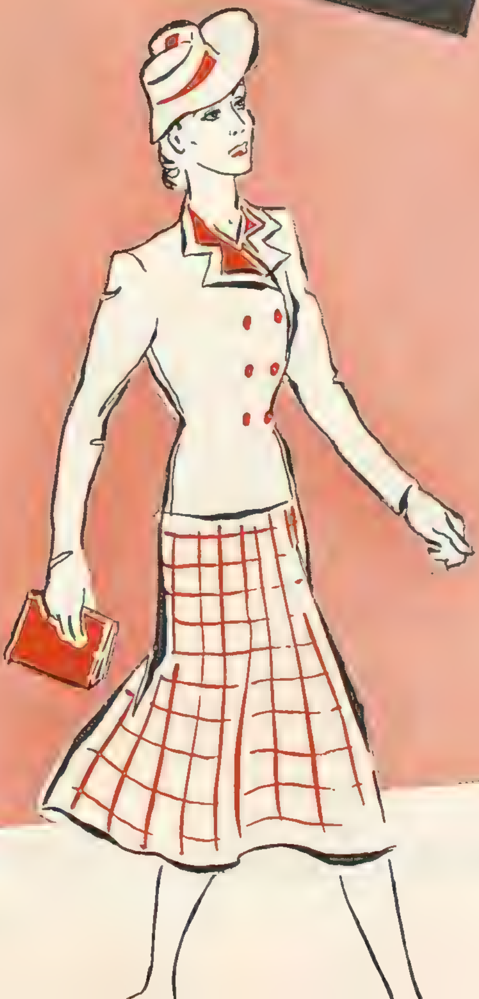
MORNING



A luxury is not necessarily a bad thing. A cup of tea in bed is better than a scrappy meal thrown down between a scramble to dress and a sprint to the station. But drink your tea leisurely. Get the best from everything you eat and drink

Once you've got that circulation moving quit dawdling. It's not the time you take, it's the way you do it that makes you appear really well dressed

Smoking while you dress is a mistake for three reasons. It is uncomfortable because the smoke gets in your eyes; it is untidy because you can't fail to spill ash all around, and it is unhealthy, too, because smoking on an empty stomach sends an unnatural flow of acid saliva through the digestive tract



THE villa on the Hollywood hill-top was as long as a double feature. The sightseeing bus came to a respectful stop and the announcer arose, megaphone in hand, and assaulted his nineteen passengers with a powerful baritone voice.

"The home of Christopher Thorne!" he boomed. "The greatest juvenile star in Hollywood! Three thousand dollars a week in salary! And every week, too!"

Nineteen pairs of eyes explored an unrepressed architect's creation of white stucco façades, green-tiled roofs and storybook towers. From nineteen throats came "Ah!"

Miss Arabelle Brown, who taught Grade Four at Pigeon Falls, Idaho, exclaimed, "It's wonderful! Wonderful! But he deserves it . . . the angel!"

Her companion, Miss Alice Jenkins, also of Pigeon Falls, was in an agreeing mood. "Christopher is *so* precious. Such innocent blue eyes . . . such a sweet smile."

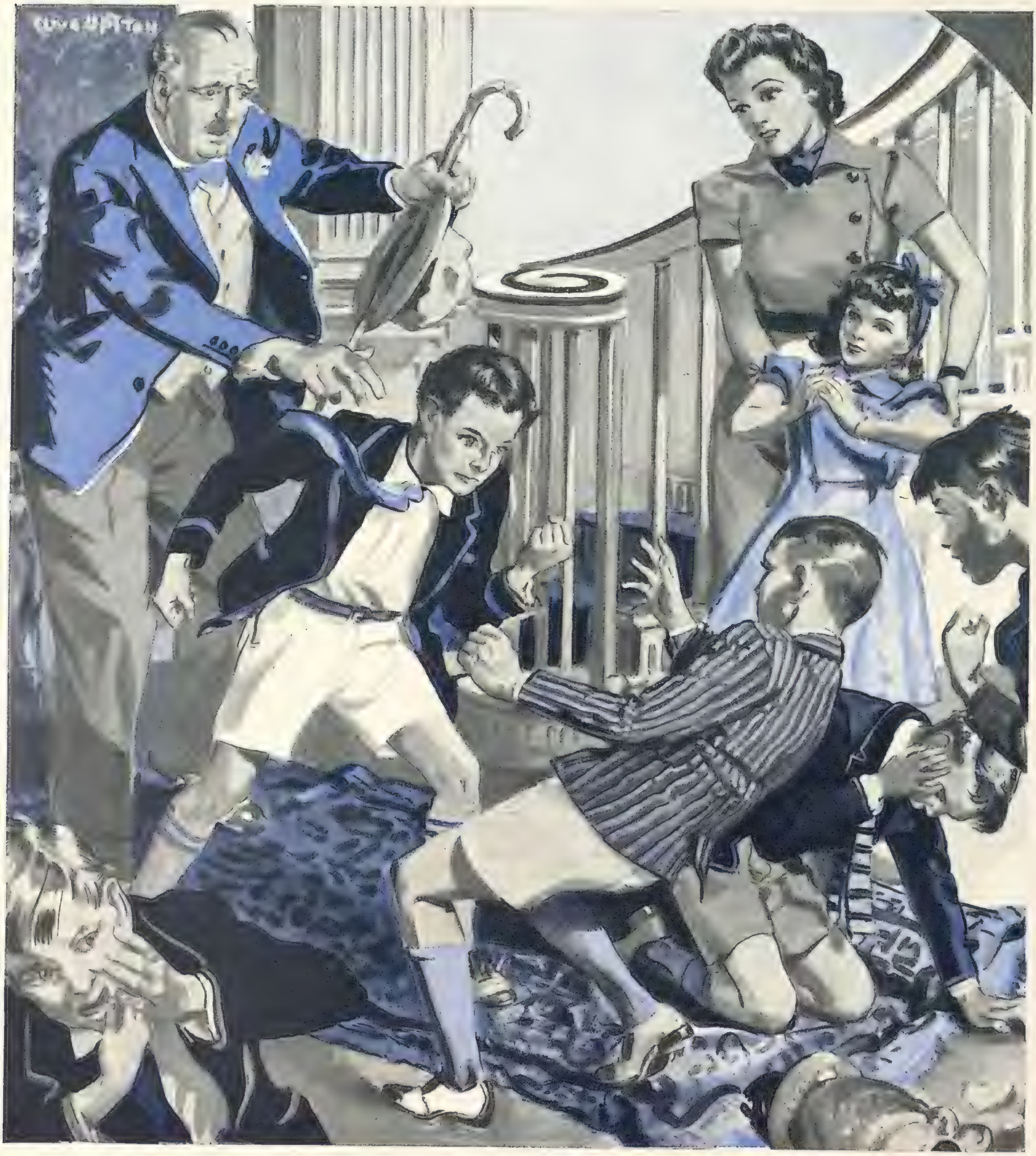
"I haven't missed one of his pictures," Miss Brown went on. "Not a one. And never once did Christopher say a cross word . . . never did he give any one a harsh look, no matter how cruel people were to him."

"Phooey!"

The discord came from Ed Salter, of Oklahoma City. Mr. Salter found himself the target of outraged glances. "If he was my boy," he went on bravely, "I'd wipe off his silly grin and make him act natural."

"Why, the idea!" cried Miss Jenkins. "That sweet boy——"

Mrs. Pat McGorran, of Brooklyn, addressed her husband. "Well, Pat, I certainly like our boys better even if they are always fighting."



A SECOND boy gangster, larger than his colleague, rushed to Christopher. "What d'ya mean, hitting a kid three months younger than you?"

"Such training!" remarked Miss Brown. "Rowdyism!"

Mr. and Mrs. McGorran glared at Miss Brown. Miss Brown and Miss Jenkins glared at Mr. and Mrs. McGorran. Mr. Salter gave some glares and received some. Soon the atmosphere was riddled by opinions.

"Ladies and gentlemen!" yelled the announcer. "Please!" Nevertheless, as he raised his megaphone again he glowed over the sensation he had created.

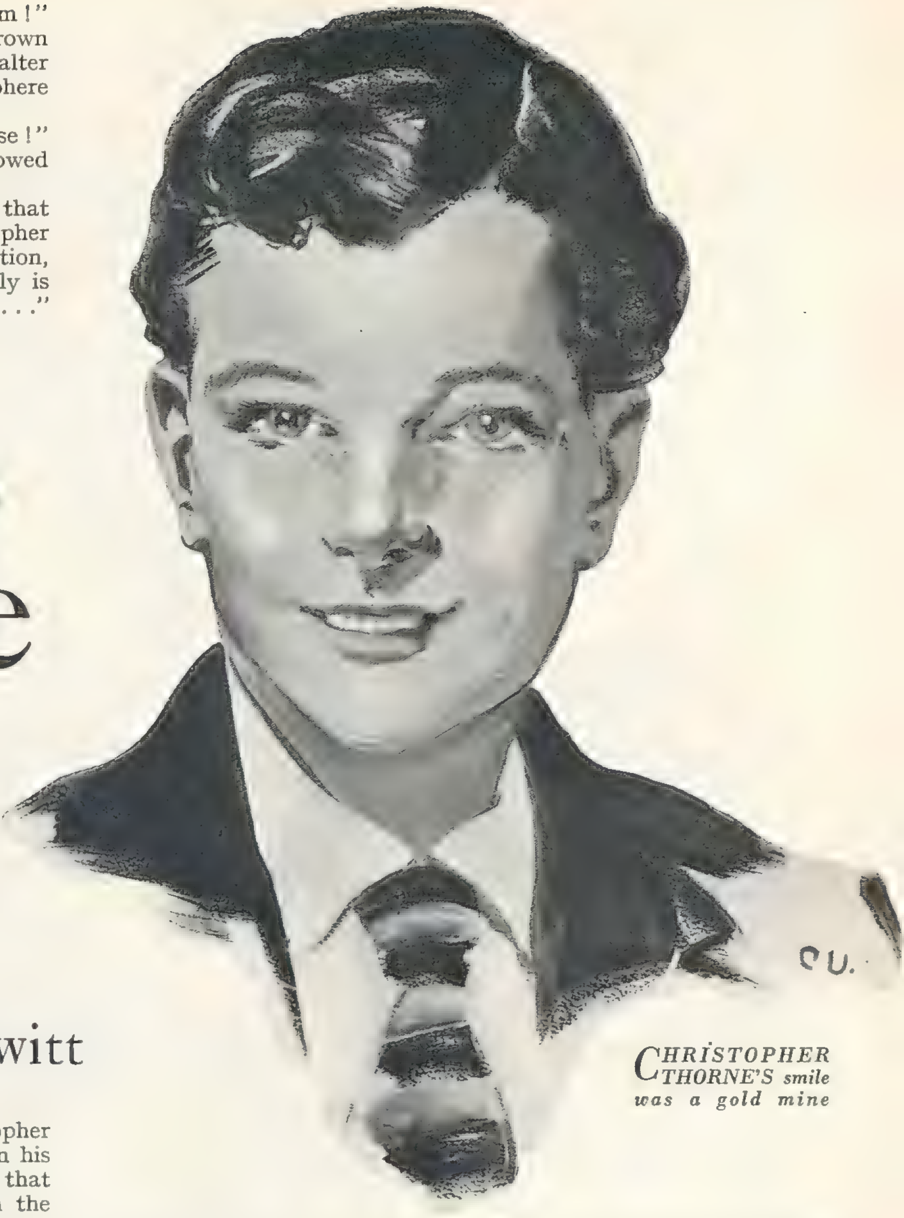
"Yes, Christopher Thorne's own private home. See that tower next to the front door? Well, that's where Christopher sleeps at night. And when he's not working on a production, he takes it easy in his patio. That's where he probably is right now, playing with his toy yacht in his private pond. . . ."

Twinkle, Twinkle

A little star that shone in the firmament of filmland

By

Alfred and Eleanor Prowitt



CHRISTOPHER THORNE'S smile was a gold mine

The announcer was partly occult. At the moment Christopher was in his patio, but he was not sailing his toy yacht in his private pond. He was leaning against the high wall that separated him from the outside world, trying to catch the faint words of the announcer. In his renowned blue eyes was an expression of wonder that resembled that of the pilgrims in the bus.

After three years of fame, Christopher still could not understand why people gathered to ride for miles to see where he lived, any more so than he could understand why crowds chased him for autographs when he got out of his limousine to buy an ice-cream soda, or why thousands of strange persons should write fan letters to him, or why millions jostled each other outside theatres to see his likeness. Hollywood was so different from Dayton, Ohio. Back there, where he and his Uncle Arthur had lived in a little house in a rundown street, nobody had ever paid any special attention to him, and strangers never stopped in front of the house for a close scrutiny except to remark that it needed a good coat of paint. Sometimes Christopher wished he were back in Dayton. He wondered whether any of the passengers might be from there. Questioningly he turned to Uncle Arthur, who sat near by in a chair, reading a newspaper.

Uncle Arthur merited contemplation. From his bald head to his white doeskin shoes, via a prosperous paunch, he was a sartorial success. His black-and-red sports coat, his soft grey flannel trousers, his orange tie—all blended into a colourful harmony. While managing his nephew's rise Uncle Arthur had found time to become one of Hollywood's best-dressed men. This attainment, he always explained quickly, had been reached only in the spirit of self-sacrifice. He was forced to look well for Christopher's sake.

"Uncle Arthur. . . ." Christopher began.

Christopher's kinsman was studying the odds for the fifth race at Santa Anita and weighing the conviction that Never Stop was a cinch. Without looking up, he asked, "Well?"

"Can I go out? I want to look at the people in the bus."

Uncle Arthur thought it was funny. He put down his paper and laughed. "That's good, Christopher! You'll kill me yet. Here you are a star and you want to go out and look at sightseers. Now, listen. You don't want to be easy to see. Be mysterious. You'll have better box-office appeal that way."

"Gee, uncle," Christopher protested. A spark of rebellion flashed in his eyes, but the issue was decided by the bus. There was a clash of gears, then the noise of an accelerated motor that gradually became inaudible in the distance. Christopher sighed and returned to what he had been doing before the bus stopped—shadow boxing along the wall.

Miss Marian Hooltz, Christopher's secretary, emerged from the house and came across the patio, carrying an engagement book and a stack of letters.

"Good morning, every one," she said. Her stiffly formal tone went well with her tortoise-shell glasses and plain blue suit. Christopher liked her because she never tried to grab him and squeeze him as most women did.

"Good morning, Miss Hooltz," he said.

"The smile, Christopher!" said Uncle Arthur reprovingly. "Never forget it. No matter what happens, smile. It's your gold mine."

Christopher smiled.

Miss Hooltz sat down on a bench and opened the engagement book. "Your commitments for today, Christopher," she began. "It is a light day. Only one engagement. You are to attend Mary Sweeter's party at three this afternoon."

"We won't forget that," Uncle Arthur remarked. "You bet we won't."

"I like Mary Sweeter," said Christopher.

His uncle nodded approval. "That's the way to talk. Remember, she's right behind you at the box-office."

"That isn't why I like her. I like her because——"

"That isn't important," his uncle broke in. "Let's hear the box-office figures on Christopher's picture, Miss Hooltz."

Miss Hooltz produced a letter. "The Imperial at Syracuse, $7,000 . . . the Bijou at Terre Haute, $5,460 . . . the Egyptian at Chicago, $11,233——"

Uncle Arthur interrupted with a frown. "Say, they don't sound as good as I expected. Those figures aren't up to Christopher's other pictures. How many fan letters today?"

"Two hundred and forty-seven."

Uncle Arthur got up and bit off the end of a fresh cigar. "Only two hundred and forty-seven! Last year at this time we were getting almost four hundred."

"It may be the weather," Miss Hooltz suggested. "But I wouldn't worry about it, Mr. Thorne. And if I were you I wouldn't worry about the national popularity poll, either."

"What's that?"

She spoke reluctantly. "I'm sure it means nothing. It's just that Christopher has dropped from first to second place among the juveniles. Mary Sweeter is first now."

Uncle Arthur took out his black-and-orange handkerchief and mopped his forehead. "Down to second place! This is awful! I can't figure it out. I sure hope D. M. doesn't notice the standing. Christopher's contract runs out in eight weeks and I don't want D. M. getting any funny ideas."

"D. M. may get humorous ideas," Miss Hooltz admitted, "but never about Christopher. He's too smart a producer."

"Just the same——"

A telephone in the house jingled.

"I'll see who it is," said Miss Hooltz, and scurried away.

Uncle Arthur sat down and chewed his cigar in a troubled way.

"Uncle Arthur," said Christopher. "Will you buy me some boxing gloves?"

Uncle Arthur turned in horror. "Heavens! When did you get that crazy idea?"

"Well, the Boy Gangsters have them," Christopher argued. "And they box, too."

"Listen, Christopher. The Boy Gangsters are hoodlums brought out here to make tough pictures. They're supposed to be that way. You're different. Millions of fans pay to see you looking sweet and innocent. Now forget it!"

Miss Hooltz returned. "The call was from D. M.'s office. He wants you and Christopher at the studio."

Uncle Arthur leaped to his feet. People always leaped to their feet when they received a summons from D. M.—the great Daniel Milben, producer of Magnitude Pictures, Inc.

"Come, Christopher," he ordered. "D. M. must be ready to start your next picture. It's a good thing, too. This inactivity is killing me."

Fifteen minutes later a sixteen-cylinder limousine purred through the boulevards of Beverly Hills. Uncle Arthur seemed happier. He slapped his nephew's knee jovially.

"Christopher," he said, "I expect great things of you in this new vehicle. Here's a chance for you to show up that popularity poll racket. A million dollar picture for you! That's money. The title will help, too. *Only One Father and One Mother*. They must have a great story built around that."

The limousine rolled past the guarded gates of the studio. They were led through a labyrinth of corridors into D. M.'s private office. The room, as large as a medieval banqueting hall, was given an individualistic touch by an array of rifles of every conceivable type that lay in racks behind a modernistic desk.

"D. M. will be here any second," the secretary said. He took a fat folio from a table and offered it. "Here is the new script, Mr. Thorne."

Christopher approached the collection of firearms and eyed them. Uncle Arthur sat down and opened the script book. As the minutes passed his eyes raced from page to page. Finally he closed the book and slapped it enthusiastically.

"It's great, Christopher! This picture will carry you to new heights. Listen to the story. You're a poor kid living in a garret with your father and mother. Your family is poor and lost its home on a foreclosure. Your father is sick. Well, you're in the park, selling papers to support your family. A little girl is picking flowers. A policeman grabs her to take her to jail. You plead with the policeman to spare her. They've got a swell close-up for you there when you talk to the policeman about flowers and what they mean. Well, the policeman lets her go. You take the little girl home and meet her father. Guess who he is, Christopher! He's the rich man who foreclosed your father's mortgage. Say, that's clever writing! Well, Christopher, you tell the little girl's father about your family's troubles. He's moved. It seems that he owns a radio station. He puts you on a programme and you become a famous singer. Your family gets a bigger home than it had before and your father becomes president of a bank. Great, eh? What do you say, Christopher?"

Christopher replaced a deer rifle in the rack and turned wearily. "Gee, uncle. That's the same story I've been doing ever since I came out here. Couldn't I play in something different? Just once?"

"But that's the story people want to see, Christopher," Uncle Arthur insisted. "And it isn't exactly like the others. That flower scene is brand new. So's the title. And guess who has the girl's rôle."

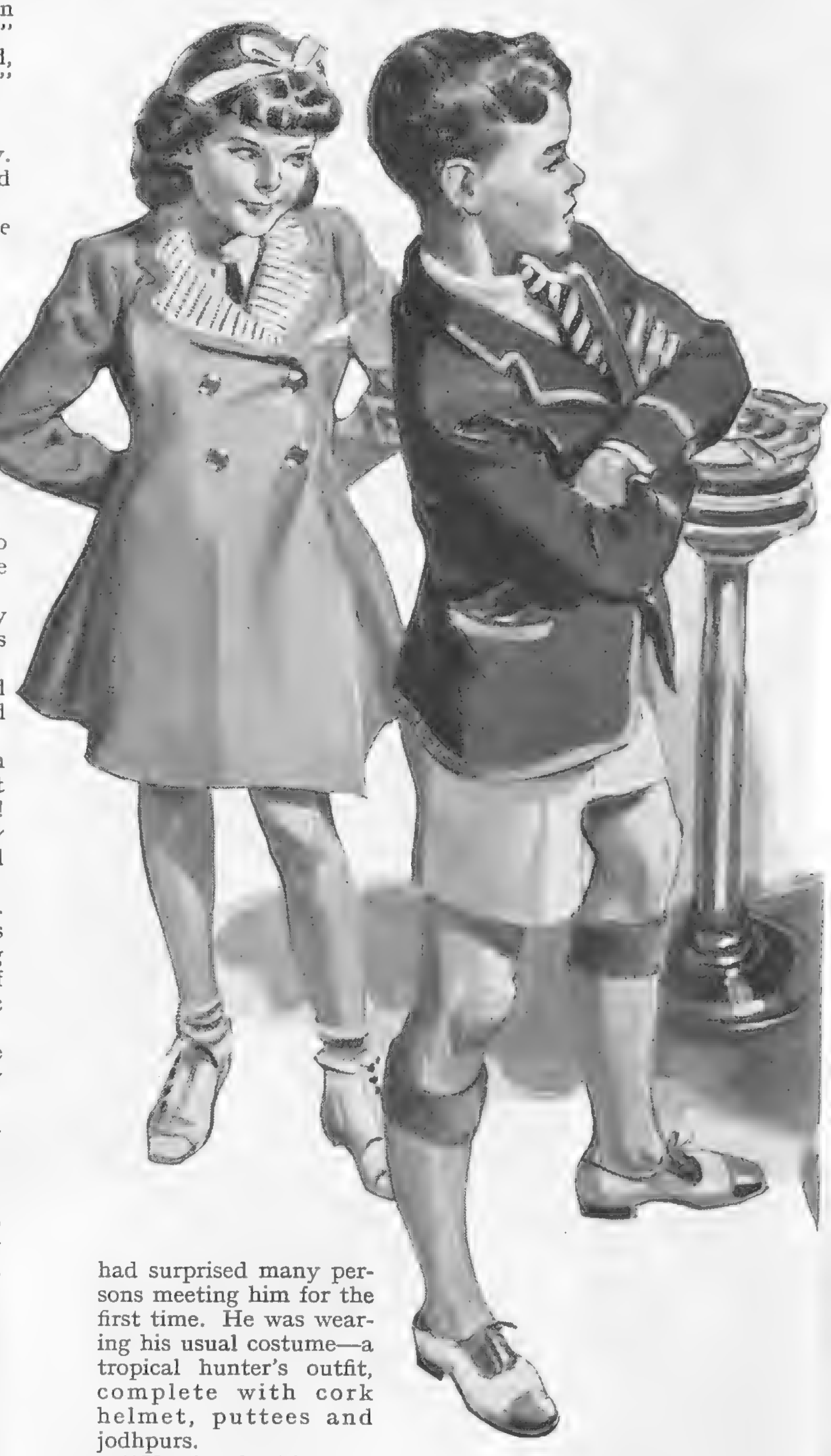
"Mary Sweeter?"

Uncle Arthur nodded.

"Well, maybe it won't be so bad, then," Christopher admitted. "I like her."

His uncle smiled. "You keep right on liking her. Say, with this picture D. M. will go to town. He'll . . ."

Further words were unnecessary, for the great D. M. was entering, his energetic stride indicating his ability to speak and act for himself. Nodding brusquely, he walked to his desk, where he stood with his back to the rifles and regarded his visitors out of trigger-quick eyes. D. M.'s appearance had surprised many persons meeting him for the first time. He was wearing his usual costume—a tropical hunter's outfit, complete with cork helmet, puttees and jodhpurs.



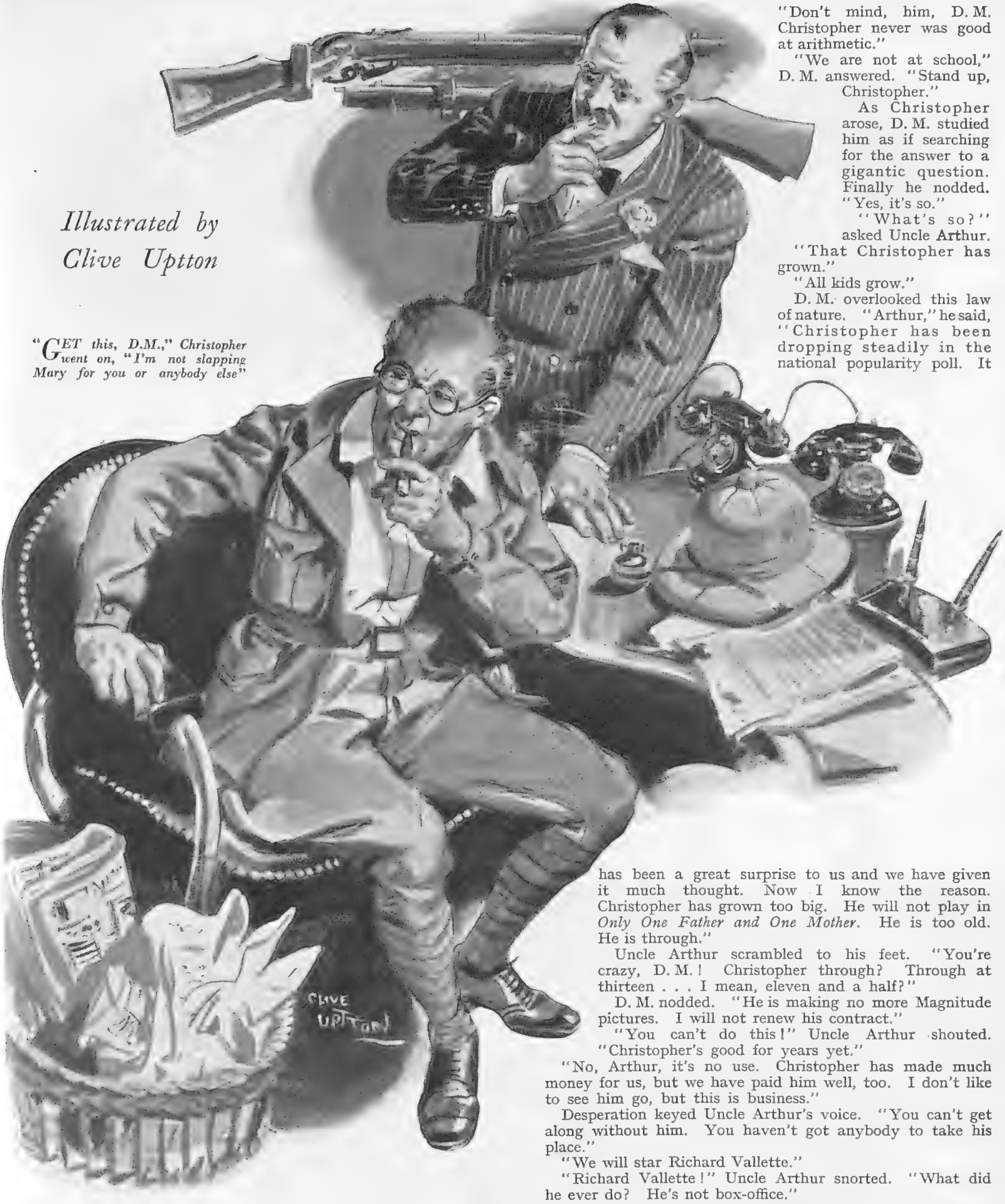
"You're looking fit today, D. M.," Uncle Arthur observed.

D. M. nodded. "I am always fit."

"We were reading the script," Uncle Arthur went on. "We think it's great. I am prepared to announce that Christopher is ready to give the best performance of his career."

"Sit down," said D. M. "Both of you."

Uncle Arthur seethed. A direct order to Christopher to sit down was a near-insult. Even directors expressed such a wish in the form of a polite request. Christopher obeyed, however, without temperament. Uncle Arthur himself sat down.



Illustrated by Clive Uptton

"*GET this, D.M.," Christopher went on, "I'm not slapping Mary for you or anybody else*"

"Say, what's wrong?" he asked.

D. M.'s tone was sepulchral. "What is wrong concerns the forthcoming production, *Only One Father and One Mother.*"

"You're not junking it, are you?"

The producer smiled. "I never junk an idea. And I say that regardless of the critics." Transferring his attention to Christopher, he asked abruptly, "How old are you?"

"Eleven and a half," Uncle Arthur answered quickly.

"But, Uncle——"

Uncle Arthur's laugh drowned out his nephew's voice. "Don't mind, him, D. M. Christopher never was good at arithmetic."

"We are not at school," D. M. answered. "Stand up, Christopher."

As Christopher arose, D. M. studied him as if searching for the answer to a gigantic question. Finally he nodded. "Yes, it's so."

"What's so?" asked Uncle Arthur.

"That Christopher has grown."

"All kids grow."

D. M. overlooked this law of nature. "Arthur," he said, "Christopher has been dropping steadily in the national popularity poll. It has been a great surprise to us and we have given it much thought. Now I know the reason. Christopher has grown too big. He will not play in *Only One Father and One Mother.* He is too old. He is through."

Uncle Arthur scrambled to his feet. "You're crazy, D. M.! Christopher through? Through at thirteen . . . I mean, eleven and a half?"

D. M. nodded. "He is making no more Magnitude pictures. I will not renew his contract."

"You can't do this!" Uncle Arthur shouted. "Christopher's good for years yet."

"No, Arthur, it's no use. Christopher has made much money for us, but we have paid him well, too. I don't like to see him go, but this is business."

Desperation keyed Uncle Arthur's voice. "You can't get along without him. You haven't got anybody to take his place."

"We will star Richard Vallette."

"Richard Vallette!" Uncle Arthur snorted. "What did he ever do? He's not box-office."

"No, but I will build him up just as I built up Christopher."

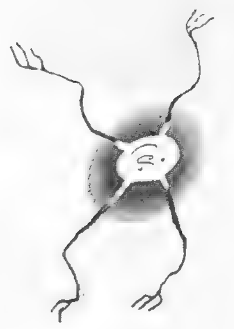
"Listen——" Uncle Arthur began, then decided to save his breath.

"Well, good-bye to both of you," said D. M. "And good luck. The conference is ended."

When in certain defeat Uncle Arthur had the voice of a conqueror. "D. M.," he said witheringly. "You are making the greatest mistake of your life. But that's what Hollywood is for—a place to make mistakes. But we won't suffer. We will now be free to consider the more attractive offers from several other studios who want Christopher's genius. Come, Christopher."

(*Continued on page* 92)

NERVES



As all nerve problems are tackled from the psychological angle first, let us face facts and admit that most of us are suffering from nerves these days.

We are like a picnic party who take a look at the weather before setting off. The barometer is rising, but there is a cloud almost in mid-sky about which opinions vary. It may blow over, on the other hand it may overtake the party and spoil the picnic.

What is to be done? Postpone departure? Stay home and cancel the outing, or take mackintoshes and lump it?

In nine cases out of ten, the decision is to take mackintoshes and lump it; that is to bear carrying them. Because to stay at home would spell inaction, and inaction in this instance would be nerve-fretting.

That is our clue.

We, too, must take action. Action in this case is the antidote to nerves. We must have a plan for fair weather and bad, and bear the extra weight of having such a safeguard. Circumstances compel it.

Make your emergency plan. Store food; the Government has informed us that it is only wrong to try and lay in heavy stores during a crisis; it is everyone's duty to obtain them before. You will not be giving way to panic in doing this but guarding against it. Expose all your anxieties to your family or to a friend, argue them out, plan to meet them, and then dismiss the subject from your mind.

Oh, I know it's not going to be as easy to do as to write about, but such are the unfortunate exigencies of the moment. On some they fall harder than on others, but we all have to bear them. We all have to pay a price for comparative peace of mind, for cessation of nerve-fret, anyway.

On parents, particularly those with large families, the strain of the last few months has fallen severely. I know a mother of four who has been in such a nervous state that on being stung by a gnat, she developed a carbuncle.

I went with her to the doctor and heard that countless people had developed carbuncles during this period of strain. Their resistance had been lowered to such a pitch that they were open to any infection. A new drug called uleron—which kills both staphylococcal and streptococcal germs—has been very helpful in these cases. It is supplied in the form of tablets, two are taken three times a day after meals. No onions, eggs, or aperients can be taken while you are having them. And if they make you feel ill, you cease taking them.

It is important to remember that you should never take a tonic while you are suffering from an infection, as the tonic will only feed and intensify it.

But once you are free of infection, and suffering from the dreary aftermath, then the course I advise for nervous debility—or anæmia, which is very much the same thing—is thirty drops of radiostoleum daily for the first four days (it acts as a slight laxative, besides being a concentrated form of vitamin A), and at least a tablespoonful of glucose D a day.

Any amount of glucose D can, of course, be taken, as sweetening on fruit, in tea, and in water or milk. It is both a sedative and a stimulant, calms and yet energises.

After this, get on to Sanatogen. Two teaspoonfuls at a time, three times a day, in milk, in honey, in a sandwich. There is nothing like it to rocket you out of despondency, to fill you with vigour and enable you to heave mountains. Not only will you shoulder mountains with assurance, but when you have disposed of them, you will not feel done in. Sanatogen contains ninety-five per cent *casein*, which is the most nutritive ingredient in milk, in which it occurs, however, only in quantities of three per cent. Sanatogen also contains glycerophosphate of sodium, and the two together form the finest nerve food known.

If an accumulation of bothers has induced a habit of wakefulness—take a cup of Horlick's Malted Milk just before retiring, and you'll be grateful to it. Munching an apple is also very helpful. So is the juice of St. John's Wort, one dessertspoonful, just before slipping into bed. Mind control must also play its part, and you must quietly but absolutely put thinking from you until the morning.

If over-strain has induced nervous indigestion, that rather frightening sharp pain which comes on between the shoulder blades before meals, take a draught of juice of wormwood before you eat. The name sounds unpleasant, actually the plant was given it owing to the shape of its roots.

(Continued on page 90),

HAIR CARE

Too many scalps to-day never receive any friction, they are not even rubbed dry. Hair is washed, set wet, and plunged under a dryer. Then the wave is left carefully undisturbed, barely combed even, so that the set may last as long as possible. And so it goes on, month in and year out. Small wonder the hair becomes lifeless, and doesn't shine. It is never really exercised.

Take hold of your brush and brush your hair up and through and all ways, over and round. Let the air rush through it. You need have no fear that it will damage your set. On the contrary you have no idea how good your set will look until your hair is alive, and springs from the head, curling over with resistance, rich gleam and stamina.

If you want to prove this, go to a salon where they will brush it for you with a special brush, after it has been peppered with a herbal powder and every strand has been divided and re-divided until the whole of your scalp is well dusted over. Two girls will take charge of you. They will stand to the right and left.

The right-hand girl starts. She applies a round brush to the back of your head and sweeps it three times round from the right without pausing, and out. The left-hand girl does the same from the left. The right-hand one resumes from a little higher up the head. They continue without a break, whirling the hair into a cyclone for about twenty minutes, until your head becomes a hub of circulation, the blood streams simply pulse, and the stimulating effect is terrific.

The particular brush they use is shaped like a long bottle-brush, with seven rows of scientifically interspaced bristles set in a circular handle. It rakes through the hair and ploughs up your scalp.

Finally your scalp receives a friction with a tonic lotion. This friction consists of a special form of massage which lifts the scalp away from the cranium, thereby breaking down all acid crystals that may have gathered between. Then your hair is set. You go out with a shimmer of new lights about your head and among your thoughts.

Colour rinses are helpful and good for the hair, but they should not be regarded as a panacea for all hair ills. They cannot restore health to hair that is impoverished or ill; they were never meant to. They can tinge it, but this is scarcely fair to the colour rinse, as the improvement it will shower on hair that is in good condition is a hundredfold, whereas the improvement on hair that is poorly is scarcely noticeable.

See to it that your hair is in good condition.

If it has become harsh and brittle, alternate your shampoos with a Bio-crin wash every other week. This is a glandular cream which is first worked over the hair and into the scalp. Next, towels are wrung out in very hot water and wrapped round the head, so that the cream is gently fomented in. Have at least four head-wrappings like these. They are most soothing and permeate the head and nerves with well-being. After this, give the hair a tremendous water rinse. It will emerge supple, resilient, reconditioned, and the subsequent set will be quite easily moulded.

A colour rinse can be given with benefit just before the set, and it will take well, as all harsh dryness will have vanished.

If your hair is limp, tackle your scalp yourself with a good tonic lotion. Let the head have it. I know one that works magic, stiffens and gives at least seven times more body to the hair. It can be used as a setting lotion.

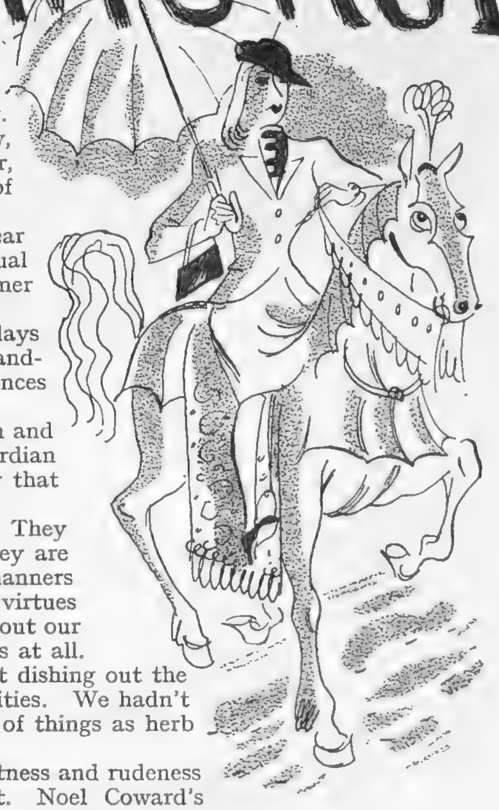
If you suffer from dandruff, apply a herbal pomade to the head three nights running. On the first two go slowly, so that you can go out as usual next day. On the third night be lavish, for you will follow up this coating with a shampoo next day; a shampoo that has been obtained with the pomade, strong and deep

(Continued on page 90)

By Chrysis

If you require further details or want help for your individual problems, write to me at "Britannia & Eve," 32-34 St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4.

Grounds for REMORSE



The traditional time of the year for making good resolutions is all wrong. Instead of making them on New Year's Day, we ought to make them now, while we still feel hey-hey from holiday-making. The middle of the winter, when we are depressed by weeks of fog, is no time to indulge in bouts of self-recrimination.

There's nothing to prevent us making a change-over to this time of the year for our annual character cleansing and toning. It's entirely an individual matter, and no one is going to mind a scrap if we do it at the end of the summer instead of the middle of the winter.

The idea of making good resolutions once a year is a survival from the days when ethics ranked high among the indoor sports. Our parents and grandparents were much more addicted to wrestling matches with their consciences than we are, and there's a lot to be said for the idea.

The line to take about it is the same one we have taken about fashion and furniture revivals. Wasp waists, bustles, ringlets, Victorian and Edwardian decors have given us an external air of old-fashioned sweet femininity that has charm. It seems new. It is new to our generation.

But our characters don't match it. They are definitely dated. They belong to the period when steel furniture was new and exciting. They are part of the same pattern as the smartly selfish, amusingly rude kind of manners that came into fashion when our generation was growing up. Sterling virtues were out of the picture in that set-up, so we just stopped thinking about our characters. In fact, we practically ceased having characters at all.

Wit, efficiency, skill at games, chic, being a good hand at dishing out the latest gossip, all had a higher market value than good qualities. We hadn't time for them, and they became as remote in our scheme of things as herb gardens and parasols.

But the tide's on the turn. Selfishness has lost its smartness and rudeness is no longer amusing. The mode has worn itself out. Noel Coward's egotistical smarties sang the golden swan song of this period, and their social philosophy is already old stuff. He summed up the essence of the Tough Twenties better than any one else could have done—too well, in fact. He finished it.

Now we must find something else to take its place. But what? The Oxford Dictionary defines ethics as "the science of morals . . . rules of conduct." Funny to think of it as a "science." The high-powered brains these days find it more exciting and more useful to split the atom than to split hairs, as the eighteenth-century ethicisers did, and Freud has made kinks more interesting than kindness.

All the other sciences have worked their laboratories overtime to give us dynamic new rules for re-shaping our bodies, our faces, and our brains. They have handed us new facilities for talking, listening, and seeing from great distances, but no satisfactory new ways to behave. The aeroplane has replaced the stage coach, but nothing new has been invented to take the place of the conscience. There is something cosy about the idea of bringing it back into fashion again.

Gordon Davey

To make it work efficiently, and there is no point in reviving it unless it is going to work—its rôle was never that of a parlour ornament—you must give it plenty to work on. Remorse is what it needs most, and the more grounds for remorse you can discover in yourself, the more lively and satisfactory the performance of your newly-revived conscience is likely to be.

The fashion will suit you perfectly if you have inherited from some Puritan or other stern religious ancestor, a flair for enjoying a little mortification of the spirit. It eases the strain of hauling yourself over the coals if you know you are going to get a kind of bootleg pleasure from it. The questions you have to ask yourself are not flattering, and you must be able to take it from yourself and like it.

Are you unfaithful? Ungrateful? Disloyal? Selfish? Lazy? Cruel? Greedy? Vain? Dishonest?

Hard words, but in a general way they cover most of the qualities in human nature that have, for a good many thousands of years, been considered despicable. Like illnesses, some of the faults they describe have increased enormously under present-day conditions, others have waned.

Primrose-pathing from the marriage road is too serious a form of misbehaviour to belong in a light little treatise like this. But even in this era of rational and (since Freud) curative morality, it can cause as much poignant unhappiness as it ever did. Even our reasonable

(Continued on page 94)

By Martha Coster

All These Are Free

Help yourself from wood and hedgerow

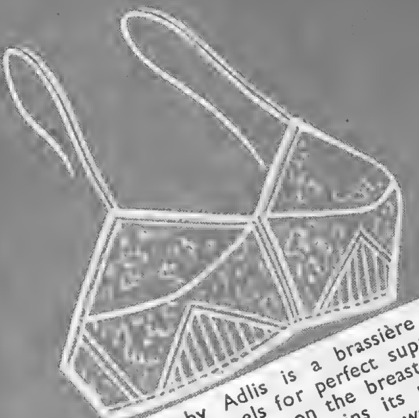
1 Mix the seed pods of wild clematis with beech leaves and a wreath of briony berries in a low bowl

2 A flat fan arrangement of ferns and copper beech leaves in a wall vase

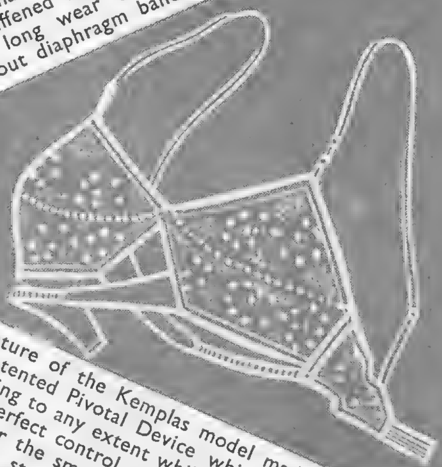
3 Tall branches of sycamore look decorative and unusual placed in a short vase

4 Beech boughs, a spray or two of spindle and orange berries set off to advantage in an old brown stew pot

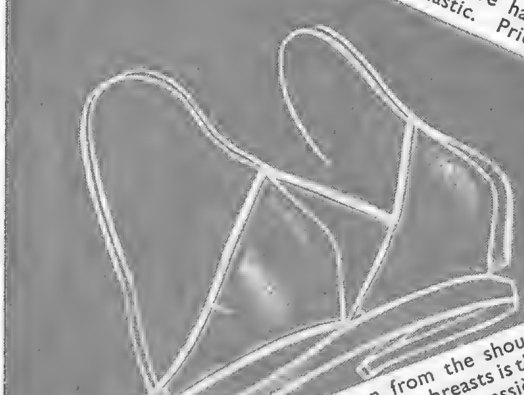
5 Old man's beard, ivy, berries and fir cones make a beautiful arrangement



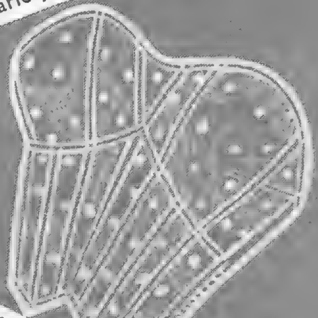
The Décolet by Adlis is a brassière featuring two pyramid-shaped panels for perfect support. No pressure whatsoever falls upon the breasts themselves and the stiffened interlining retains its uplifting character after long wear and repeated washing. With or without diaphragm band. Prices 1s. 11½d. to 4s. 11d.



A feature of the Kemplas model made by Kempat, is the patented Pivotal Device which allows bending and stretching to any extent whilst keeping the bust always under perfect control. This gossamer lace model designed for the small and medium figure has crossover diaphragm straps of satin and elastic. Price 3s. 11d.



The principle of suspension from the shoulders giving natural uplift and separation of the breasts is the important feature of the Kestos Belted High-Line brassière. Support is given individually to each breast, and the softness of the material ensures a natural outline without the sacrifice of support. In a variety of fabrics from 6s. 11d. to 9s. 11d.



Whether or not you wear a strapless gown this winter the Caprice „ Corsage " is the perfect choice for evening. In delicate spotted net, it is shaped for control of the waist, as well as of the breasts. The patented bones are washable, unbreakable and are always softly flexible. Price 15s. 6d.

HOW TO HAVE

One of the Greek names for breasts is Fountains of Life, a description that is both pleasing and accurate. The Greeks were artists: they were also hedonists, or masters of the art of living. They had a clearer view of what constituted the perfection of line in human form than the people who went before or who have come after them.

It was they who established that breasts should be high, up-pointed, white and so firm they would appear like marble.

Up-pointed and firm were the chief of these rules, and prevailed, however much the actual size of the breasts varied with the characteristics of the individual. Thus, Artemis, Goddess of the Chase, is sculpted as being supple, tense and slight; Aphrodite, better known by her Latin name, Venus, is full bosomed, but her hips are two inches wider in circumference than her breasts; while Hebe, handmaiden to the Gods, is slim hipped and voluptuously breasted. But all bosoms have an up-tilt and are firm.

If you have a lovely bust and a slender waist, it will help hide any defects you may have. It will rivet attention. Besides which there can't be anything much wrong with your figure if you have a lovely bust, as the possession of this entails: correct posture—tail in, stomach up, shoulders well thrown back—and the habit of deep rhythmic breathing, without which the breast muscles would never have been properly developed.

The vicious circle between poor posture and poor glands is curiously interwoven. Faulty gland functioning leads to round shoulders and a concave chest, and especially to hollows under the collar-bone. Careless posture leads to the same defects and faulty gland functioning.

Whereas, once correct posture is acquired, neither old age, sickness, nor childbirth, can make you lose your firm and upthrusting bust. The muscle, you see, is developed, made and kept strong by posture.

So that if you wish to reshape your breast, either because you consider it is too large, or too small, or it has dropped—and all these things can quite easily be altered, by applying heat or cold, thinning pastes or feeding creams, exercise or massage, assisted by the right kind of brassières and the Afro Bell—you should practise posture most of the time.

A rough guide to a proper stance is to throw your back, shoulders, and head against a wall, and then to pull in your stomach in an effort to make the small of your back also touch the wall, without, however, raising your shoulders. Walk away, maintaining that stance.

Once stance is settled with its consequential upthrust of the bosom, anything can be done. This is especially so if you pay proper attention to choosing your brassière, selecting one that fits and gives the necessary support. Next to stance your brassière is all important. If you are fatigued and relax your shoulders, the brassière will replace your temporarily inactive breast muscle; and help to prevent a droop. If you have a perfect

A FIRM BUST

bust, the right brassière ensures it remaining perfect. If you have one that is too large or too small or too pendulous, a brassière will modify its appearance to the line that is desirable. But it's not for appearance only, but for the good they do that a well-chosen brassière is indispensable. Give time to choosing it.

As most women suffer from breasts that are set too low, or that have fallen, we will deal with the uplift problem first.

Exercises are necessary to pull up the breast muscle. Stand erect, bring the arms forward to the full extent on a level with the bust, palms downward, then sweep them right round behind you, so that the backs of the hands almost meet. Repeat this movement twenty times.

Stand erect, with the arms pressed flat down your sides, then raise them so that the backs of the hands meet above the head.

Breathe slowly, deeply, and smoothly while exercising; in through the nose, out through the mouth. A firmer position will probably be obtained by standing with your legs apart.

Never sit in a hot bath for any length of time unless you have first wrung out a piece of Turkish towelling in cold water, to use as a cool compress during the bath. Wash your shoulders and arms first, dry them, and then pass the Turkish towelling round your back tightly up between your breasts, so that they are securely lifted. Tie it off behind your neck. It will not give you a chill, and you can then proceed with your hot soak without any fear that it will increase the sag in your bosom.

Always use a brassière that insists on the *lifting* movement. If the droop has only recently set in, a home massage with a swift upward movement passing from under one breast between and up across to the opposite shoulder, with a strengthening lotion, will probably do the trick. But if the droop is pronounced then your best remedy is the Afro Bell. This device consists of a glass bell made in several sizes, fitted with a piece of rubber tubing and a bulb which forms an air-pump.

The bell is placed over the breast firmly against the chest wall, when the bulb is pressed. This creates a vacuum inside the bell, which lifts the breast up and out and brings the blood springing to the parts. The enforced and shape-directing blood circulation revitalises and builds the tissues into the ideal form. It cannot fail. The method is safe, the result certain.

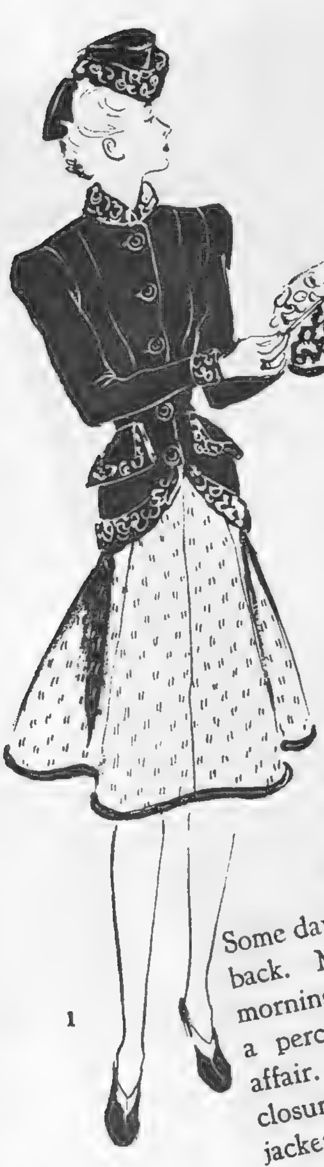
An Afro Bell can be ordered by post if the breast measurements are sent to the beauty expert. But it is wiser to call on her so as to have the bell fitted, and the exact lotions, pastes or creams prescribed for your case. Also she will show you how to perfect yourself in applying the device before taking it home.

For instance, you will have to inform the expert whether a drooping bosom is natural to you or whether it is the result of reducing. If it is natural you will work in a *muscle-flex-feeding cream ;* if it is the result of reducing you will work in a *muscle-flex-non-feeding cream.*

If you wish to develop your bust before resorting to the Afro Bell, do the exercises that have already been mentioned, and try a form of massage, combined with a special concentrated and nourishing food.

Before starting the massage have a warm bath to open the pores. Then prepare the breasts with a balsam, which will ensupple the tissues and make them elastic, so that they can expand and yet remain firm. A tablespoonful of this balsam is poured into a saucer, and a little taken at a time on the fingers, brought down between the breasts, and worked up and round them. After this, rub either breast from the base gently with an upward and all-embracing circular movement, until the balsam is fully absorbed. The last application, however, should be left moist to act as a conductor to the cream, which is then put on. At least twenty

(Continued on page 94)



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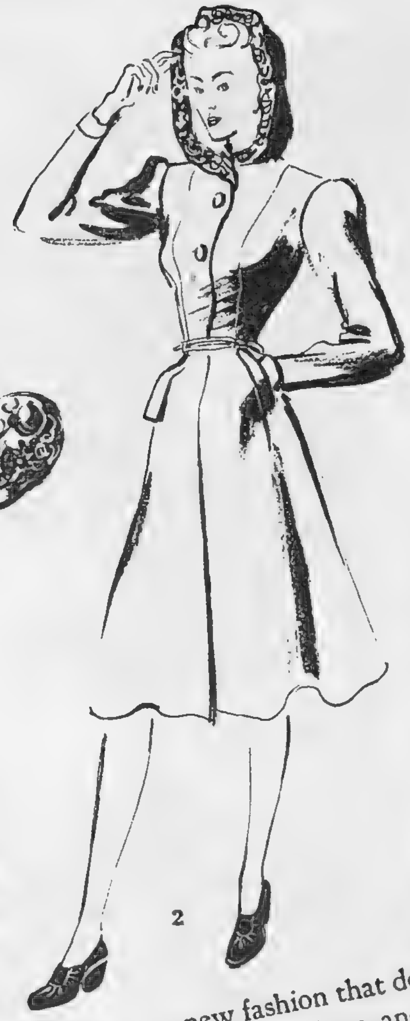

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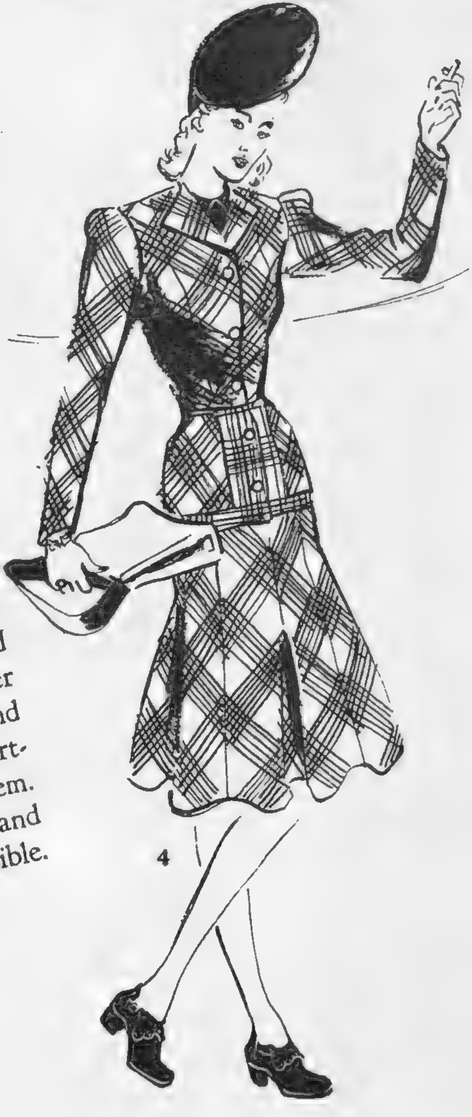


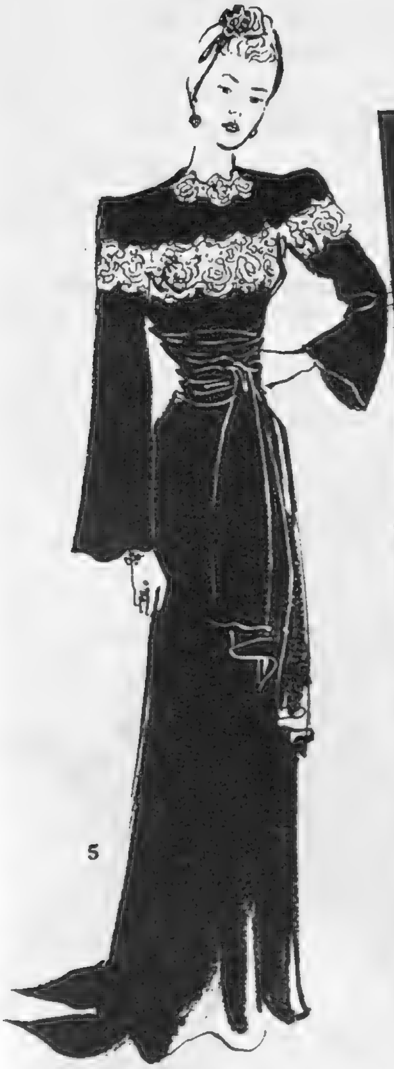
4

Some day we'll have a new fashion that doesn't look back. Meanwhile the bustle is here and how, on morning, afternoon and evening frocks, varying from a perching bow to the honest-to-goodness period affair. Suit jackets, double-breasted, with very high closures, are definitely longer. In dressier suits, some jackets achieve mid-thigh length, shaping up in front and rounded behind, or dipping in front and pulled up at back. Full skirts and straight skirts continue, but a newer line is the low down kick-out, restrained, but evident, in gores, pleats, flares, unpressed intermittent pleats, fullness focused at back. Plaids continue to string along with plains. La Chasse combines very dark green with yellow or with yellow and brown, a strawberry jacket with a nutria brown frock, a vivid traffic light check jacket with a nutria skirt, red and black plaid tweed, red and grey checks and stripes. Stiebel gives a piquant and successful lift to his fitting wide-revered tweed jackets by gathering and draping the backs in a tailored way. He smothers the bodice front of a black tight-skirted woollen frock with black satin ribbon loops. Many day dresses are tight as can be borne to mid-thigh and have flat tucks or drapes across the front. Jaeger shows a vivid red-green plaid coat, belted and sporty, hooded, and woollen dinner dresses with shirt-styled bodice, a panel of fullness from waist to hem. Velvet evening and dinner gowns are excitingly and richly embroidered. Waists stay small as possible.

FASHIONS

By JEAN BURNUP

Editor Women's Department



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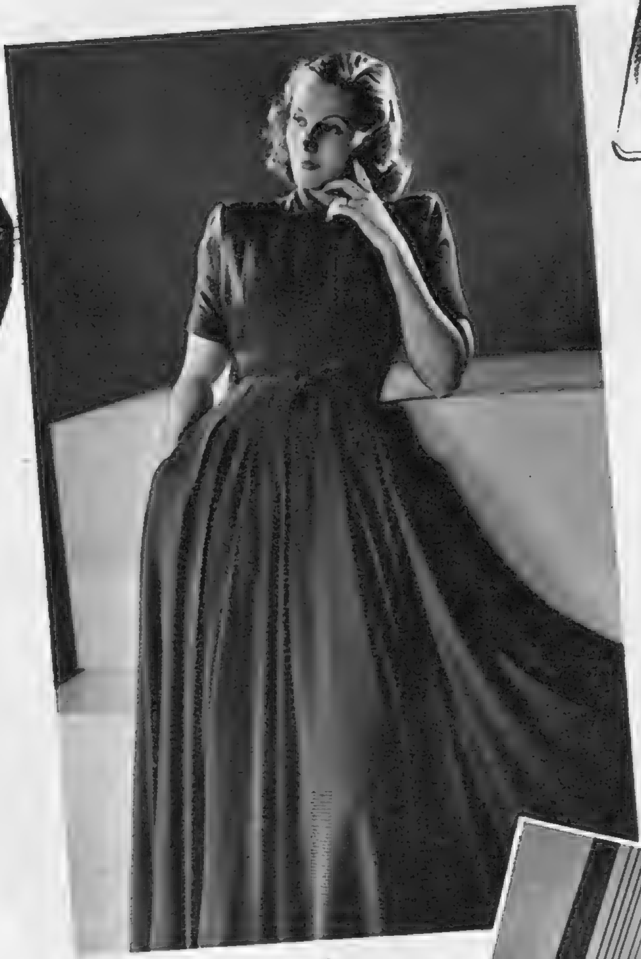

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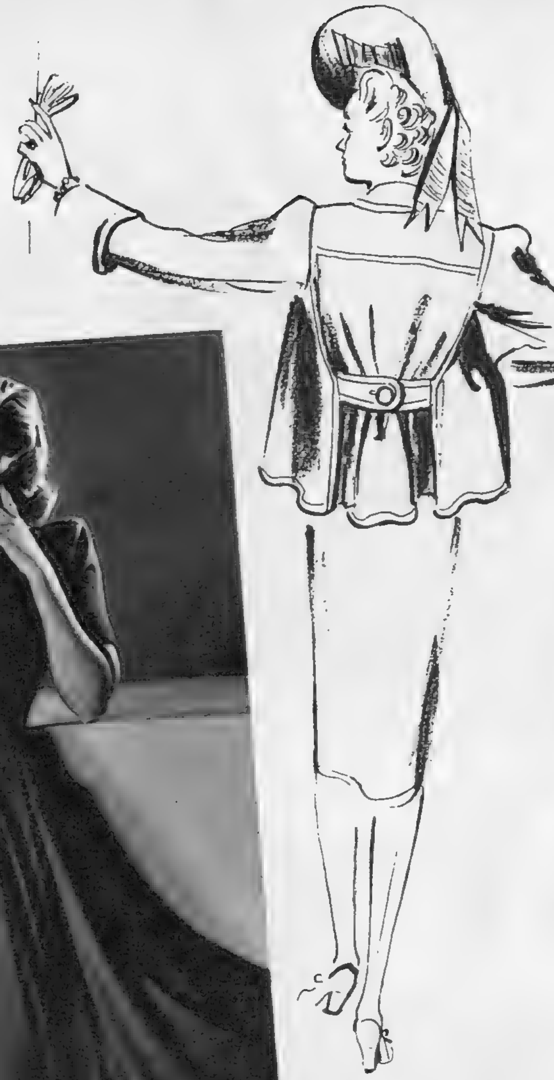

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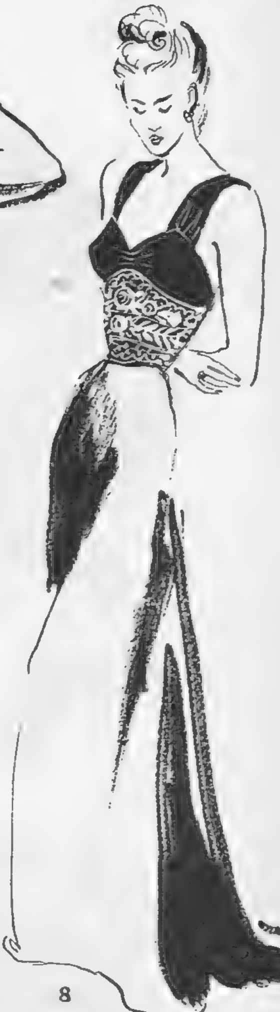


8

1. Black woollen dress with a gored skirt, showing back fullness, the hem edged with velveteen, a black velveteen jacket cutting in beneath the tail, trimmed black lamb. La Chasse

2. Black woollen hooded coat, with a narrow black lamb trim, the hood lined with the blue of the frock that goes beneath. Rahvis

3. Green woollen, the new long bodice shaped up front, bustle-draped at back. Dorville

4. Red and black plaid tweed cunningly used on straight and cross for a tweed suit. The skirt has the new low kick-out, with side flare and large unpressed front and back pleats. La Chasse

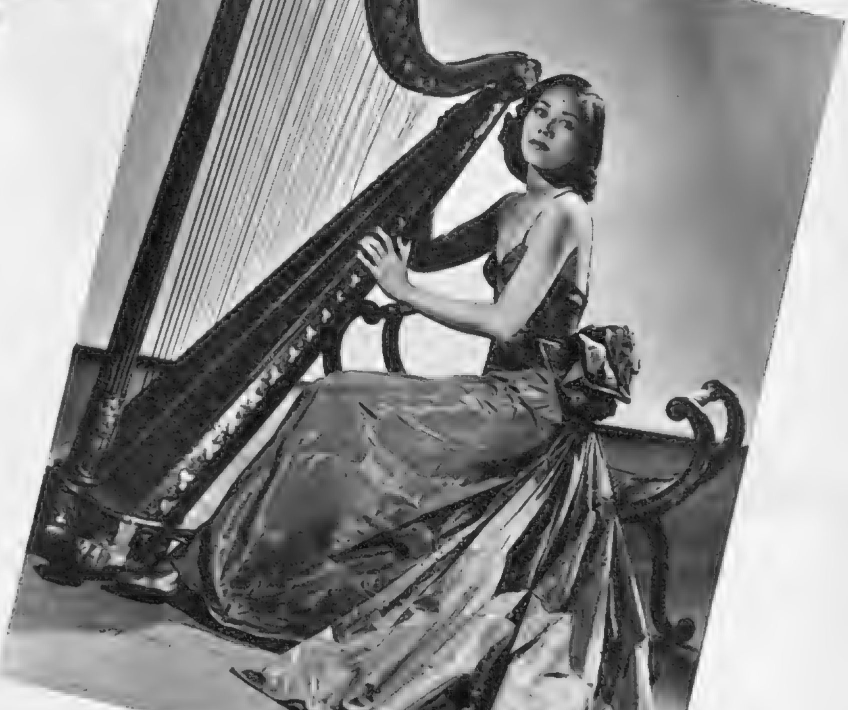
5. Sleek black velvet dinner gown, with exquisite turquoise embroidery around bosom, sleeves and neck. Hartnell

6 Fuschia woollen dinner dress, with a tiny black check, a new widely pleated, high-busted bodice, a very full skirt. Dorville

7. Over a jumper suit—the top grey, lichen green and white plaid, the skirt green—goes a lumber jacket with turn-back collar and revers in one, running straight down the unfastened fronts, a half-belt gathering in back fullness. Stiebel

8. Midnight blue velvet, the midriff lavishly gold-embroidered. Stiebel

9. Green shot taffeta with a pouffy bustle. Spectator model



9

1. Large black felt with gradual up at side sweep, dramatised with two high mauve quills. *Anthony Are and John Innocent*

2. Black astrakhan with folded velvet crown and streamers, red peonies at back. *Aage Thaarup*

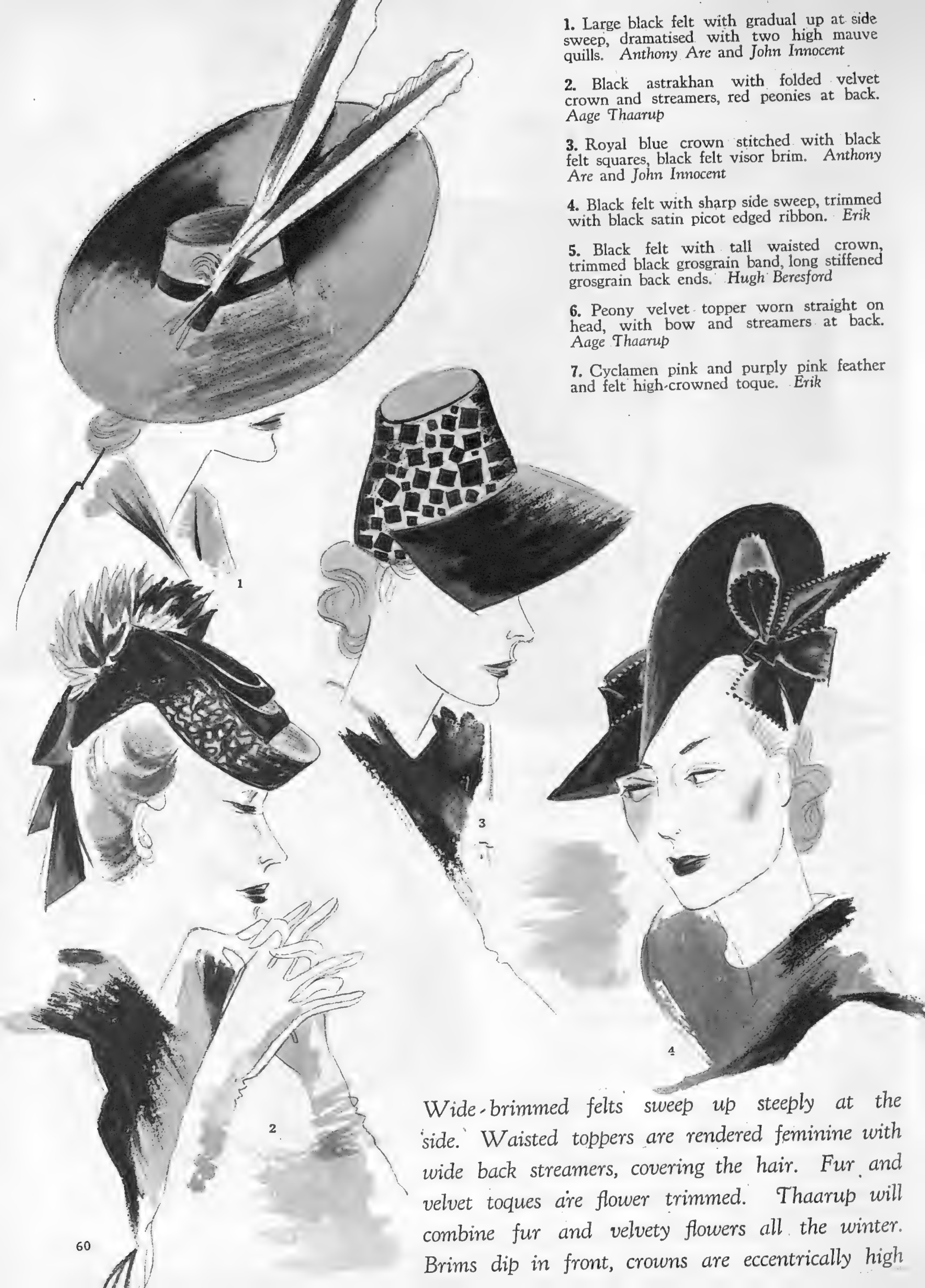
3. Royal blue crown stitched with black felt squares, black felt visor brim. *Anthony Are and John Innocent*

4. Black felt with sharp side sweep, trimmed with black satin picot edged ribbon. *Erik*

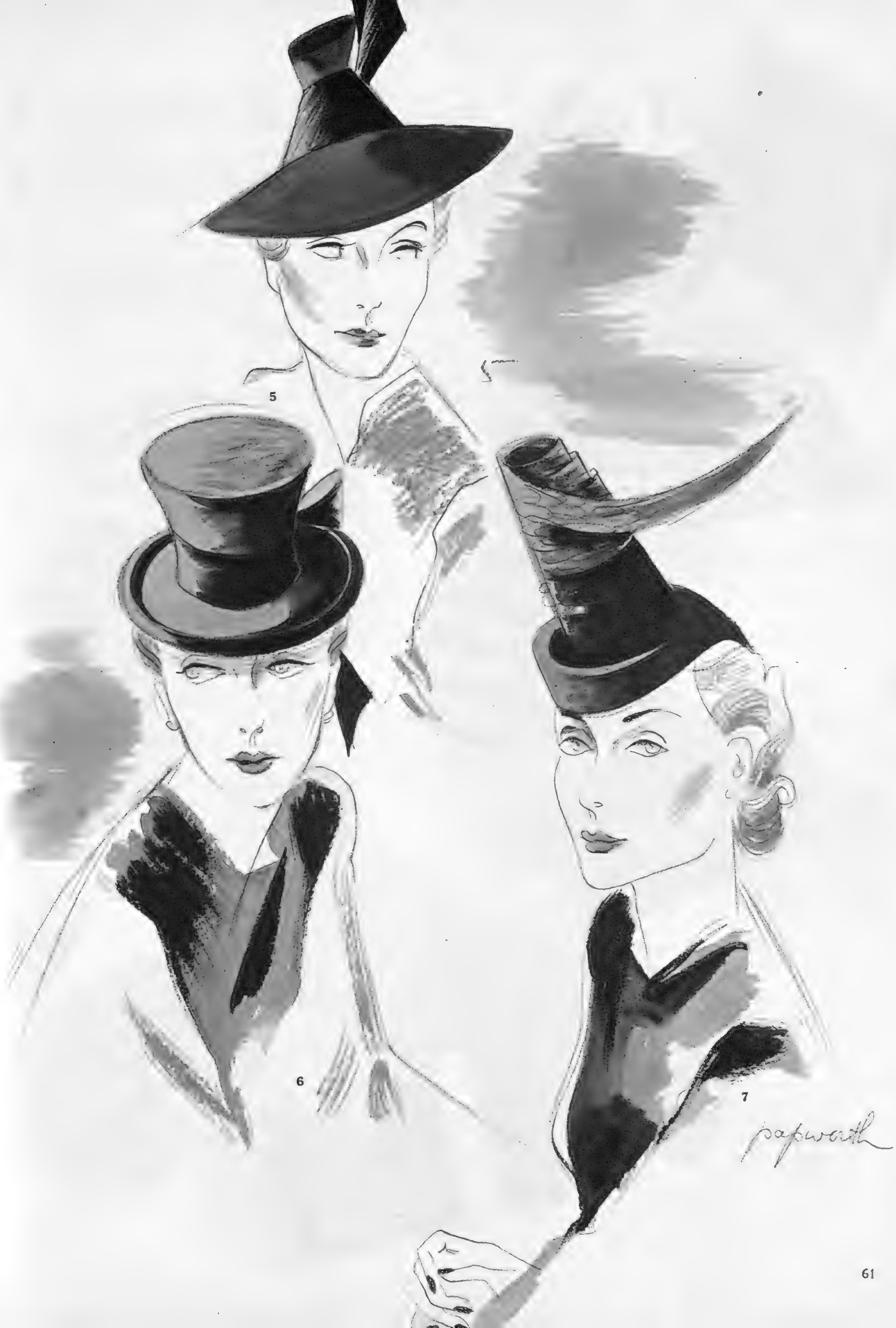
5. Black felt with tall waisted crown, trimmed black grosgrain band, long stiffened grosgrain back ends. *Hugh Beresford*

6. Peony velvet topper worn straight on head, with bow and streamers at back. *Aage Thaarup*

7. Cyclamen pink and purply pink feather and felt high-crowned toque. *Erik*



Wide-brimmed felts sweep up steeply at the side. Waisted toppers are rendered feminine with wide back streamers, covering the hair. Fur and velvet toques are flower trimmed. Thaarup will combine fur and velvety flowers all the winter. Brims dip in front, crowns are eccentrically high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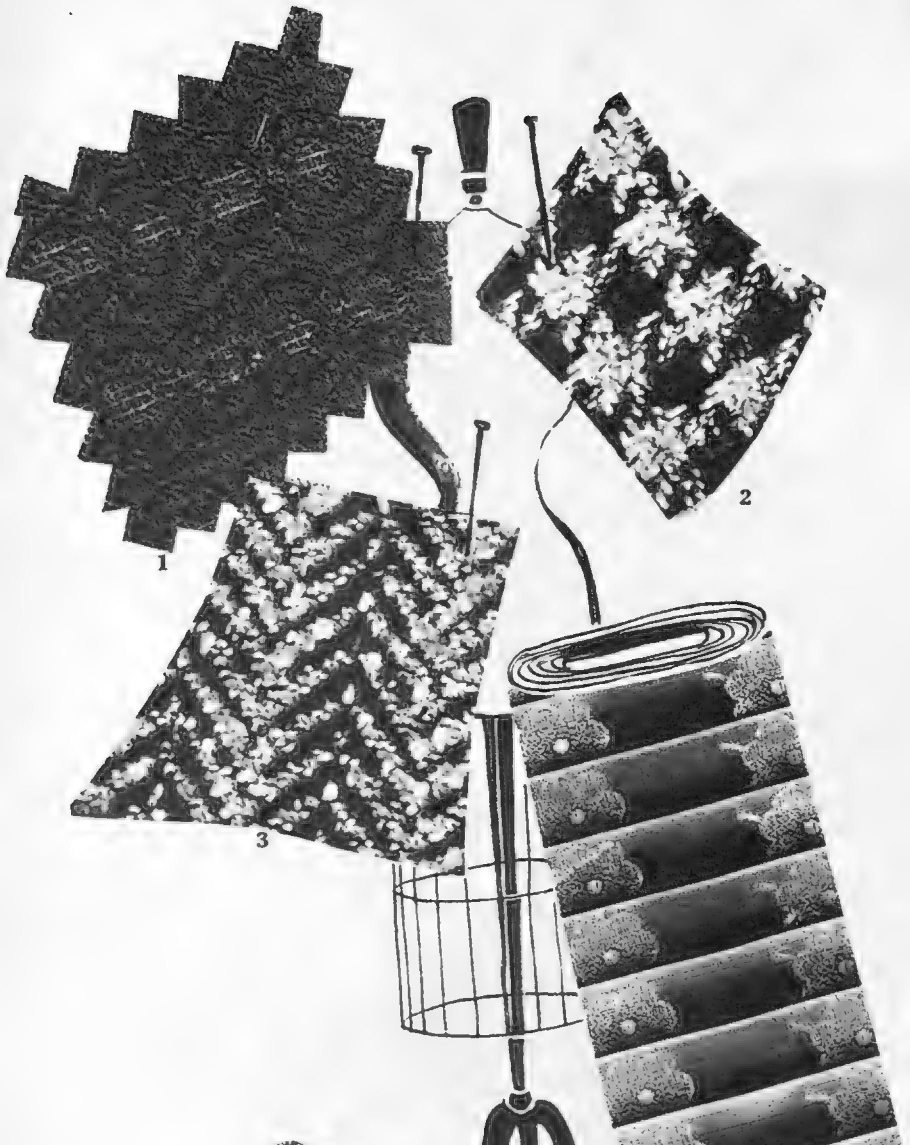


1. Maroon cloqué horizontally striped with tinsel, *Celanese*, about 7/11 a yard

2 and **3**. Two of the famous Otterburn wear-for-ever tweeds, one in grey, black, red, and white check, the other rust, green, and beige, in a wide striped chevron design

4. Blue, fuchsia and black shaded taffeta with an horizontal silver-leaf stripe. *Jacqmar*

5. Fancy Brydeleine, a wool-like "Tested Quality" fabric made with Courtauld's Rayon, light and dark blue checks, enlivened with green, yellow and red silk threads. About 1/11 a yard

6. Grey woollen, all-over embroidered with self heavy woollen cord. *Rodier*

7. Black poult irregularly striped with blue, yellow, green, and fuchsia satin. *Celanese.* About 5/11 a yard. The stripes, photographed vertically, are actually horizontally placed

8. Gold lamé, purple shaded, corrugated to look like pleating. *Jacqmar*

9. A heavy silver tinsel design on a bright mauve background, a "Tested Quality" fabric made with Courtauld's Rayon. About 8/11 a yard

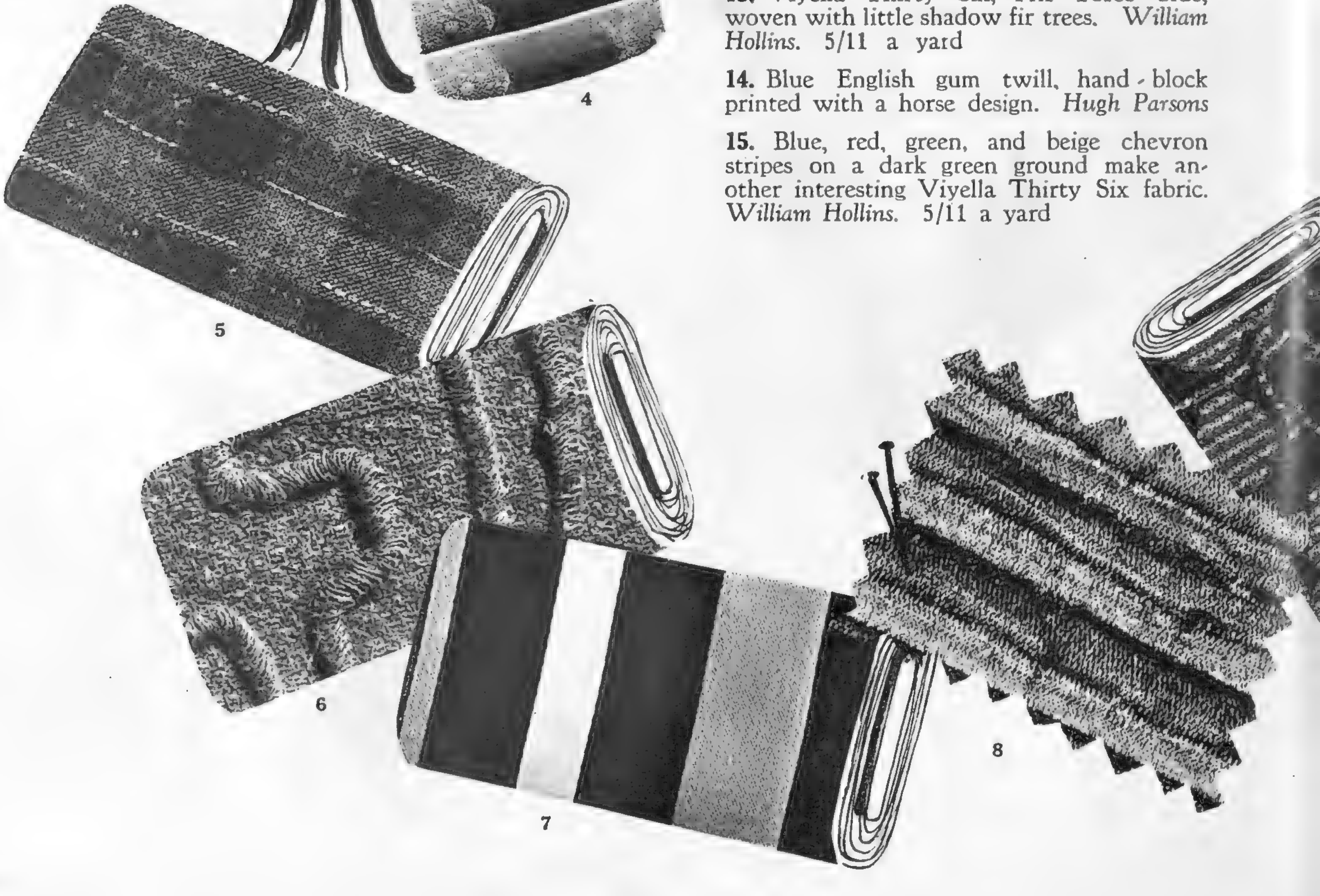
10 and **11.** Twin tweeds, prune and almond, checked and diagonally striped. *Sweetinburgh*

12. Vivid wool embroideries on a heavy camel-hair type woollen. *Rodier*

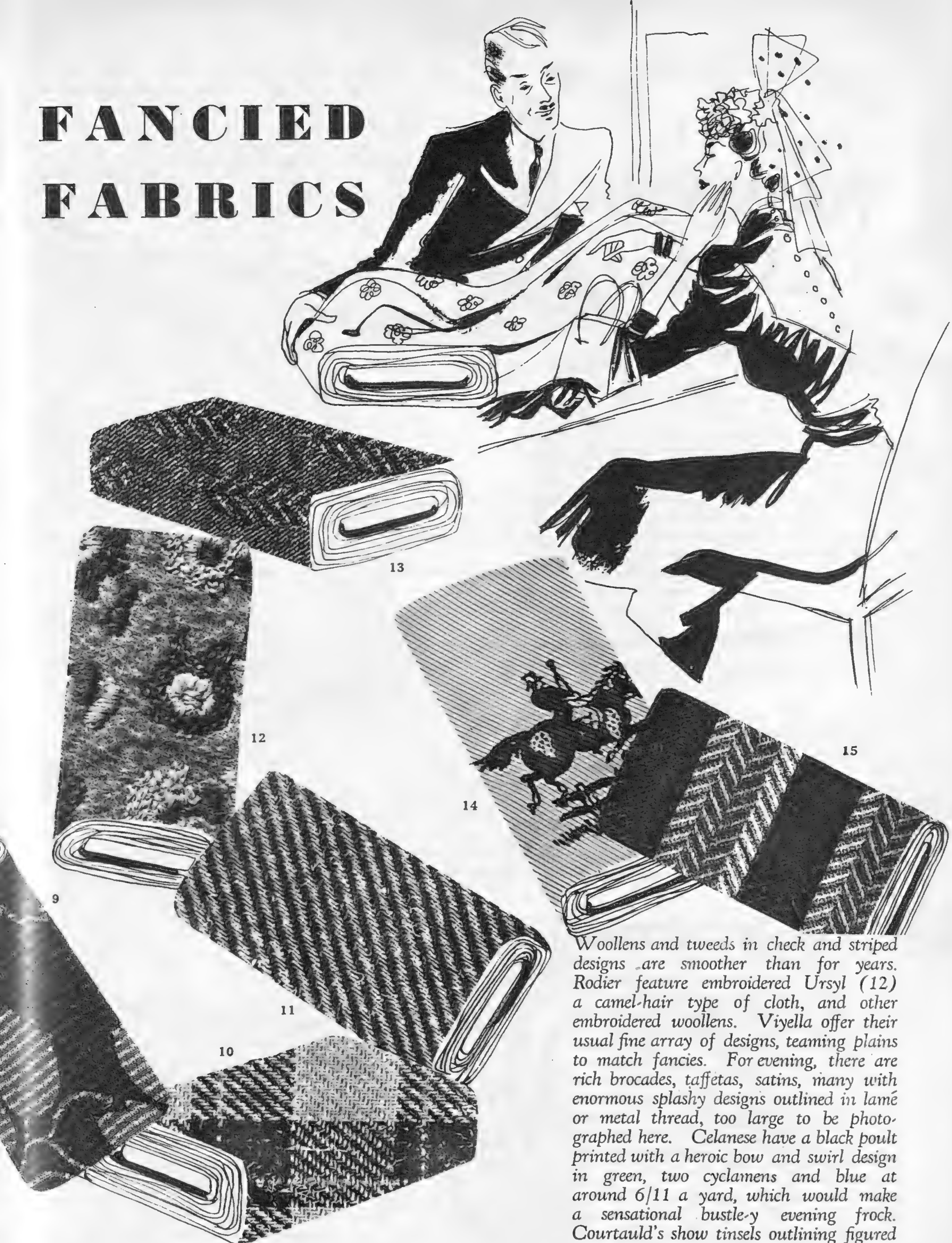
13. Viyella Thirty Six, Air Force blue, woven with little shadow fir trees. *William Hollins.* 5/11 a yard

14. Blue English gum twill, hand-block printed with a horse design. *Hugh Parsons*

15. Blue, red, green, and beige chevron stripes on a dark green ground make another interesting Viyella Thirty Six fabric. *William Hollins.* 5/11 a yard



FANCIED FABRICS



Woollens and tweeds in check and striped designs are smoother than for years. Rodier feature embroidered Ursyl (12) a camel-hair type of cloth, and other embroidered woollens. Viyella offer their usual fine array of designs, teaming plains to match fancies. For evening, there are rich brocades, taffetas, satins, many with enormous splashy designs outlined in lamé or metal thread, too large to be photographed here. Celanese have a black poult printed with a heroic bow and swirl design in green, two cyclamens and blue at around 6/11 a yard, which would make a sensational bustle-y evening frock. Courtauld's show tinsels outlining figured jacquard designs, and poults with dark backgrounds blazing with bright colours

Mary Young's Guide to a PLEASANTER LIFE

1 The most important Mother's Help I have come across for a long time is a baby's napkin to be used once and thrown away. No need to point out to a mother who lives in a small flat the convenience of this method. But she will like to have the inventor's assurance that her baby is safe and comfortable. The new-style napkins are made of cellulose paper covered in gauze. There are ten separate layers of cellulose material; five absorbent and five waterproof, with a special deodorising powder which gives off a lavender scent when damp.

2 Elastic thread opens up wide possibilities to the woman who is clever with her sewing machine. She can now run up expensive-looking shirred curtains and bedroom hangings, as well as ruffly things for herself, as easily as she can do plain machining.

It 's not only the frilly things of life that this new invention takes care of. It will do strictly practical jobs, like making woollies that have stretched fit snugly at neck and waist; doing away with the necessity for strings in pyjamas and buttons on your husband's shorts.

With this new thread, shirred tops can be put on in a second. No special needle for the machine is required; the thread is used just like ordinary thread.

3 Early autumn is a good time in which to put one's house in order, especially in regard to carpets and winter hangings. I confess that I let carpets go a long way before having them cleaned. The expense is alarming, and taking up carpets is a nightmare.

This autumn I am going to clean all carpets with a new liquid cleanser that brings out dirt and stains and restores colour. I am not speaking of an ordinary carpet soap. This new cleanser needs no rinsing. You simply rub well in with a clean cloth until the carpet comes up clean. The liquid can be used for many other household jobs as well.

4 If you are troubled with dry lips, or even if you are not, but prefer a lipstick that sticks yet is soothing, you will be interested to know about a new lipstick in a new colour that does both these things.

To get the best out of it, the makers insist that you apply the lipstick with care. They tell you to put it on lavishly at the centre of the mouth and to ease off at the corners. Then to press a tissue between the lips and remove surplus. Applied in this way, the colour, they say, will remain on the lips for hours without the necessity for re-touching.

The new shade is called Aster Pink. It is extraordinarily flattering to white-haired women.

5 Kitchen gadgets are fascinating things. Too fascinating some of them, for when one has played with them two or three times, they are apt to find a long last home in the back of the kitchen drawer. When this happens, it is proof that the gadget in question is not really functional, or is just too much bother to be bothered with. I have discovered one that is nothing if not functional, and completely simple in design. It is a general utility knife, which does everything you can think of to fruit and vegetables. Among other things it takes care of that tiresome job, bean stringing, with speed and efficiency. It peels potatoes in varying thicknesses; apples, too, and pops the cores out of their middles in a trice. It takes up no more room than an ordinary knife, and can be cleaned as easily. Price, 2s. 6d.

6 I have just been introduced to something new in spot removers, a preparation put up in tubes small enough to be carried in the handbag. If someone spills the ink on you, or your skirt swishes against some wet paint, or your husband gets a grease mark from the car on his linen, the spot can be removed on the spot.

Rub with a clean rag until the lather you have worked up has vanished. This cleaner is also excellent for cleansing the hands, dental plates, upholstery. It is pretty successful, too, in that most tricky job, removing marks from silks and satins. It leaves no smell or high-water mark and is non-inflammable. Tubes are priced at 6d., 1s. 3d., and 2s. 6d.

7 In the days of my youth, we used to get plum jam for breakfast with the stones in, and we just picked the stones out and played silly games on the plate with them as we ate. Nowadays, people are more fussy and more hurried.

But, oh dear, have you ever been in a jam session when it was your job to do the stoning? You have ? Well, here is good news for you. It is all about a gadget specially invented to take the sting out of stoning.

Pop your plums into the container, press down the wooden top and out comes the fruit; unbruised, de-stoned, whole. A turn of the disc makes it possible to stone cherries, too. Price 1s. 11d.

8 There is no doubt at all that the electric dry-shave razor has come to stay. Once they have got used to the dry shave, men say they could never go back to other methods. The only snag about it is that there are still places in this land where electricity is not available. What can a man do then, poor thing?

He can buy a razor exactly the same in principle as an electric razor, the only difference being that its tiny geared flywheels are operated by a gentle hand pressure on a lever at the side. This produces the same oscillation and precise cutting as an electric razor. The shaver never needs sharpening, and is perfectly simple to clean.

9 If you want to de-tan, don't go about the job too drastically. Many skins cannot stand strong bleaching creams or lotions. Yours may be one of them. The best method is to use a mild bleaching cream night and morning; and this means a cream that is gentle enough in action to allow of its being used twice a day.

I know an excellent cream for this purpose. While it can be used for cleansing, it has a deeper purpose in life. Its base of lemon bleaches without ill effect, and its other ingredients help to recondition the skin after exposure during the summer months.

Incidentally it is as well to remember that reconditioning is just as important as de-tanning. It saves time, trouble and money, to do the two jobs with one cream. Price per outsize tin of this lemon cream is 4s. 6d. Tube 2s.

10 Being allergic to a cosmetic means that you can't take it, and mustn't. A face powder containing a certain perfume, for instance, can make you come out in blotches, or even give you asthma or catarrh.

So if you have any of these troubles, I suggest that you try out a powder which is specially prepared for cosmetic sensitive skins, and see if the blotches or other symptoms disappear.

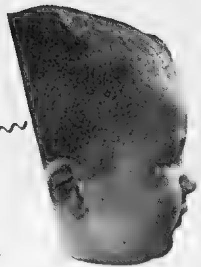
The makers of this powder do a whole range of cosmetics which are guaranteed to be entirely free from any ingredient that might provoke allergic susceptibilities. The liquid medicated skin cream for use on skins that can't abide soap, is particularly interesting.

11 I've got the jitters. And if you could only see my jitters, I think you would like them too. They are fascinating little bright coloured cutouts to stick on to your sports suit, your hat, on your belts or the lapel of your jacket.

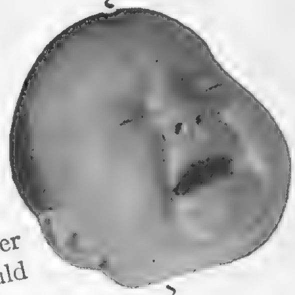
The jitters come in a grand assortment of designs and colours. Hearts, anchors, sailor boys, dogs flags and outdoor sports scenes among them. Jitters stick to any fabric. Linen, silk, wool, suède even. Over in New York, home of the jitterbug, the symbol cult has caught on. Apart from all that, these gay little numbers are most effective worn on the right clothes, at the right places. Press your jitter on to the cloth with a hot iron. It will stick through thick and thin.

If any of the subjects discussed on these pages answer your own problems, write me at "Britannia and Eve," 32-34 St. Bride Street, E.C.4, giving the numbers in which you are interested

WHAT WOULD YOU DO?



1 Your baby is forward for his age and seems anxious to walk. You have been told that walking induces bow legs. Would you discourage his attempts, let him do as he likes, or look to some other cause for bandiness?



2 A series of colds have made your child's life a misery during last winter, and you are looking ahead to the colder weather with dread. Will you resign yourself to the same fate as before, hoping the trouble will right itself; decide to apply no remedies, but to keep him away from school and all sources of infection; or ask your doctor thoroughly to investigate the cause before the winter starts?

3 Your child has developed a hatred for milk and refuses to take it, however you persuade him. You are anxious that this vital form of nourishment should not be omitted from his diet. Would you force him to take it, let him go without, or find some means of administering the milk without creating a scene?

4 You are breast feeding your baby and wish to continue as long as possible, but his failure to gain weight satisfactorily leads you to suspect that your supply of breast milk is insufficient for his needs. Would you wean him altogether, supplement the breast feed with an artificial one, or leave matters as they are until he shows more definite signs of malnutrition?

5 Your baby complains of a sore throat. He is subject to them whenever he gets a cold or is out of sorts. Do you give him an antiseptic gargle and leave it at that, do nothing but wait to see if his condition deteriorates, or send at once for the doctor?

6 A sudden stammering has revealed itself in your little girl's talking. Do you try to make her control it, take no notice and hope it will go away, or attack the problem through her general health?

7 You have been advised to increase the amount of vitamins B and D in your baby's diet. He is still on milk foods, so would you give him cooked green vegetable, or prepared foods rich in the vitamins required?

How do you rate as a mother? Are you a person of sound judgment and intelligent initiative as well as just a good baby minder? Can you cope with the problems which arise day by day during the years of your child's physical and mental development? Here are a few general knowledge questions to test your skill. Decide which is your answer to each problem and then compare it with ours shown on page 119.

NEW YORK NIGHT OUT

By Lynne Joyce

Here you are on Fifth Avenue, on your first night in New York, walking with a slightly vacant, most un-British expression of surprise on your usually calm countenance.

Of course . . . the skyscrapers. Yes, of course. But what else?

Oh, the speed of the big black automobiles, with the taxis swooping in and out like bright humming birds in their gay plumage of yellow, blue and scarlet . . . the shabby buses with their open tops . . . the tiny, but so elegant windows of the great stores that flank the sidewalk . . . the funny octagonal caps and sinister *shalalees* of the police. . . .

And what else?

Oh, girls. Laughing girls, pretty girls, smart girls. Yes. They are two a penny on Fifth Avenue. They walk in twos and threes. All are gay, all are modish, to the last eyelash.

That girl who just passed you with a song on her lips reminds you of a trig, newly painted yacht sailing into the evening sun. The girl is all white and brown. White shirtwaist, white gloves, white flower in her buttonhole. Brown vagabond hat on her straight ash-blonde hair that rests *à la* Garbo, on the squared shoulders of her tailored suit. High-heeled brown suède shoes. Sheer stockings that fit her lovely legs like a second skin.

She intrigues you. Where is she going with that love song on her parted, challenging red mouth? Who is she going to meet? Where is she going to spend her evening?

Come with me behind the scenes, and I will show you how the girl, typical of New York City, spends her evening; how she amuses herself when work is done.

She lives in an apartment which she shares with her mother. They get on as well as if they were contemporaries. Momma is a lecturer on fashion in a big store on Fifth Avenue. Her daughter is secretary to a business man and earns about twenty-four dollars a week.

She looks happy this evening, because it is her birthday and because she has a new beau.

At the dance the week before, he had been the most persistent cutter in. And before two dances were over, he had learned a lot about her, including the fact that it was her birthday the following Tuesday. Yes, he dated her up for the evening.

So, here she is about five-thirty on a fine September evening, making for home, a shower and a change.

Arrived at the apartment, she finds cellophane-wrapped red roses for her corsage and a snood of roses on black velvet ribbon for her hair, awaiting her.

Quite early that morning, her beau had rung up to inquire what coloured dress she was wearing that night. *Black lace . . . over pink? And flowers on it? That's fine. Leave it to me, Candyface.*

And she knew, quite confidently, that she could. When a New York girl steps out for an evening she doesn't have to worry about orchids or any other expenditure on her budget. Her beau (as she likes to call him) takes care of all that.

Going Dutch between the sexes is practically unknown. The man pays and likes it. The girl, however, is expected to return value in good looks, attractive clothes (slightly film-starrish preferred), efficient dancing, and to reciprocate with enthusiasm the petting she undoubtedly will receive in the cabs which carry her and her escort from one night-spot to the next. She must also be able to take her liquor like a man.

Dressing doesn't take her long. For the New York girl never lets herself get to the stage when she cannot possibly go out unless she spends hours with hairdresser and manicurist. Her hair, feet and hands are always immaculate.

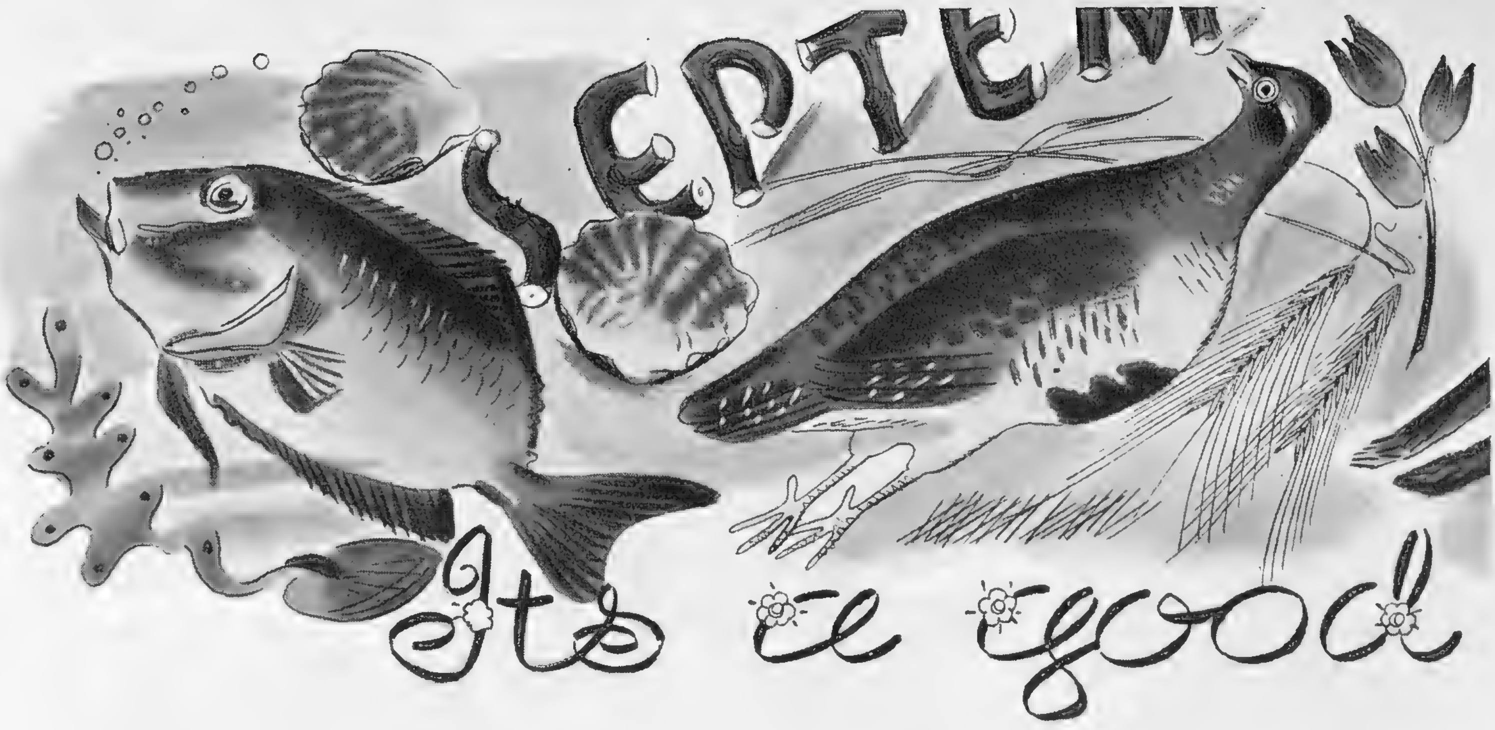
The evening starts early. But then New Yorkers dine early, seven to seven-thirty being quite a usual hour. Seven-thirty, then, finds girl and boy at the New Yorker Hotel. Here, there is usually a good floor show, you can eat leisurely and not expensively, and the music is set at a tempo that fits an early-on-in-the-evening mood.

The girl's escort has no wine worries to face. In New York, unless champagne is served, iced water is the table tipple at night, as at other times of the day. But there is no lack of liquor. Two or three dry Martinis, nearly treble the size we serve

(Continued on page 81)

Dining in the Rainbow Room, sixty-five floors up

Arriving at the Stork Club—open all night every night



Game Soup

Bones, carcase of any game.
Onion, carrot, cloves, salt, pepper, herbs, milk, egg yolk, butter.

This useful recipe can be applied to any game and used throughout the season. Peel an onion, cut it in two or four, stick a clove in each piece. Peel and cut up a large carrot and, if you like, you can add one or two tomatoes and outside leaves of celery.

Fry for a minute or two in butter, then add the game bones and carcase broken in pieces; it does not matter if the bird has been cooked or not. Fry together for two or three minutes and add a little bunch of parsley, thyme and a bay leaf tied together.

Now add boiling water, allowing one-third more of water than you will require of soup. Season with salt and pepper and simmer until the soup has reduced to the required amount, when you strain it through a muslin into a clean saucepan.

Mix the yolk of an egg in a little milk or cream and pour in, stirring well. After this the soup must not boil. If you want a thick soup, mix a tablespoonful of potato flour and about the same amount of butter to a smooth paste in the clean saucepan; cook for a few minutes and let it get cold before you pour the soup slowly over, stirring.

In this case you must let the soup boil for about five minutes before adding the binding of yolk of egg.

Mussels Marinière

Fresh mussels, dry white wine (or lemon juice).
Onion, parsley, salt, pepper, butter.

English people are rapidly losing their prejudice against mussels, which are more than ever fashionable, being served in the smartest places. They are cheap, easy and quick to cook, delicious to eat.

Wash the mussels in several cold waters to remove sand or grit and put them in a saucepan, allowing about half a pint per person. Add a walnut of butter, a coffee-cupful of dry white wine or the juice of half a lemon, a small onion chopped, and a sprig of parsley, very little salt and freshly-ground pepper.

Put the saucepan, covered, on a very quick fire and cook, shaking the pan occasionally, for about five minutes, removing the lid for the last minute.

Put the mussels in a deep serving dish and pour the juice over through a strainer. Serve in soup plates with a spoon and fork and provide finger bowls.

Mussels Poulette

Mussels Marinière, Béchamel Sauce.
Egg yolk, lemon juice.

First prepare the Mussels Marinière, remove all the empty half-shells and put the others in a saucepan with the juice poured over through a strainer. Meanwhile you have prepared a Béchamel sauce — white sauce with butter, flour, milk, salt, pepper and nutmeg—making it smooth and not too thick. Pour this into the mussels, stir well and bring together to boiling point.

Break an egg yolk into a cup or small bowl, work it smooth with a wooden spoon, then dilute it with the juice of a lemon and pour into the mussels slowly, stirring all the time, after which, of course, you must not let it boil or the sauce will curdle.

Cailles aux Raisins

Quails, white grapes, meat stock.
Madeira or Brown Sherry, lemon juice.
Butter, salt, pepper.

Choose a casserole or other fireproof dish without handles, large enough to hold the required number of quails (one for each person) and put in it a small piece of butter which you melt over the fire.

Place in it the quails, prepared as for roasting, and brown them lightly on all sides. Add salt, pepper; cover the dish and put it in a fairly quick oven for twelve minutes, adding a little more butter if the birds get too dry.

Meanwhile skin and de-pip some white grapes—four or six per person—and put these with the quails, adding a teaspoonful of lemon juice, a tablespoonful of Madeira or Brown Sherry, and about half a tumblerful of meat stock. Put back in the oven and when the liquid has reached the boil, remove lid and simmer for two or three minutes more.

Serve in the same dish.

Perdreau Braisé

Partridges (one for two people).
White cabbage, one carrot, streaky bacon.
Herbs, salt, pepper, butter.

First wash and prepare the white cabbage in the usual way and boil it in salted water, cook the carrot, peeled and cut in slices, at the same time. Strain and drain off all water.

The partridges are prepared as for roasting, but not trussed, and are first browned all over in butter. Then you can cut them in two or four pieces.

Take a presentable casserole or other deep fireproof dish and put in streaky bacon—two rashers per person—cut in small pieces, a small piece of butter, a *bouquet* of thyme, parsley and bay leaf, and a coffee-cupful of cold water. Add salt and pepper and the partridges.

Cover the dish and cook for twenty minutes in a fairly hot oven. Now add the cabbage, more salt and pepper if necessary, and cook again with the lid on, in the oven, for another half an hour; serve in the same dish.

You can use cheaper and older birds for this dish,

month for

but it is advisable to prick them in the leg at the end of the cooking to see if they are soft enough. If not, cook a little longer and remember that it is the kind of dish which cannot cook too much and which is almost even better if re-heated. You may have to add a little more butter or some meat stock if the cabbage is getting too dry.

Salmis of Game

Any game, Madeira, lemon juice.
Butter, salt, pepper, tomato purée, shallots, herbs.

Prepare the birds as for roasting and half roast them, doing this in a hot oven to brown them nicely. Now carve them into portions such as you would serve if they were ordinarily roasted, putting the good pieces in a saucepan.

Break up roughly the carcases and bones and put these in a saucepan with two or three chopped shallots, a *bouquet* of herbs, a tablespoonful of tomato *purée*, salt, pepper and enough hot water to cover.

Bring to the boil and simmer until half the liquid has evaporated, when you pass through a fine strainer on to the pieces of game in the other saucepan. Add a tablespoonful of Madeira and a teaspoonful of lemon juice and bring to the boil.

Simmer gently for ten minutes or longer according to the size of your game, taste the sauce to see that it is well seasoned and serve with *croutons* of fried bread and a few fried mushrooms.

Ragout Provençale

One egg plant, one sweet pepper per person.
Two tomatoes, parsley, garlic, olive oil, butter, salt, pepper.

The egg plant should be cut into thin slices, lengthways, and these fried slowly in olive oil for ten minutes. Cut the sweet peppers in half, scrape out the seeds and core and cut the peppers into small pieces. Add these to the pan with the egg plant and cook together for another ten minutes.

Meanwhile peel the tomatoes, cut them in pieces and remove the seeds. Chop a little parsley, also one small clove of garlic.

Now remove the egg plant and peppers and put them in a clean pan and mash them with a fork. Add the tomatoes, garlic and parsley and a good piece of butter. Mix all well together adding salt and pepper and simmer gently until all are well blended together.

Baked Pears

One large eating pear for each person.
Sugar, lemon rind, red wine (Claret or Port).

Choose large, not too ripe, pears of even size and prick them all over with a fork. Place the pears in a flat fireproof dish, sprinkle very generously with soft sugar and add enough liquid to come about a third from the top of the dish.

This liquid should be a mixture of either claret and water in equal proportions or one-third Port to two-thirds water. If you are using Port you need slightly less sugar. Put in the pierced peel of a lemon you have cut with a sharp knife, taking care to have no white pith, and place the dish in a very hot oven, the heat of which you reduce immediately to very slow.

Baste the pears frequently during the cooking which should take about half an hour. Let them cool in their own juice, and serve cold in the same dish, removing the lemon rind before serving.

Fish

Apart from the usual sole, turbot, plaice, look out for brill, sea-bream, and among the shell-fish scollops and mussels; you can enjoy again the delights of the first oysters.

Meat Poultry & Game

Butchers' meat, though not at its best, is improving; beef is quite good and pork can be started again. New Zealand lamb is as good as ever. Chickens are good, and as partridges are added to grouse, this is really the first game month.

Vegetables & Salads

There are still lettuces, also curly chicory and Belgian endive. Besides the ordinary vegetables you have egg-plant, sweet peppers, and fresh haricot beans.

Fruit

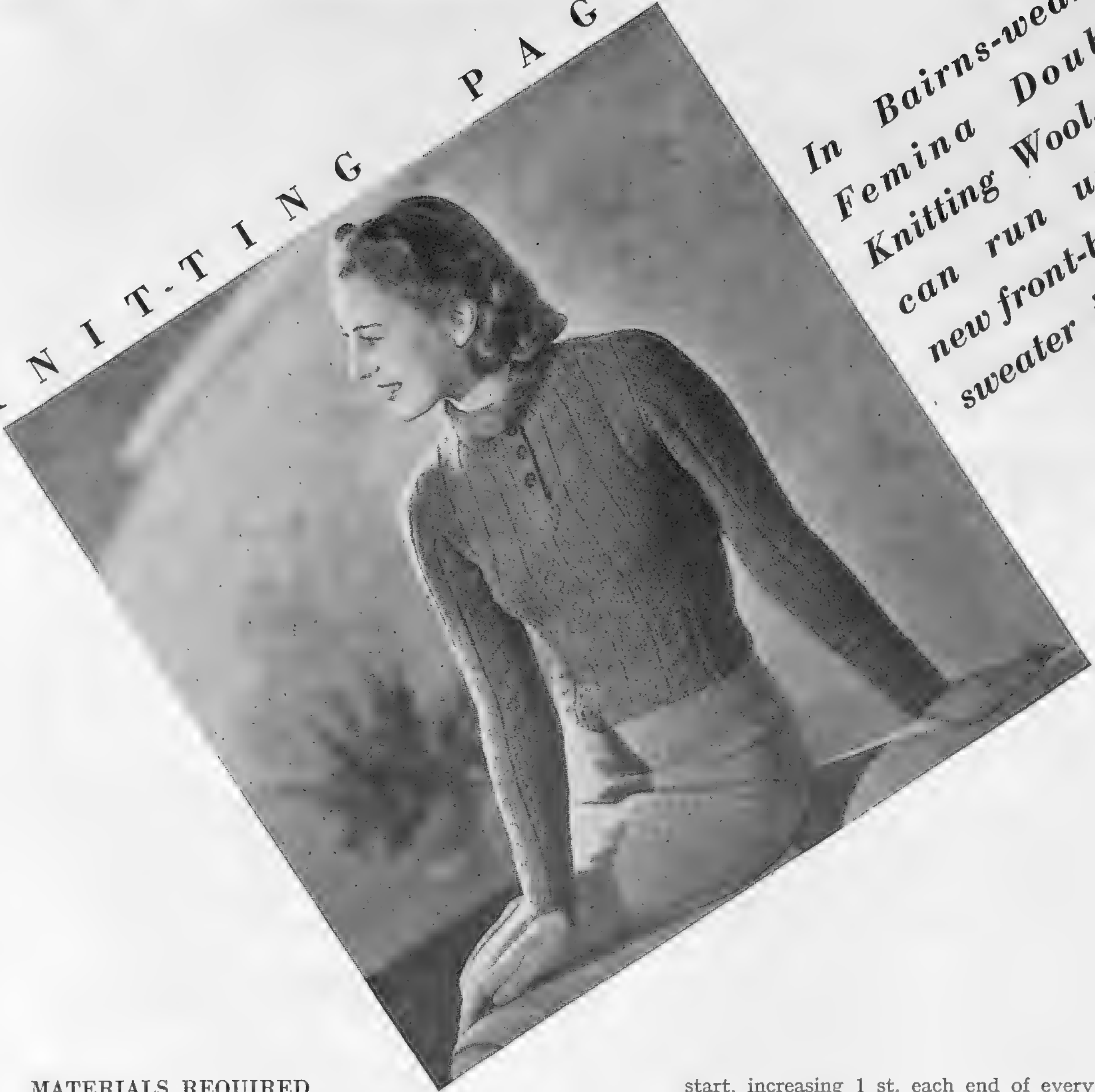
There are apples and pears, peaches, plums, grapes and figs. Nuts should begin to appear, especially the large, fresh walnuts from abroad.

Figues Flambées

One or two green or purple figs per person.
Sugar, Cointreau, brandy.

Peel the fruit carefully and prick them lightly all over. Put in a metal dish (Continued on page 116)

KNITTING PAGE



In Bairns-wear's Femina Double Knitting Wool, you can run up this new front-buttoning sweater in no time

MATERIALS REQUIRED

14 oz. Femina Double Knitting; 4 buttons; 1 pair each Nos. 7 and 9 "Stratnoid" needles.

MEASUREMENTS

Length from shoulder, 18½ ins.; across underarm, 16½ ins.; sleeve length from shoulder, 23 ins.

ABBREVIATIONS

K. = knit; p. = purl; sts. = stitches; inc. = increase; dec. = decrease; tog. = together; beg. = beginning; patt. = pattern; rep. = repeat.

BACK

With No. 7 needles cast on 82 sts. Rib 2 rows k. 1, p. 1. Continue in following patt.:

1st row : * P. 2, k. 6; rep. from * ending p. 2.

2nd row : K. 3, * p. 5, k. 2, p. 5, k. 4; rep. from * ending k. 3.

3rd row : P. 4, * k. 4, p. 2, k. 4, p. 6; rep. from * ending p. 4.

4th row : * K. 2, p. 1, k. 2, p. 3, k. 2, p. 3, k. 2, p. 1; rep. from * ending k. 2.

5th row : * P. 2, k. 2; rep. from * ending p. 2.

6th row : * K. 2, p. 3, k. 2, p. 1, k. 2, p. 1, k. 2, p. 3; rep. from * ending k. 2.

7th row : * P. 2, k. 4, p. 6, k. 4; rep. from * ending p. 2.

8th row : * K. 2, p. 5, k. 4, p. 5; rep. from * ending k. 2.

These 8 rows form patt. Work until 4½ ins. from start, decreasing 1 st. each end of 9th and every 4th row following until 70 sts. Change to No. 9 needles. Work 1½ ins. without shaping. Then work until 13 ins. from start, increasing 1 st. each end of every 6th row until 82 sts.

SHAPE ARMHOLES

Cast off 4 sts. at beg. of next 4 rows. Work 6½ ins. on remaining 66 sts.

SHAPE NECK

Work 24, cast off 18, work 24. Work on each set of 24 sts. for ½ in., casting off 4 sts. every neck edge row twice.

SHAPE SHOULDERS

Cast off 8 sts. every armhole end row twice.

FRONT

Work as for back until armhole shaping is complete. Then divide sts. for front opening: work 30, cast off 6, work 30. Work on each set of 30 sts. for 4½ ins.

SHAPE NECK

Cast off 6 sts. at neck edge. Work 2½ ins. on remaining sts., decreasing 1 st. every row at neck edge until 16 sts. remain.

SHAPE SHOULDERS

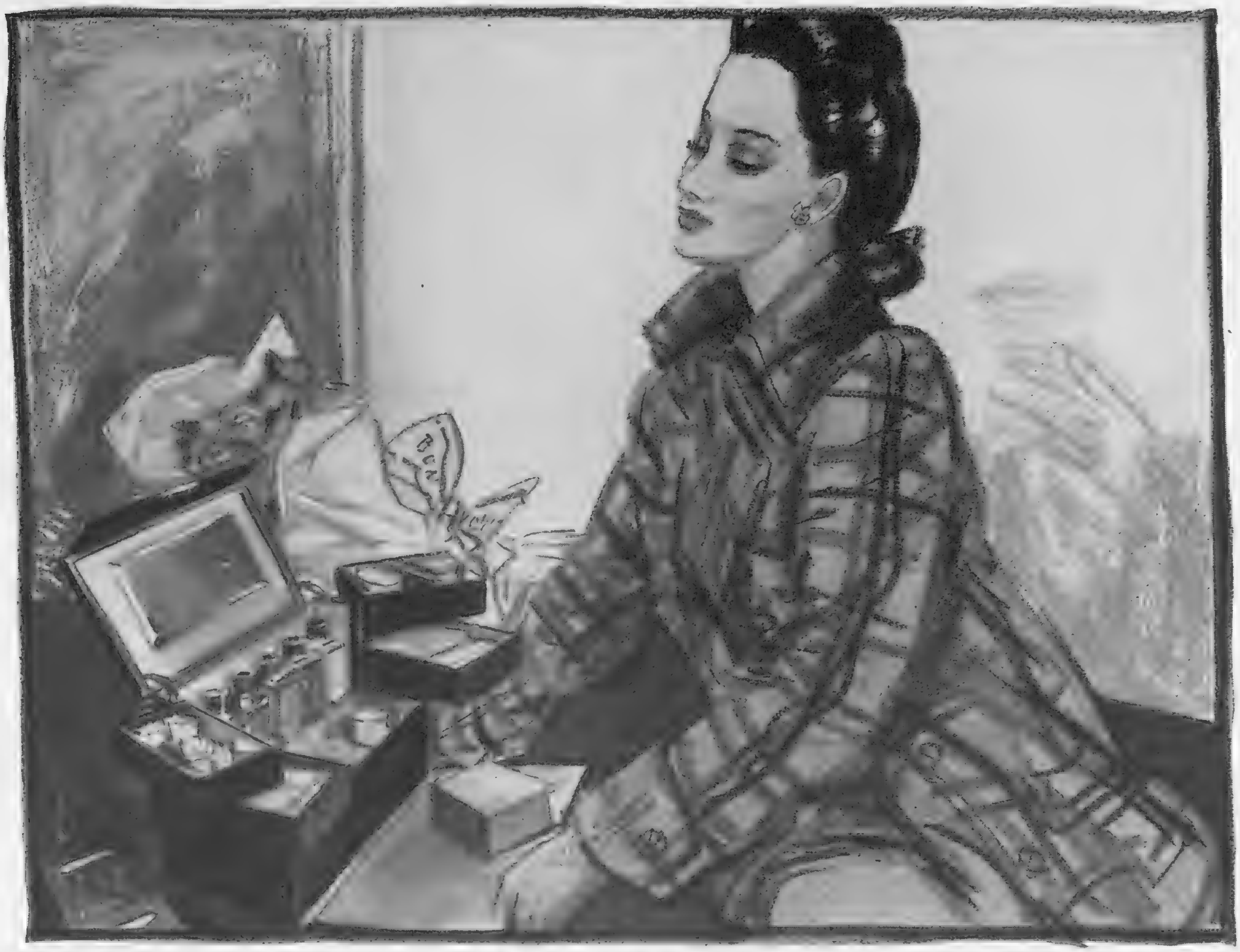
As back.

SLEEVES

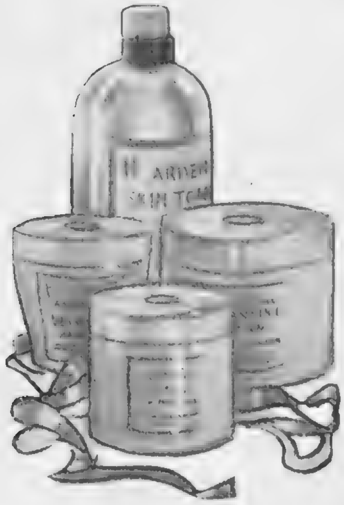
With No. 9 needles cast on 34 sts. Rib 2 rows, k. 1, p. 1. Work 2 ins. patt. Change to No. 7 needles and work until 18½ ins. from start, increasing 1 st. each end of every 6th row until 70 sts. Then cast off 2 sts. at beg. of every row until 8 sts. remain. Cast off.

(Continued on page 116)

THE MODERN WOMAN – ELIZABETH ARDEN'S MASTERPIECE



Triumphant Return...



Casual summer fun is over . . . autumn and winter are before you, filled with more splendid gaieties! . . . Your new autumn clothes and colour harmonies will demand that your face be in really perfect condition. First concentrate on the ever-important Cleanse—Tone—Nourish. Cleanse your pores thoroughly with Elizabeth Arden's deep-penetrating Cleansing Cream . . . Tone and stimulate your skin with Ardena Skin Tonic . . . Nourish the tissues with Velva Cream if your skin is normal; with Orange Skin Food if it is dry. Give yourself a fifteen-minute treatment with Velva Cream Masque for a special occasion. If your suntan is looking tired, help it fade quickly and gracefully with Miss Arden's Anti-Brown Masque. *Cleansing Cream, 4/6 to 22/6 * Ardena Skin Tonic, 4/- to 80/- * Ardena Velva Cream, 4/6 to 22/6 * Orange Skin Food, 4/6 to 35/- * Anti-Brown Masque, 6/6, 10/6, 18/6 * Velva Cream Masque, 12/6, 21/- * Lipstick, 6/6*

Elizabeth Arden

25 OLD BOND STREET LONDON W1

CONFIDENTLY Recommended

If you have the type of skin that emerges from a holiday in sun and wind looking like a golden apricot you're a miracle and that's that. But if you're not a miracle and just an average woman, your skin comes back from sun tanning and sea bathing roughened in texture and looking slightly like brown rubber.

In this case you should know that Larola has magical properties of rejuvenation as well as the equally essential ones of cleansing and stimulating.

You can't do better, in fact, than make regular use of Larola at all times. Its ability to beautify skin, both of face and hands, that has deteriorated on account of weather, housework or just neglect, is astonishing.

We have travelled a long way in the accomplishment of feminine delicacy since scientific deodorants made their appearance. But it is not always fully realised that a deodorant which deals only with localised perspiration is not sufficiently comprehensive.

In view of this some method which immunises the whole surface of the body from offensive odours is advisable, and this is now made possible with a soap.

Odo-Mento soap has been scientifically created to accomplish this. Its purpose is not so much to stop perspiration as to neutralise its odours after they appear.

Wash all over with Odo-Mento and the body is cleansed and purified for the rest of the day. The soap has no odour of its own to diminish the effect of whatever perfume you use.

A range of beauty preparations that have delighted Parisiennes for some time are now accessible to English women who like good things. Not only do these preparations have the luxurious qualities typical of French standards, but they have also a proved reputation for purity.

A helpful addition to these other qualities of the Robel products is the screw cap concertina jar in which some of the creams are contained. This jar collapses in stages as the contents grow less. Thus none of the cream is wasted and it is always immaculately fresh, as well as useful for travelling.

You have found electric cooking superbly simple, no doubt, but to make it even simpler and to give a really professional touch to the food you prepare you should be fortified with a cookery book which takes into account every detail of the necessary procedure for electrical cooking.

The British Electrical Development Association have engaged two very accomplished and practical cooks to write a manual in which every recipe is compiled with a view to cooking by electricity. It is a simple, economical and very practical little book and the B.E.D.A. are offering it free to our readers, upon application to 2 Savoy Hill, London, W.C.2.

Most women now choose their face creams with meticulous care for purity, but not all women give the same attention to detail when it comes to selecting a lipstick.

Perhaps a notion that so long as the colour is right one need not be particular about other points is responsible for this attitude, yet a moment's consideration will show it to be a wrong and even dangerous one.

The delicate nature of the skin which covers the lips makes it vital that only the most protective as well as the purest cosmetic should be used.

Louis Philippe lipstick combines these qualities with those of subtly distinguished colourings. It goes on easily and stays on well and there are no less than fourteen colours to choose from.

There is no need to tell you of the need for using a talcum powder on a baby's skin. It is surely common knowledge that the rose petal delicacy of a young baby's skin is susceptible to irritations of which an adult is unaware.

A good talcum powder is a source of great comfort to a baby. It protects him from inflammation due to dampness, to chafing and the many little irritations which cause a baby so much discomfort.

Cuticura talcum powder is the ideal one for baby's use. It is satiny and sweet smelling and impregnated with soothing antiseptic properties which protect him from the many little discomforts which threaten in early days.

One would think that a hair lotion which improves the appearance and the health of the hair while also acting in such a way as to make waves and curls more amenable might be asking too much.

In actual fact, Danderine has these dual qualities in fullest measure. Comb it through your hair in the morning and you will protect it from dandruff as well as give it a dressing that will keep every hair in place throughout the day. It is not a sticky dressing. You won't know it's there except for the new freshness, the new tone and healthiness it will give to your hair after regular use.

A perfume that is at once romantic, feminine and yet sophisticated is not easy to find. Many perfumes are endearing but not all of them are chic. Only the most subtly blended have that additional subtlety which makes a pleasant fragrance into something arresting, something individual.

Mischief is a perfume which might be called thrilling. And it lasts. Try it if you like to give a magic touch of interest and of intrigue to your personality. You can get a trial size for 1s. 3d.

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CRAVEN "A"
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Our "Prefect" *makes top score*

"MY bat needs oiling, my boots are a bit tight, and I'll have to borrow pads and gloves. Otherwise," I said, "I seem to be quite ready."

"The car's ready, anyway," said Betty. "There are about two gallons in the tank. Will that be enough?"

"Thirty-five miles each way. Two gallons will be plenty. We're taking Tom and his young brother down."

Betty's eyes twinkled.

"Funny how your cricketing days have begun again now we have a 'Prefect'!"

I laughed. Of late I had taken a back seat in our cricket club. When the Secretary heard that we had invested in a "Prefect," however, invitations to play began to pour in. Transportation *is* a problem to a Secretary!

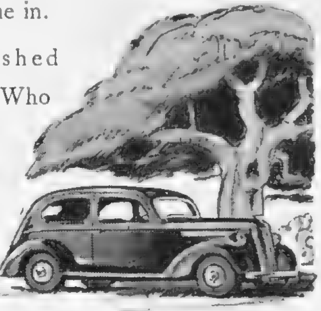
With Tom and his brother stretching their long legs in the back, with three bulging cricket bags stowed neatly in the large luggage compartment, we were soon passing milestones one-a-minute on the Bath Road. "This 'Prefect' is an astonishing car," said Tom. "It performs like a 'twelve' or a 'fourteen.' And few medium-sized cars have as much leg-room. Holds the road at speed, too, like a sports model."

Betty and I smiled. We are proud of our "Prefect." We have to count every penny these days and our choice was made with a careful eye to value—value in performance and appearance. We certainly chose wisely when we bought this Ford.

At eleven-thirty we were sunning ourselves on deck chairs, while Tom and his brother made a first wicket stand. It was after lunch before I had to search round for pads and gloves. At a quarter past three I waved to Betty and started my long walk to the wicket. And at seventeen minutes past I was walking back again, admonitions echoing from a distant past *never* to play back to a half-volley!

Three hours' fielding in the heat made me cast wistful eyes at our "Prefect" waiting in the shade and, by the time stumps were drawn, my boots were beginning to pinch.

Betty looked up from her knitting as we came in.



"Finished already? Who won?"

"A draw, my sweet. It usually is."

* * *

"Pity about that half-volley," added the Captain when we said goodbye. "You'll play next week, won't you?"

"If you don't need a strong eleventh man," I laughed.

He chuckled. "What are a few runs here and there. . . . By the way, that's an awfully nice car you've got. I wonder if you could give Tom and his brother a lift again!"

★ ★ ★

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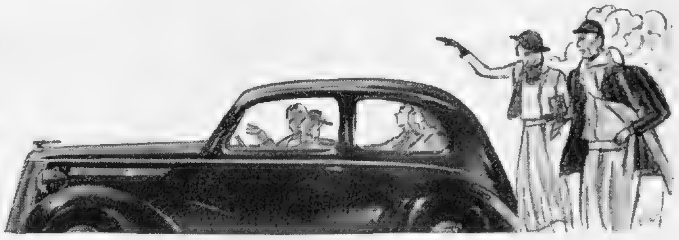

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Night Driving is Easy

And it should be safer than by day

By The Earl of Cardigan

It has often struck me as curious that a good many motorists are unwilling to drive at night, except when it is urgently necessary for them to do so. Their point of view is similar to that of the perfectly competent drivers who will never venture into London traffic (although they will cheerfully tackle some provincial city where the driving conditions are infinitely more severe !).

In both cases, such drivers are allowing themselves to be intimidated by difficulties which are much more apparent than real. London traffic conditions may *look* very hectic; but in practice one finds that the huge London 'bus is a very much pleasanter neighbour in a traffic stream than, for example, the nimble Oxford bicycle.

In the same way, no doubt, night driving may appear to be a precarious business for the non-expert, not-too-experienced motorist. The actual vehicles encountered during a night run remain unseen, while their lights glare ominously as they hurtle past in the darkness, leaving an impression of vast size and desperate speed.

In actual fact, the risk of a collision by night is very remote. There is no question of another car appearing suddenly over the brow of a hill or around a corner. The glare of headlights is always plainly visible long before the oncoming car is itself within view. One might almost say that there is no such thing as a blind corner during the hours of darkness.

Of course, the dazzle problem still exists to a small extent. Even headlamps which have been dipped are capable of creating some dazzle—and there are always a few irritating people who believe that they are complying with the regulations when they switch off one lamp but continue to shine the other in one's face. When driving at night, one must be prepared for a few incidents of this sort.

It is not difficult, however, to avoid being dazzled. The great thing is never to look directly at the oncoming car. Each driver should focus his eyes at a point about fifty yards ahead of him on his own side of the road. If each car is then steered so as to keep within a couple of feet of the near-side kerb, it is a certainty that they will pass in safety, neither having dazzled the other.

I ought to add a rider to this. It is wise, out of the *corner* of one's eye, to keep the other fellow in view. (He may have dined too well !) This can quite well be done without ever looking directly towards his lights; it is merely a question of being aware of his approximate position on the road.

By far the greatest worry during a night drive, in my opinion, is the risk of coming upon an unlighted cyclist or a stray pedestrian during moments when one's own lights are dipped. It is not really difficult, however, to guard against this. Just before dipping, one can make a note that the road is quite clear for—let us say—200 yards ahead. If one can switch one's lights up again within that distance, well and good. If not, one merely has to remember that extra caution is needed after that 200-yard stretch has been covered.

When a string of cars is approaching, one may have to remain "dipped" for a relatively long time; but fortunately it is more usual for gaps to occur here and there in the line of oncoming traffic. In this event, one is justified in switching one's lights up for a few seconds every now and then, and thus getting a clear view of a further 200 yards of the road before being compelled to dip again. When this is not possible, one must, of course, "play for safety" by reducing speed.

A distinct asset during a night run is that "warning of approach" at road junctions can be given by manipulating the lights switch in preference to the horn button. If one hoots at another road user, as is the practice by day, he will certainly hear the warning (unless he is deaf), but he may not immediately realise whence the sound comes or what is required of him.

If, on the other hand, one "flickers" the headlamps at him, as is usual after dark, he will both see the warning signal and realise immediately the source of it. A beam of light is in every sense more illuminating than a raucous noise.

It is a debatable point whether the headlamps should be kept on, but dipped, when a car is driven through small towns with poor street lighting, or whether they should be switched off. Personally I believe in keeping the lights on. When a car is showing its side-lights only, it is extremely inconspicuous unless illuminated also by brilliant street lamps. In towns which do not boast such modern equipment, it is better for the motorist to make *himself* conspicuous rather than to risk having pedestrians step off the pavement without seeing him.

If these and similar points are borne in mind, there should be little danger in night driving. Some owner-drivers, however, may fear the difficulty and embarrassment of a mechanical defect occurring after dark, even if it should only take the form of a punctured tyre. It is certainly awkward to do any work on a car by night—and there is a tendency for the handy electric torch either to be mislaid at the critical moment or to be found with a run-down battery.

A better insurance is to fit one's car with an inspection lamp. This is a valuable accessory, which can be bought with a long flex and plugged in near the instrument panel. It is not too expensive to obtain.

Failing this, the car's own driving lights can be indirectly used. A white handkerchief held in front of a headlamp will reflect light back as far as the rear wheels. Similarly a polished cigarette case held in front of a side lamp can be used to direct a small beam of light under the bonnet. These are primitive devices, but they can often be used—in the absence of a torch or inspection lamp—to locate such minor troubles as may occur during a night run.

A really fast car at a moderate price. The 2½-litre S.S. "Jaguar" saloon which sells for £395

Jack and Jill drove up the hill
With joy and happy laughter
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A Remarkable Small Wolseley

The 10 h.p. Saloon

By The Earl of Cardigan

I SUPPOSE that any one who writes much about motor cars must find himself making frequent use of the phrase "good value for money." It is a convenient phrase, and more or less expressive. When one comes to analyse it, however, what exactly does "good value for money" imply?

The Wolseley "Ten," for example, is far from being the cheapest of 10 h.p. cars. There are other "tens"—and good ones—which cost considerably less. Does the Wolseley then represent not-so-good value? After driving it, I should be very reluctant to give any such impression.

The fact is, I think, that the Wolseley has deliberately been designed for a certain type of motorist—for the man who can appreciate the refinements of engineering, who likes even a small car to have "quality" characteristics, and who will gladly pay £20 or £30 extra for complete motoring satisfaction. To such a purchaser, the 10 h.p. Wolseley *is* good value, even though its price goes over the £200 mark.

I can best illustrate what I mean by recording that this Wolseley began to make a good impression on me before I had driven it more than a hundred yards. I took the wheel in Berkeley Street, where Eustace Watkins, Ltd., the Wolseley agents, have their showrooms; in other words, I started off into the very thick of the West End traffic. None the less, I felt an immediate sense of confidence in the quick and accurate response of this little car to its controls.

A thatcher's cottage in Warwickshire. There are many such quiet retreats to be found in this county, some of them only a few miles from such busy centres as Birmingham and Coventry. The car is a Wolseley "Ten"

THE Wolseley engine, in the first place, provides a very happy combination of liveliness with smoothness and docility. It accelerates briskly but, even in a low gear, never erratically or roughly. With its overhead-valve design and four-point flexible mounting, it delivers its power in a style which would certainly do no discredit to a unit of twice its own size.

The gearbox also does its work more than ordinarily well. The lower ratios are extremely silent, and three out of the four speeds have synchromesh engagement. A further point here is that Wolseley synchromesh is highly efficient. There is no need to move the gear lever slowly in order to get a perfect change. Changes down can be both rapid and completely unscientific; but the mechanism will still do its work in rendering them absolutely silent and easy. It is not every synchromesh gearbox of which so much can be said.

When so much trouble has been taken over the details of design, it is not surprising that the car's performance on the open road is really first rate. A speed of 50 m.p.h. can be reached in third gear, while in top gear I was able to touch 70 m.p.h. It is fair to add that this was on a slightly favourable gradient; but I should imagine that the true maximum on the level would be very little short of this figure. Certainly the car is running well "within itself" round about 60 m.p.h.

What is perhaps of even more significance to the average owner is that, when I recorded this 70 m.p.h., it was raining and the road was very wet. With most small cars, I should have felt definitely unhappy at such a speed under such conditions. The Wolseley, however, "sits down" on the road really well, and I had no sensation that I was asking too much of it.

THE suspension system of this car is ingenious and yet simple. It consists of four ordinary semi-elliptic road springs, supple enough to provide very comfortable riding. The periodicities of these springs are, however, specially planned so as to easily check any pitching or "see-saw" motion. By these means an unusual degree of steadiness is continually ensured.

The steering is light and extremely accurate, and is designed to give a useful amount of self-centring action. The steering column is extensible, and thus the driver, whether he is tall or short, can always have his wheel in a comfortable position. As for the brakes, these are hydraulic. With a light and perfectly progressive action, they provide ample stopping power which is necessary for all emergencies.

The coachwork of this "Ten" is most attractive. The upholstery is of Dunlopillo, leather covered, and the interior fittings are of wood. I suppose there is no practical virtue in wood as compared with painted metal; but, for all that, one is always conscious of a pleasant sense of luxury where nicely grained wooden fittings are employed.

The saloon body has, of course, many other virtues which are strictly practical. Its dimensions are such that all passengers can sit at ease, with sufficient head room at the back and plenty of knee room.

There is useful luggage accommodation, and the owner who likes to free himself from possible bother and inconvenience can have hydraulic jacks installed on payment of an additional £5. Normally, the price of the six-light saloon is £215.

The Wolseley "Ten" in brief

Engine: Four cylinders with overhead valves; 10 h.p.
Transmission: Four-speed gearbox, with three synchromesh ratios.
Performance: Third gear 50 m.p.h.; top gear close on 70 m.p.h.
Springing: By specially "phased" semi-elliptics.
Steering: Adjustable column; accurate, self-centres well.
Brakes: Of Lockheed hydraulic type.
Coachwork: Comfortable and attractive.
Price: Saloon, £215.

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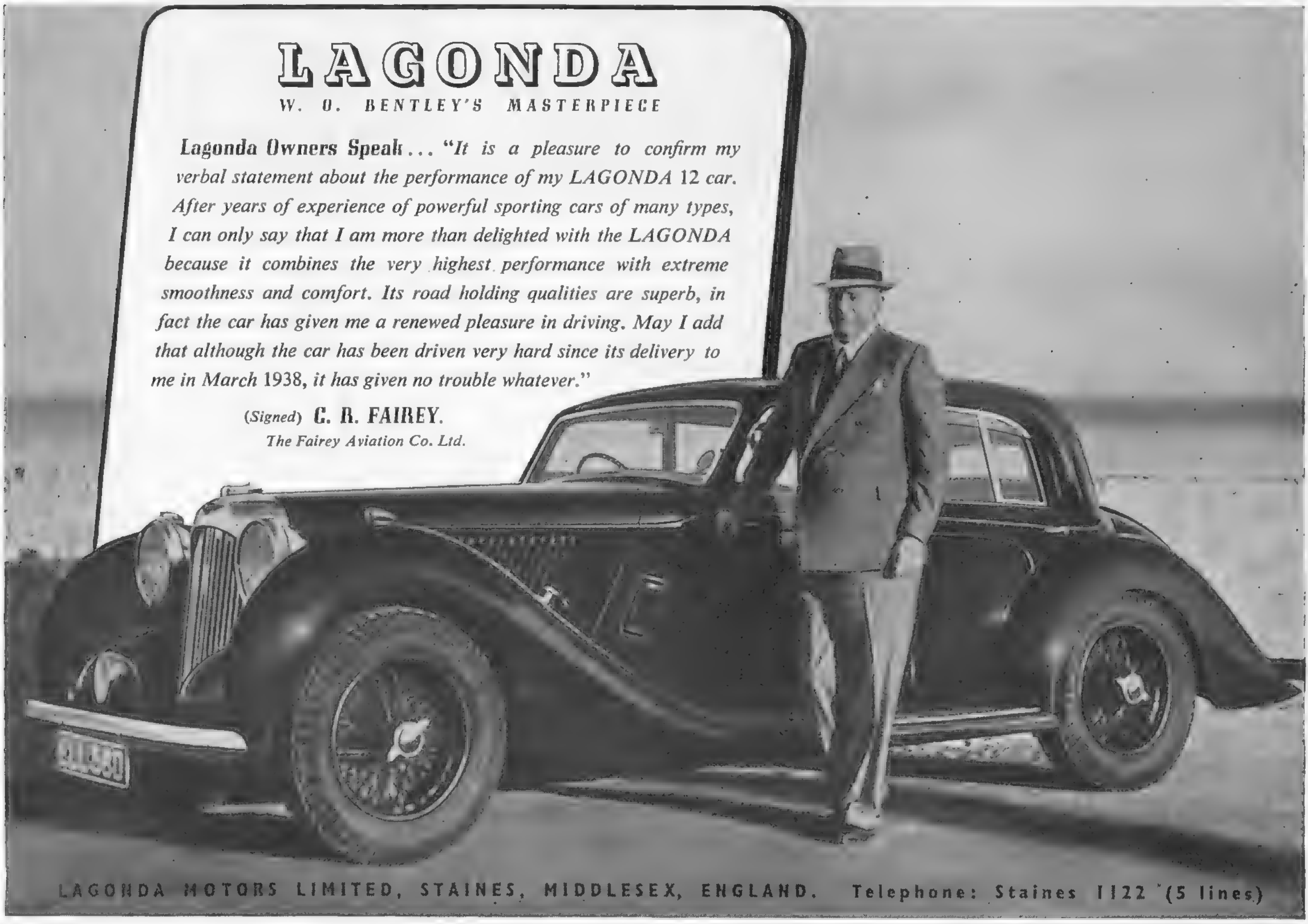

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(Signed) **C. R. FAIREY.**
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A Popular Light Car in Improved Form

The New Austin "Ten"

By The Earl of Cardigan

IT is surely very appropriate that, in a year when 10-h.p. cars are assured of an exceptionally wide sale, the Austin company should have produced a new "Ten," or rather a brand new edition of the 10-h.p. model which has for some years figured prominently in the Austin range of cars.

The newcomer is distinctive at first sight by reason of its rounded radiator grille, and also through the design of its bonnet which hinges at the rear and is opened upwards from the front. This type of bonnet has a number of advantages: it is easily and quickly fastened and unfastened, and also, if the side pieces are removed, makes the engine uncommonly accessible. I shall not be surprised if, in the near future, other British manufacturers are tempted to abandon the more conventional sideways-opening bonnet.

The body lines of this new Austin are distinctly pleasing, and the car as a whole—when one is accustomed to the frontal overhang which nowadays has become almost inevitable—must be rated a good-looker. As one takes the wheel, it is evident that the amount of interior space is ample. The driving position is really comfortable, and passengers also are very well catered for as regards both leg room and head room.

A particularly good point in my opinion is that, although four doors are provided, the backs of the front seats are made to hinge forward. There is therefore no partial obstruction of the rear doors, such as would otherwise exist when the sliding front seats are fully pushed back. Over-size rear passengers are able to enter with unusual ease, and large pieces of luggage can also be loaded without difficulty.

(There is of course a

(*Continued on page* 81)

The Austin "Ten" in brief

Engine: Four cylinders with side valves; 10 h.p.

Transmission: Four-speed gearbox, with three synchromesh ratios.

Performance: Third gear 45 m.p.h.; top gear 65 m.p.h.

Steering: Light action, does not self-centre.

Springing: Semi-elliptic with hydraulic shock absorbers.

Brakes: Girling type, highly efficient.

Coachwork: Good and comfortable.

Price: Fixed-head saloon, £175.

This new "Ten" well maintains the Austin tradition of building small cars to give a genuinely comfortable and satisfying performance. The fixed-head saloon type sells for £175, and the sliding-head type costs £10 extra

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For a few shillings spent on Bluecol—the *safe* anti-freeze—you can insure your car against pounds worth of frost damage, and secure peace of mind throughout the whole winter.
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"I agree they run better on Esso Ethyl" said the Chauffeur-mechanic

Experience counts! Twenty millions of the world's motorists do not run their cars on Ethyl petrol without good reason. Modern high-compression motors need high-compression Esso Ethyl petrol if they are to give the acceleration, speed, and power the manufacturer built into them.

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ESSO ETHYL

LOOK FOR THE OVAL GLOBE YOUR GUARANTEE OF QUALITY

THE NEAREST THING TO FLYING

ESSO ETHYL

A Popular Light Car

(Continued from page 79)

luggage boot—quite a large one—at the back. At the same time, an owner might occasionally wish to stow some bulky object on the back seat. With an ordinary four-door body, he would find this an awkward job.)

Talking of coachwork, another interesting feature of this "Ten" is that the floor for the body actually forms part of the chassis. The use of this method of construction, in addition to the ordinary cross-bracing, naturally makes for great chassis strength and rigidity.

On the road, one is quickly conscious that the new Austin has a decidedly lively performance. The 10 h.p. engine is of side-valve type, and is capable of developing over 30 h.p. at high speeds. At the same time, it is very flexible when the car is "pottering" in traffic, and is always capable of brisk acceleration without needing continual changes of gear.

The gearbox provides four speeds, of which the three highest have synchromesh engagement. First gear (non-synchromesh) has a very low ratio, and is consequently needed only for starting the car on a gradient. Ordinarily one can start quite easily in second gear, and can use third gear for almost any purpose so long as the car's speed is above 2 or 3 m.p.h.

This third gear gives an uncommonly wide range of speed, with a maximum of 45 m.p.h. Hills can thus be climbed at anything up to 40 m.p.h. In top gear the car can reach approximately 65 m.p.h., and is able to cruise quite happily at speeds between 50 and 60 m.p.h.

The stiffening of the chassis frame no doubt assists this "Ten" to hold the road better than earlier models, and further aid is given by the relative firmness of the semi-elliptic springs, now fitted with piston-type shock absorbers. The car rides very comfortably, but is creditably free from side sway.

The steering is light, and has a flexible-spoke wheel which prevents any road shocks being felt by the driver. I think personally, however, that it is a pity that no self-centring action is provided. Some motorists perhaps will not agree with me (at one period, indeed, the majority of American motorists apparently thought otherwise); but I have always had the notion that a car handles more pleasantly at speed if the steering has a tendency to centre itself.

The new braking system is extremely good. It is of Girling design, and operates mechanically with a very light pedal pressure. The car can be pulled up very rapidly indeed, and yet there is no tendency for the brakes to "snatch."

Another very useful chassis improvement is that a new type of clutch has been fitted. The clutch pedal, as in all Austins, has an unusually short travel, but again the foot pressure required is extremely light, while the take-up of the clutch is very pleasant and smooth.

Altogether this new "Ten" well maintains the Austin tradition of building small cars to give a genuinely comfortable and satisfying performance. With its many improvements, moreover, the latest model must be regarded as offering even better value than before. The fixed-head saloon sells for only £175, while the sliding head costs £10 extra.

New York Night Out

(Continued from page 67)

them here are usual before dinner, while a succession of cocktails and highballs will keep girl and boy on their toes into the small hours.

Dinner consists of three courses, chosen from a menu, the price of which is determined by the cost of the entrée. This is what they will probably eat:

Chilled cranberry juice cocktail.

Chicken pot pie with fresh vegetables, mushrooms and flaky wholewheat crust.

Pecan-nut ice-cream with white coffee.

Unseen by the girl, the boy presently gives a signal to the leader of the band, and, as they take the floor, the orchestra swings into "Happy Birthday To You."

Every one gets as excited over this pronouncement as if the birthday heroine was their own little girl back home, instead of being a complete stranger.

They shake hands; they offer congratulations; they sing "Happy Birthday" at the top of their voices. At last, at the invitation of the leader of the band, the pair dance round the floor alone, to the clapping and cheers of the crowd.

But the heroine of this occasion does not find the show "so hot." Nor does she hesitate to say so. He would like to see the floor show through. But he gives in without argument.

"Candyface, it's your call to-night. You've only got to say the word."

"What about the 'Rainbow?' They've got a dance competition on there."

"Swell! Let's go."

The famous restaurant, sixty-five floors above street level, from where you can see the whole of New York like an inverted firmament glittering far below you, has a circular ballroom, the dance floor of which is encircled by tiered balconies. Here you can dine or sup or merely drink your highballs and listen to the band. Dance competitions are a popular feature at the "Rainbow." So here we watch boy and girl entering for an old-fashioned waltz contest.

There is little doubt about the result. Grace and youth are on their side, and somehow they have caught the style of the period, she with her head tilted back, her body swung away from his, her slim high-heeled shoes flashing in and out from the flounces of her pink taffeta petticoat veiled with Chantilly lace.

She receives a beauty kit; he a smoked turkey, which he immediately presents to his partner to give to her mother, arranging for both parcels to be sent to their address.

It is all rather grand and stately at the "Rainbow," and after a few mint juleps their feet begin to itch for the hot numbers. The "Monte Carlo" or the "Stork" are suggestions.

"Candyface, let's go *both* places"—and they go.

There is not much to choose between the "Stork" and the "Monte Carlo." The "Monte Carlo" is newer and is voted *the* place of the moment. Here the most glamorous debs and the richest young men in town forgather. They sit on maroon satin covers and watch the reflections of New York's youth, beauty and wealth revolving in the white baroque-framed mirrors.

The "Stork" stays open all night throughout the year. It has black walls with deep blue and peach mirror glass, against which are set silver vases filled with fresh flowers. There is a bar near the entrance where people who are not dressed can sit and drink and gossip and watch the dancing.

"Look who is here!"

A couple of young men surround the girl as she enters the "Stork" bar. They look, as do so many young Americans, like Robert Taylor. They are wearing tuxedos and are getting, to use their own expression, a "little high."

The girl introduces her beau.

"Say, this is swell! What are you drinking—Scotch or rye?"

A couple of rounds of highballs disappear before boy gets girl on to the dance floor.

The noise inside is deafening. The Cuban band in their white satin-fringed jumper suits play without stopping. They play hot numbers with a rhythm, a speed and a loudness that makes it impossible to talk except at the top of one's lungs.

Hardly have they danced round once before Robert Taylor number one cuts in, and in turn is cut in on by his friend. Boy meanwhile sits up at the bar. He may feel slightly resentful at this intrusion on his party, but he knows that it is all in the luck of the game and that third-party risk is one which every young man who escorts a pretty girl has to take, unless he wants to offend the girl.

Four a.m. finds the four of them at "Tony's."

"Tony's" is just about blinking a waking eye at 4 a.m. Around five and right up to late breakfast time "Tony's" will be wide awake. The once famous speakeasy consists of two long narrow rooms with hard seats down the sides and a couple of grand pianos at the end of one of the rooms. Here the proprietress sings songs of doubtful propriety.

Around five, girl begins to figure it is time she was getting home.

And here etiquette demands that the Robert Taylors shall leave. Boy and girl take a slow taxi ride round the town. Boy then deposits girl on the steps of the tall apartment house looking over the river. The shabby shops and brownstone houses that jostle their expensive neighbours are already being opened up. The "Dead End Kids" are playing and fighting up and down the steps, buses are full to capacity with people going to work. . . .

The birthday gala is over.

The boy's budget for the evening was pretty formidable, but he doesn't regret a dollar of it. When he goes to town, he goes in a big way. Other nights will be different.

They will do a movie or a modest night spot where you can dine and dance for a dollar. They will go to "Sardi's," where they will sit over a plate of sea food and a highball and stare at the movie and theatrical stars who sit below their own photographs which with hundreds of others line the walls. Here they may find Schnozzle Durante drinking milk and eating cornflakes at two o'clock in the morning, or overhear Sinclair Lewis discussing politics with his friends.

They may go to a theatre. This will cost him three dollars a stall, and he'll have to book early. Or they may go to Hickory House, a favourite spot with young swing enthusiasts, and sit hour after hour, drinking highballs and listening silently, but with wagging movements of feet and body, to Marsala, the great exponent of swing.

After a gala evening with her beau, the girl will expect, and will certainly receive, a sheaf of flowers and a note thanking her for the swell evening. She will do her thanking, quite casually, by telephone the next day.

"Sorry, but I'm dated up for the evening. Yes, and the next . . . and the next. . . ."

From the age of fifteen, when she first started to make-up, the New York girl has learned to expect a lot from her boy friends. And, provided she is smart enough, she will get a lot. She will be dated up for nights ahead.

"Smart" is a word that covers a multitude of things in America. A smart girl is a girl who dresses, flirts, dances and drinks well, and who provides lots of sparkle and pep on an evening out. If she can't make the grade, it's just too bad. Looks alone will not get her a date—or if they get her one on a try-out, they certainly won't get her two.

Girl standard in New York is high. And there are many girls. Not only that, the American male has an X-ray eye. But if, like our trig slim yacht in white and brown, she has got what it takes, then the New York girl has the whole town and all the men in it for the picking.

End

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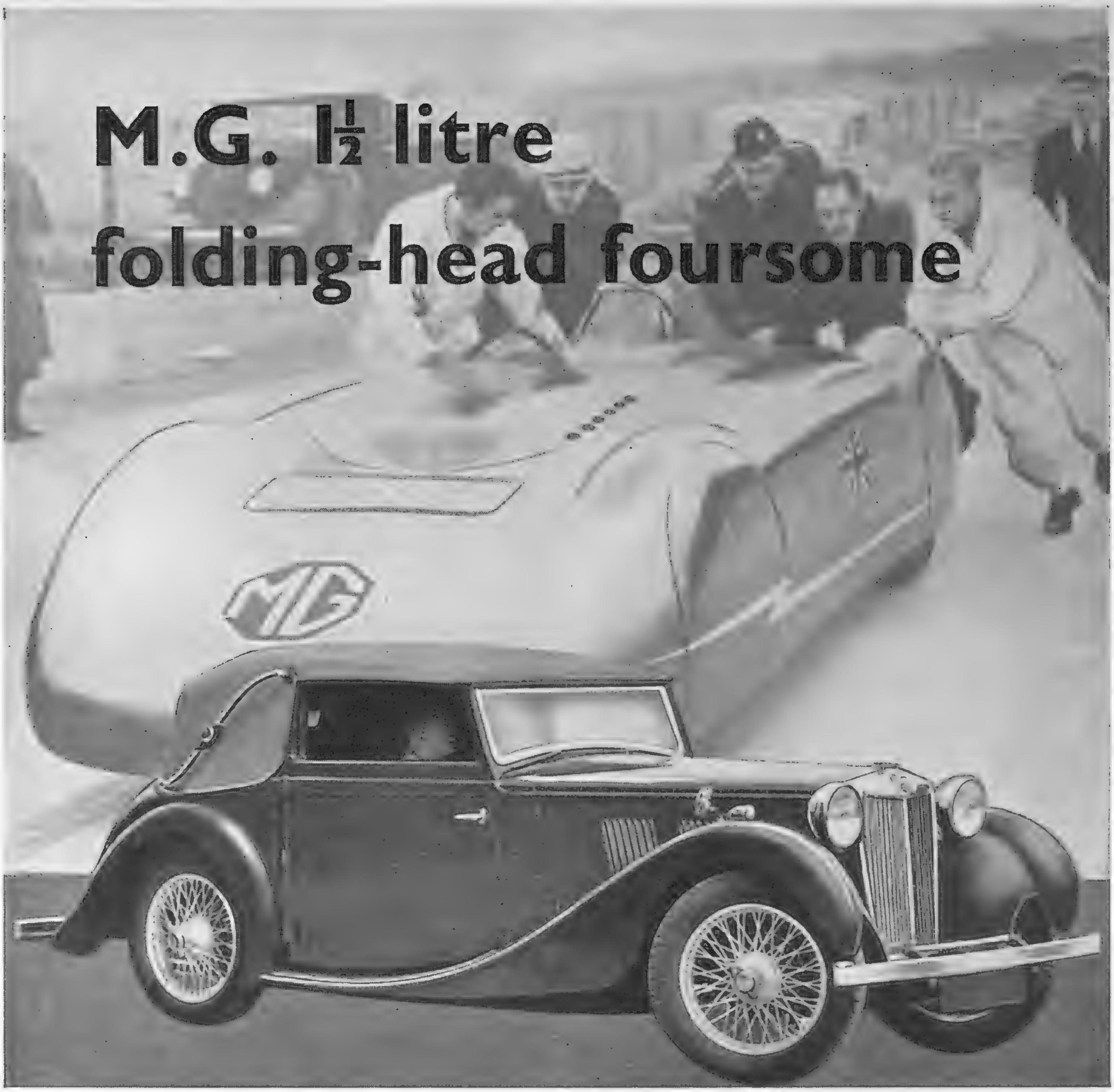

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This Little Country Isn't Scared

(Continued from page 9)

would be strong bonds of personal affection as well as moral indignation. In so many countries, as far west as America people associate some of the happiest memories of their lives with its superb lakes and mountains: holiday romances, winter sports, hikes and climbs, honeymoons, dawns and sunsets over snowy overlands, that top-o'-world exaltation when one gazes on Alpine grandeur.

Politically and spiritually, the Swiss people feel that if any one deserves to be exempted from the European dog-fight it is they. They have a clear conscience and stand every chance of being left in peace, despite their nearness to the conflict.

THEY actually consider that, geographically, they are favoured, especially with regard to the most terrible and intimidating development of twentieth-century civilisation: air menace. One would think that, with a relatively trivial air arm, they would be at the mercy of marauding squadrons dense enough to darken the sky. But they do not agree.

When I pointed out to the President how surprising—and refreshing—it was to find no trenches or dugouts in or around the cities, no outward indications of A.R.P. although certain measures had, of course, been adopted, he replied: "Switzerland, owing to its mountains, is not an easy country to raid."

Lieutenant-Colonel Schafroth, with whom I also discussed the matter at Berne, was equally unperturbed. "The mountains," he said, "are a natural barrier to aircraft. The air currents above them are dangerous, and most of the time climatic conditions are unfavourable for visibility. Raiding aircraft could not rely on reaching their objective."

Incidentally, I had heard in Zürich of a plan to build large oil tanks *under* the Swiss lakes, safe from air attack. It had been put forward by a well-known business man, Gottlieb Duttweiler, founder of the hotel plan all-in holiday.

Here, then, was another important reason for the confidence of the Swiss people. They had less cause to fear that, while they were defending their frontiers against invaders, bombing squadrons would swoop over and destroy their cities, wreak havoc among their civilian populations.

They could still rely on the ability of a righteous if relatively small army to keep the invaders at bay by ground tactics alone—at least until help came from outside. In this, too—especially on the south and east frontiers—the mountains would be their ally: difficult to storm, easy to defend.

And there lay Switzerland's main source of security: her citizen army in which every able-bodied Swiss is pledged sacredly for defence and only for defence.

The young Swiss takes his army training exactly as he would apprenticeship to a craft; the transition from school and civilian life to military school and life in the field is as natural as going for a holiday. He does not think: "I was a civilian, now I'm going to be a soldier." He thinks: "In order to be a complete civilian in a small country like mine I must learn to defend myself as part of my job."

At nineteen he is medically examined and allotted to general, supplementary, or civil service. At twenty he is called up to a recruit school for his first four months' training, recently increased from three as an emergency measure owing to the present unsettled state of Europe. His pay is 8d. a day as a recruit, 1s. 3d. afterwards.

On the current schedule, he gets three weeks' additional training annually for twelve years; it used to be eleven to fourteen days. Then he passes into the *Landwehr*, with further periodic training, for eight years; then into the *Landsturm* reserve.

This system, explained to me by Colonel Wacker, makes the Swiss Army the most democratic in the world. There is no Sandhurst; there are no peacetime generals, the highest rank being colonel. Only under war conditions does Parliament elect a general. The army has had three in its history: one in the 1847 trouble, one in 1870 when the Franco-German War was being fought out beyond its frontiers, one during the 1914-1918 struggle, who has since died.

The most radical feature of the system is this: the citizen soldier takes his rifle, sixty rounds of ammunition, and active-service equipment home with him; they are part of the fixtures of practically every Swiss interior. The cavalryman retains his horse, and can use it for general work, although the Government has paid half its cost. Thus, in emergency the nation's fighting strength can be quickly mobilised.

"Within three or four days," the President informed me, "we can mobilise in the field half a million first line troops—a million in all services." Nearly a quarter of the total population, man woman and child! All in the day's work. . .

No wonder this little country is confident.

I went into the Jura Mountains with the Staff from Berne to see two recruit battalions, which were finishing their first three months' training, wage a mock battle. It was a vile morning with rain and mist veiling the wide agricultural valley, ragged cloud obscuring the heights.

Attackers and defenders, with spit of machine gun and detonating petards, went at it in grim earnestness. It was no game to these lads, but the real thing. The defenders had been out all night digging themselves in and camouflaging their chain of posts with boughs. I came up with one section which had just crawled out of concealed holes, their rifles, clothes, equipment clogged with mud.

The captain commanding the battalion was a printer; other officers ranged from students and professional men to shopkeepers, artisans, clerks. They were all serious, thoughtful, businesslike; models of discipline without being in the least servile. They would put up a grim resistance under any conditions.

On the way back I looked into the billets: a schoolhouse. The children had been given a holiday—probably to be made up later; desks piled in corridors. The troops slept on straw in rows either side of the classrooms, with equipment dumped neatly down the middle. Outside in a portable field kitchen their dinner was cooking: chicken stew.

No £300,000 luxury hutments for the Swiss conscript. He lives and sleeps rough and doesn't mind—as he would have to do under war conditions. The local commune has to provide accommodation, usually the schoolhouse; also food, which the Government pays for. The soldier gets no family allowance during his training; he must save for it as he saves for a holiday. Only in special cases does the Government assist him, to avoid hardship.

WE also looked up a *Landsturm* reserve trooper, now a middle-aged innkeeper. Proudly he led from the stable his charger, a lovely glossy beast. In the event of mobilisation he would slip into uniform and gear and ride off on her to join his troop; if he could not through ill-health or infirmity the horse would be requisitioned for army service.

In the watchmaking town of Solothurn we encountered two soldiers marching home with full packs and equipment after annual training. They were from an anti-aircraft unit: village saddler and village ropemaker in the Jura. They clicked heels, saluted, stood smartly to attention—then stood easy and talked with our staff officers as they would with old comrades. No brass-hat stuff, no side. Switzerland's citizen army.

A remarkable, an admirable little country, whose people are among the most sensible, thrifty, industrious in Europe. It has prosperous citizens, but no extravagantly rich or powerful ones, no poverty, no beggars, no slums, very little unemployment—say, under 40,000, less than 1 per cent' Only about 1,000 people have incomes exceeding £2,500 a year.

Despite the lack of minerals, oil, raw materials, its industries thrive. The Jura is a hive of watchmaking. One factory concentrates on hair-springs, another jewels, another hands, another cases. Much of the work is still done at home by craftsmen who call weekly for their quota. Son works with father at the same bench; the craft is handed down from one generation to the next.

Engineering, art silk, cellophane, chemical products, dyes, earthenware, glass, lace, chocolate, cheese—all these figure in the country's busy output and swell her export trade: over £60,000,000 in the last annual estimate. Swiss firms turn out 9,000 different types of steel fittings for gas, steam, water and air-tube systems.

What they lack in natural resources they make up for in inventive ingenuity. An American economist, Mr. Edwin Muller, recently discovered that whereas in the U.S. 160 new patents were granted annually per million population, in Switzerland the total was 930.

He also discovered that the U.S. with its vast wealth, millionaires, big business chiefs and corporations and mass-production plants and high standard of living had nothing on little Switzerland.

In a peak year of prosperity U.S. wealth per head of population worked out at 2,098 dollars (about £420), Swiss wealth at 3,126 dollars (£625). "In the food, housing, clothing and pleasure that he gets for his day's work," he concluded, "he is probably better off than we are."

The lowest-paid Government employee gets £3 a week, the skilled artisan about £5. And on this he saves, despite the commensurately high cost of living; 2,800,000 savings banks accounts in a population of 4,300,000 is a pretty high score. He also holds more insurance per head than any other nation.

ALL the Cantons are bringing their local fêtes to Zürich this summer. I saw the Fête Vaudoise, staged with mass orchestra and choirs: folk dancing and singing in traditional costume, enchanting in its freshness and spontaneity, a delightful presentation of the life of the peasant, the vinegrower, the fisherfolk.

From that we went on to the Palais des Attractions, a big modernist dance hall with cabaret troupe, and joined young Zürich at its fox-trotting and waltzing and festive eating and drinking until 3 a.m.

The stolid, homely Swiss may not want to get all lit up with sophisticated wisecracking, strip-tease, fan dancers or showgirl nudity; but there is more to their pleasures—especially at Exhibition time—than Kiss-in-the-ring and Here-we-go-round-the-mulberry-bush. They keep one foot firmly planted in the folk-world because it is the basis of their simple, sound living; the other can tap to jazz on occasion, and tap merrily. Such is the small-brother country which has no fear.

"We want territory, colonies, raw materials—and we mean to get them, if necessary, by force!" bawl the dictators of the big ones on its frontiers, creating fear, suspicion, hate.

"It is not aggression that makes for prosperity but co-operation both within and without," says modest Switzerland.

Salvador de Madariaga has written: "In the midst of a Europe in which the conflicting characters and ambitions of Germans, French and Italians are a constant source of irritation and war-mongery, Switzerland has become a haven of peace composed precisely of Germans, Frenchmen and Italians who have decided to build up a commonwealth across their differences, as if to show the world that it can be one and how."

Its democracy is so integral and thoroughgoing that the humblest citizen can say: "The Government? The Army? *I'm* the Government, *I'm* the Army." Its national motto is: "One for all—all for one."

It can teach its swaggering fist-shaking sword-rattling neighbours many a plain hometruth, many a sane lesson. Perhaps the most obvious is: If you would enjoy peace you must deserve it.

END

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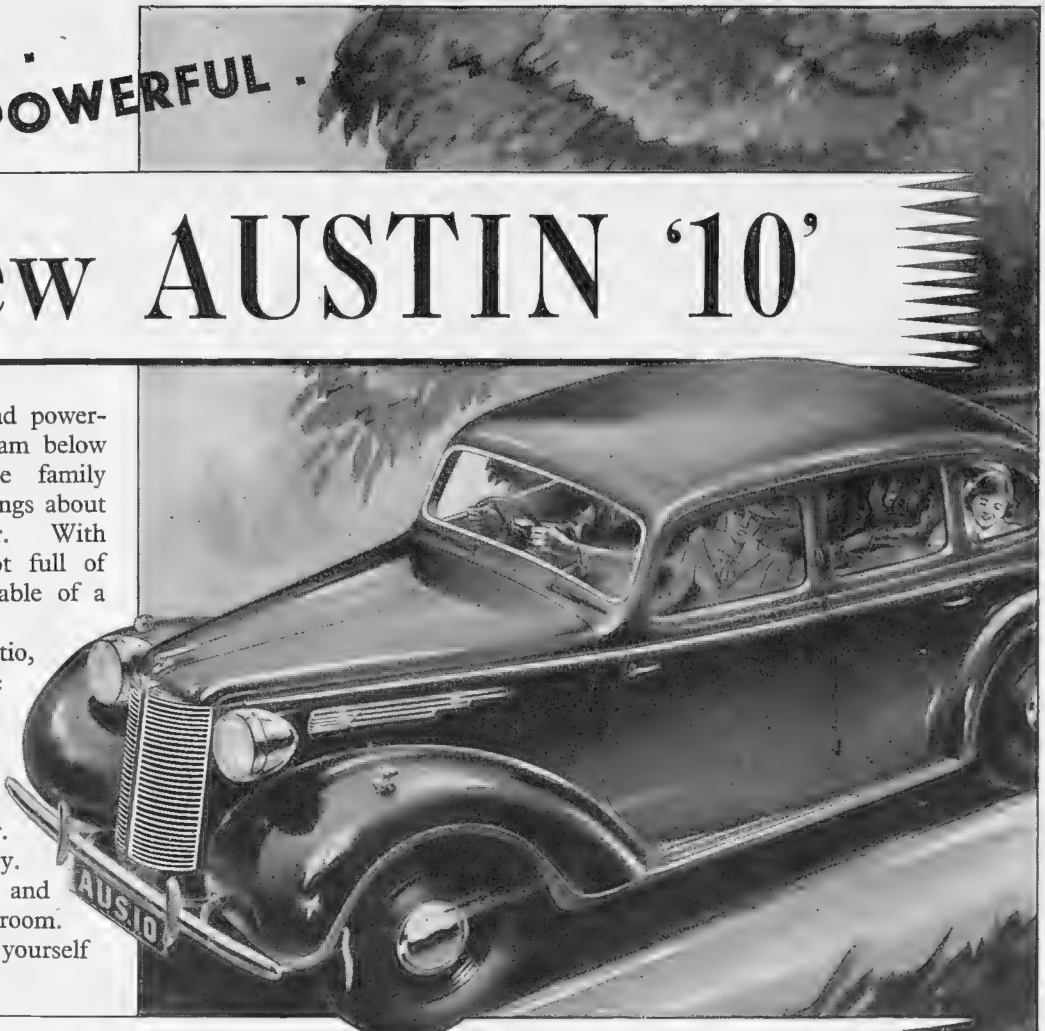

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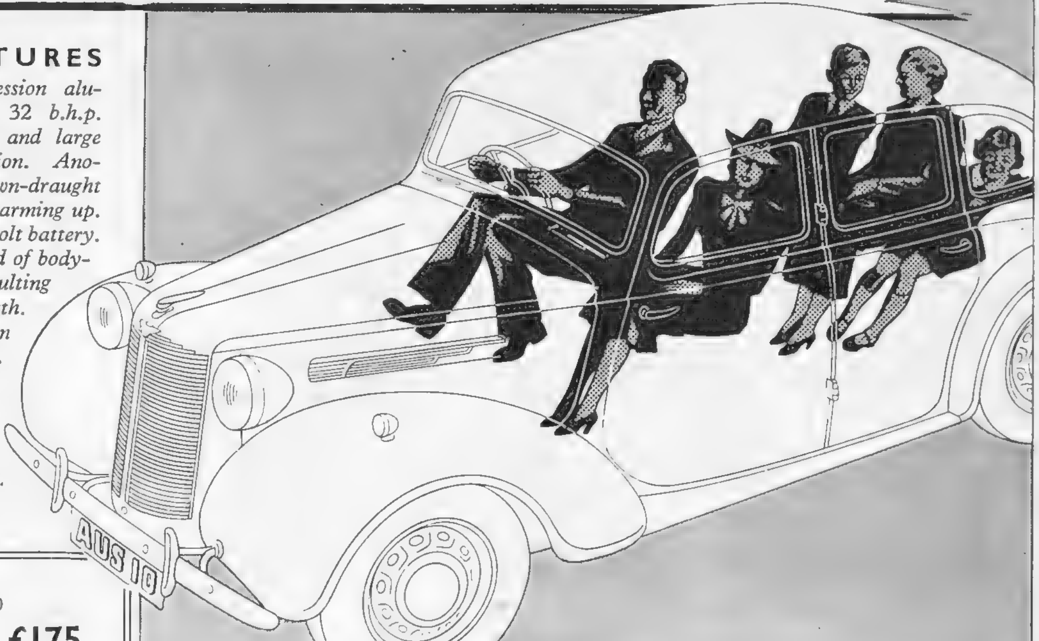

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INVEST IN AN AUSTIN
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International Complications

(*Continued from page* 11)

"How do you know, George? I understood we were under sealed orders," I asked, remembering the rebuff I had experienced when seeking information.

"Oh, I got it from a clerk at the Admiralty. Old Ears-and-Whiskers likes to think it's secret, so we mustn't undeceive him. And you, sir," he turned to the little man, "want to accompany us. Then you shall. But it'll cost you tuppence." He held out his hand and waited for two pennies to be placed in it. Then he turned and left the room.

A FEW minutes later a page entered the bar, calling for the White Rabbit. "Commander Orlop wanted on the telephone," he reiterated in a nasal chant. At that moment Orlop entered, and, hearing the call, trotted out of the room to the managerial offices.

Five minutes later he reappeared and walked rapidly over to the bar.

"Is there a Mr. Peasgood here?" he asked, and our little friend stepped nervously forward.

"Let me introduce myself. I am Commander Orlop." There was a deferential tone in the voice. "I've just had a 'phone call from the Admiralty," he dropped his voice to a whisper, "Intelligence branch!"

Mr. Peasgood started to open his mouth, but at that moment he caught the eye of George, who had slipped back into the bar, and shut it again.

"I understand," continued the White Rabbit, "that you wish to travel with us."

"That's very kind of you," began Mr. Peasgood.

"Say no more about it," said Commander Orlop, "orders are orders. May I offer you a glass of refreshment—sir?"

George gave a terrific snort. I seized him by the elbow and led him into a corner. "How did you do it?" I asked reverently. "'Phoned him from a call box, laddie, and said I was the Lord High Panjandrum of the Intelligence and that Peasgood was carrying dispatches. Orlop swallowed it hook, line and sinker. Better join the party now to prevent Peasgood from blowing the gaff."

We needn't have worried, the more details of his business that Peasgood vouchsafed the deeper became Commander Orlop's attention and respect. Here indeed was a member of the Secret Service whose make-up was perfect.

"When I first saw you," he said confidentially to the bewildered little man, "you took me in completely."

The thought of that air dash through the night did not encourage my appetite when we went into the dining-room. We should leave the ground in a world which was still at peace; what should we find on landing to-morrow morning?

Over the meal the pilot discussed the merits and demerits of the plane.

"She's an ex-German air liner," he confided. "Seven-seater dual control. As there are eight of you one will have to sit in the second control position." Mr. Peasgood rose to the occasion. "You must allow me to do that, for I am by way of being an interloper." There were no dissentients to this suggestion.

George was looking thoughtful. "Ex-German, is she?" he asked. "Got any identification marks?"

"Only the usual trade ones."

"H'm, when we get to wherever we are going I should apply a little red, white and blue to your wings, otherwise you run the risk of being mistaken for an undesirable foreigner."

The pilot agreed, and added: "We shall be all right to-night because we are flying through the dark; indeed my petrol will only last ten hours." He rose to his feet.

"Time for us to load up and be off."

Ten minutes later we had entered the liner, which lay sleek and shining on the tarmac.

The White Rabbit took charge of the embarkation. Mr. Peasgood was first shown to his special seat in the control cabin, where he sat primly clutching his case of samples in his arms.

George as usual was unmoved and I saw him deliberately lean forward in his seat and abstract the sealed orders from his senior officer's pocket. He gave me a portentous wink when he saw that he had been detected.

A splutter and a roar, a slamming of the embarkation door, a muffled "O.K.!" from the pilot, and we began to bump our way across the aerodrome. Soon the note of the engines increased and the bumping became intermittent. Then the pit of my stomach informed me that we were air-borne and rising rapidly.

The young doctor was the first to speak. "Now we shall be told where we are going," he remarked to the major of marines, who reiterated the statement. The White Rabbit felt in his pocket. I saw him grow pale as his hands travelled rapidly from place to place like a passenger searching for a lost ticket. George was watching with the detached air of a spectator.

"Lost anything?" he inquired casually.

"The sealed orders," exclaimed the commander, now thoroughly agitated. "I must have dropped it getting on to the plane."

"Do you know what was written in them?" asked George.

Orlop hesitated and flushed. "Well, as a matter of fact, I do," he admitted.

"Well, what was the point of coming the heavy over all of us here? We all know we're going to Marseilles, so don't bother to keep up this damn silly mystery man stuff. Anyhow," he added, producing the missing envelope, "here's what you were looking for; must have slipped out of your pocket."

The White Rabbit took the letter and darted a suspicious glance at George's bland countenance.

We were all grateful to George for pricking the bubble of Orlop's absurd vanity. Henceforth there would be less officiousness and more comradeship.

From my chair I could see through the open control cabin door the motionless figure of our pilot framed against the lighted indicators on his control panel.

Slowly the hours passed and as they did so my sleeping periods were longer. In one of my waking periods I noticed that the pilot was not so motionless. I saw him wiping the steam from his windscreens and peering out and down as if endeavouring to locate something.

It wanted but half an hour to daybreak; we should soon be at our destination. It was now obvious from his motions that the pilot was uneasy.

"Not too funny finding the aerodrome with this cloud below us," George leaned over from his seat and whispered to me. "We ought to be there pretty soon, but he won't try to break through till daylight."

I watched the pilot. He was more worried than ever, looking from right to left. The altimeter on the cabin bulkhead showed that he was climbing steadily, a wise precaution when lost.

SUDDENLY the plane banked sharply as if in response to a convulsive movement of the man at the controls, then she levelled off and climbed faster than before.

George leaned across to me.

"Did you ever see a film called *Lost Horizon?*"

I remembered it at once, for the circumstances of the night dash in an air liner had already come to my mind. I nodded my affirmation.

"D'you remember how the hero looked out of the plane and saw snow-capped mountains? Most impressive, I thought it."

I agreed with a monosyllable. George was not usually so garrulous in the early morning. I was still watching the pilot.

"Take a look out of your window," came George's voice.

I rubbed the steam-furred glass and peered out. Then I understood what George had meant. On a level with my eye was a snow-capped mountain. One of many more I could see stretching away into the greyness of the dawn. Below us great banks of cotton-wool obscured everything else.

I turned with a startled cry. The others awoke and began to stretch themselves, as yet oblivious to the strangeness of the situation.

I looked again at the pilot and waited to see if the rest of our predicament would follow the story of the film. George was of the same mind. "Go and ask the pilot where the hell he thinks he's going. I'd go but I'm too blasted big."

Mr. Peasgood was fast asleep, his body still bolt upright but his head lolled over on his shoulder. In his arms he still clutched the precious sample case. The pilot turned as I entered. Whatever strangeness there was in the situation it was still the self-same young man that had flown us away from England, but I could see that he was worried.

"Can't understand it—we're miles off our course."

"Where are we?" I asked. "Alps or Pyrenees?"

"Pyrenees. I recognised a lump just now. Damn nearly hit it."

"Why don't you turn back?"

"Can't risk it, nearly out of petrol. I shall have to land in Spain and refuel. I can't understand how we were taken so far off our course."

It was typical of the man to worry more about the cause than the effect of the compass error.

MR. PEASGOOD'S head began to nod. Our shouted conversation was waking him. His head came slowly upright and his eyes opened. As he came back to consciousness his hands, which during the night had gripped the sample case, relaxed and allowed it to slither down his legs into the control well at his feet. It fell with a thud and I stooped down rapidly and lifted it before it could become jammed in the rudder bar, and as I did so a thought passed through my mind. I pressed the catch and, opening the case, disclosed row upon row of elegant steel cutlery. This was the explanation of the faulty compass. Such a collection of steel so close to the instrument might well deflect the needle many degrees from the true meridian.

I tapped the pilot on the shoulder and showed him what I had found, and to my surprise he actually laughed.

"That's all right, then," he declared, "that accounts for it all. Couldn't understand how I had made such a bad shot."

I reflected bitterly that George was responsible for our predicament. In his big-hearted desire to combat the petty officiousness of the White Rabbit he hadn't thought of the possible consequences of such an act.

They were all awake now and leaned eagerly forward as I gave an account of the situation as I had found it, but it was to George that I addressed myself, adding a summing-up which I thought to be masterly.

"So you see we are in a nasty jam, running out of petrol over a part of Spain which, to put it mildly, is not favourable to the British cause. Furthermore, we don't know whether or not there is at the present moment a state of war. If we land we have a very good chance of being interned for the duration—a prospect which I think to be definitely revolting. Someone," I added, looking George in the eye, "someone had better think of a plan to get us out of this."

I resumed my seat with becoming dignity and an uneasy silence prevailed amongst us. A few moments later the apologetic figure of Mr. Peasgood appeared in the doorway.

"The pilot has just told me of our predicament, for which I am entirely responsible. I cannot tell you how sorry I am. You see, I had no idea——" his voice trailed away.

George sat up. 'What did you say your firm was?" he demanded, a note of hope sounding in his voice.

"Kleinwort & Sneizer. As their name implies, they are a (*Continued on page* 86)

German firm." There was a wealth of apology in the little man's reply.

"And you were going to Seville?"

"Yes."

"So it follows," George wagged his finger like a prosecuting counsel, "it follows that if you are acting for a German firm and going to Spain you can speak both German and Spanish."

"Oh yes, quite so."

"Ah!" George leaned back and turned to the White Rabbit. "I think we can reply on Mr. Peasgood to atone for his blunder if you will allow me to formulate a plan."

Commander Orlop was puzzled. "For a member of the Intelligence to make such a rudimentary error strikes me as very strange indeed. This will have to be reported. Formulate any plan you like if you think it will help. I agree with Jenkins, we're in a pretty tight spot."

George closed his eyes for a moment and then began. "In a few minutes the pilot will have to make a landing, and if we hope to get petrol we must land on an aerodrome.

"Let us put ourselves in the position of the ground staff of the 'drome. They see a large German-built air liner come down in the usual manner and taxi up to the petrol depot. Out gets a gentleman who in best Spanish explains that he is piloting the machine south with a cargo of German technical experts and has run out of petrol. He has plenty of Spanish money, has he not?" he addressed himself to Mr. Peasgood.

"Oh, certainly, a considerable quantity, enough to pay for the petrol."

"Good. The passengers remain in the machine whilst the refuelling is going on and converse in as much German as they know. Presently the pilot pays for the petrol, climbs aboard and away we go. That's my plan." He folded his hands and awaited our comment. It was unanimously favourable to us.

Quickly we removed our naval badges and buttoned up our outer garments to conceal any trace of our uniforms. The pilot was instructed with the plan of action and laughingly struggled out of his short flying coat and helmet, which Mr. Peasgood donned, and then took up his position in the secondary control position.

For half an hour we flew southward over the foot-hills of the Pyrenees.

From the air the countryside looked so tranquil and sunny that it was difficult to imagine that a bloody civil war was raging and that even we ourselves were in danger of a sudden and violent death if our plans miscarried.

It was possible to discern long buildings which might be hangars. Soon we were down to a few hundred feet, and the sight of a windsock drooping from a mast and an elderly biplane taxi-ing across the open space finally confirmed our belief that this was what we had been searching for.

THE pilot took the machine once round the aerodrome before making a perfect landing in front of a small block of buildings. As he switched off the engine, a handful of men ran out to greet us.

"Out you go, Peasgood," muttered George, "and good luck to you."

The little man swung open the pilot's embarkation door and gingerly climbed to the ground. There was something extraordinarily comical in his antics which produced a snort of laughter from George, whose sense of humour had been allowed to develop to the point where it took precedence over all other emotions. As for the remainder of us, we watched through the windows and endeavoured not to appear anxious.

On reaching the ground, Mr. Peasgood pulled down his clothes with meticulous care and then, turning about, walked towards the reception committee with his hand raised in the conventional manner of those who live in dictator countries.

"*Heil* Franco!" we heard him exclaim, and then, "*Sprechen sie Deutsch?*"

The party of officials gave an emphatic negative to this question, whereupon Mr. Peasgood burst into voluble Spanish.

A long five-sided conversation ensued which we, of course, were unable to follow; but it was clear that Mr. Peasgood had a way with him, and when he produced a wallet packed with money, men ran in all directions to comply with his wishes. A stream of soldiers began to arrive with cans of petrol and the work of refuelling was soon in full swing. One of the officials walked up to the plane and smiled at us.

"Know any German?" said George. "You and I were in the Port Watch at Osborne. Keep up a flow if you can, corroborative detail and all that, you know."

I searched in my brain for something German and out of the mists of time came a recollection of a jingle that we had learned from our German master.

"*Der var ein Königen tüler,*" I said interrogatively, and George took up the next line.

"*Gar treu bis an das grab,*" he replied, and then we both spoke together. "*Am Sterbend seine Büler,*" and broke into an uncontrollable burst of laughter.

THE official bowed and raised his right arm. "*Heil!*" he said with great politeness.

"*Ja wohl,*" was the surprising comment from the major of marines, whilst the other members of the party contributed a series of guttural noises which would have done credit to a pig farm.

Mr. Peasgood shot a startled glance over his shoulder, but his face cleared as he saw the happy state of affairs. His left eye closed for a second and we felt greatly cheered.

George and I found our memories coming back and started a conversation based on a few lines of the Lorelei.

The White Rabbit, who sat fingering his watch, suddenly interjected, "*Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung, Volkische Beobachter, Göring, Göbbels, von Ribbentrop,*" and earned a round of applause for the best contribution so far. George pinned an imaginary medal on the little commander's chest and went through the motions of saluting him on both cheeks. Orlop was delighted. From that moment I knew that whatever the outcome of this crazy adventure might be he would make no trouble for any member of the party. He was so pleased with his contribution that he said it over and over again, and all the time the petrol continued to be poured into our tanks.

My spirits were soaring; it was all so ridiculously easy; in a few minutes we would be in the air. Then I saw Mr. Peasgood walking towards the machine with a troubled look on his face which spoke volumes of foreboding, and my heart sank.

He came to the passenger door, opened it and climbed in.

"They've telephoned to a German flying officer to come and pay his respects," he said in a low voice. "I'll try and keep him at a distance. How long will you be?" he called softly to the pilot.

"Another four tins will see us through," was the reply. "Be ready to jump aboard when I start the engine."

"Here he comes," said a voice from the back.

Peasgood stumbled out of the cabin and half ran to meet the newcomer.

A more palpable German you never saw. A real dyed-in-the-wool Prussian, who positively clanked as he strode towards the "contemptible little" Peasgood.

We watched with bated breath as two arms went up to the heavens, heels were clicked and the whole programme of Germanic greetings was rendered to the accompaniment of "*Heil!*" upon "*Heil!*"

Mr. Peasgood was magnificent and kept the Prussian by sheer will-power from approaching our plane.

He produced from his pocket an old German newspaper, and together the two heads wagged over its contents.

"Last tin," said the pilot. "Stand by to pull him on board!"

Then things began to go wrong. The German officer caught sight of our identification letters and his curiosity brought him close to our open cabin door. We held our breaths. If he spoke to us we were done.

Mr. Peasgood edged nearer and the German turned and said something which left no doubt in our minds that he had expressed a wish to come on board.

"If he comes aboard, grab him and sit on him," whispered George.

The next minute a blond and excessively Aryan countenance appeared in the open doorway.

When there was no reply to his greetings his little eyes twinkled suspiciously, but he climbed upwards and soon he had entered the cabin.

"Now," said George, and we all acted together. Down went the pride of Prussia with four sons of Britain sitting on his bemedalled chest, and one of the White Rabbit's socks stuffed in his mouth. Someone pulled the door shut. The people outside saw nothing.

"*Ich weiss nicht das voll ist bedenten,*" exclaimed George in his fruitiest voice, and I replied with the second line, "*Das ich so traurig bin.*" The prostrate figure kicked and grunted.

"*Haben sie eines kleines stück papier?*"

"*Nein prosit Berliner Tageblatt.*"

"Keep it up," panted George, holding like grim death on to the officer's muscular wrists, and we kept it up.

"Ready," came a voice from forward.

There was a splutter and roar and the great engines started. "Stand by to roll him out and get Peasgood aboard," directed George. Mr. Peasgood pushed a handful of notes into the waiting hands of an official and walked with a slowness of gait that showed that the little man had nerves of iron.

"Stand by the door," came George's voice. "Now!"

Out swung the cabin door. "One, two, three, heave 'er," we chanted in unison, and with the "heave 'er!" we hove.

Out went the Teuton and the plane began to move. Willing hands grabbed those of Mr. Peasgood and swung him inboard.

There was a shout and a rush from the ground party. A few shots were fired hastily in our direction, but we were away, and in half a minute our wheels left the ground and we were air-borne once more. There was an absurd scene of mutual congratulation aboard, we were all jolly good fellows.

As the pilot turned the plane to a north-easterly course for Marseilles, I saw him pick up Mr. Peasgood's bowler hat and place it primly on the top of his head.

TWO hours later we swooped down upon the Marseilles aerodrome. Before we landed, the White Rabbit had spoken to us thus:

"I think it would be better to say nothing about this—er—contretemps—international complications, you know."

I saw George's mouth crack from ear to ear.

"Suits me," he said cheerfully, and so it was agreed.

As soon as we landed there was much bustle, for we were late. Commander Orlop, once more fingering his gold watch and waving papers, was deep in conversation with a port official discussing the next part of our journey, which, as they say in Parliament, "it would not be in the public interest to divulge."

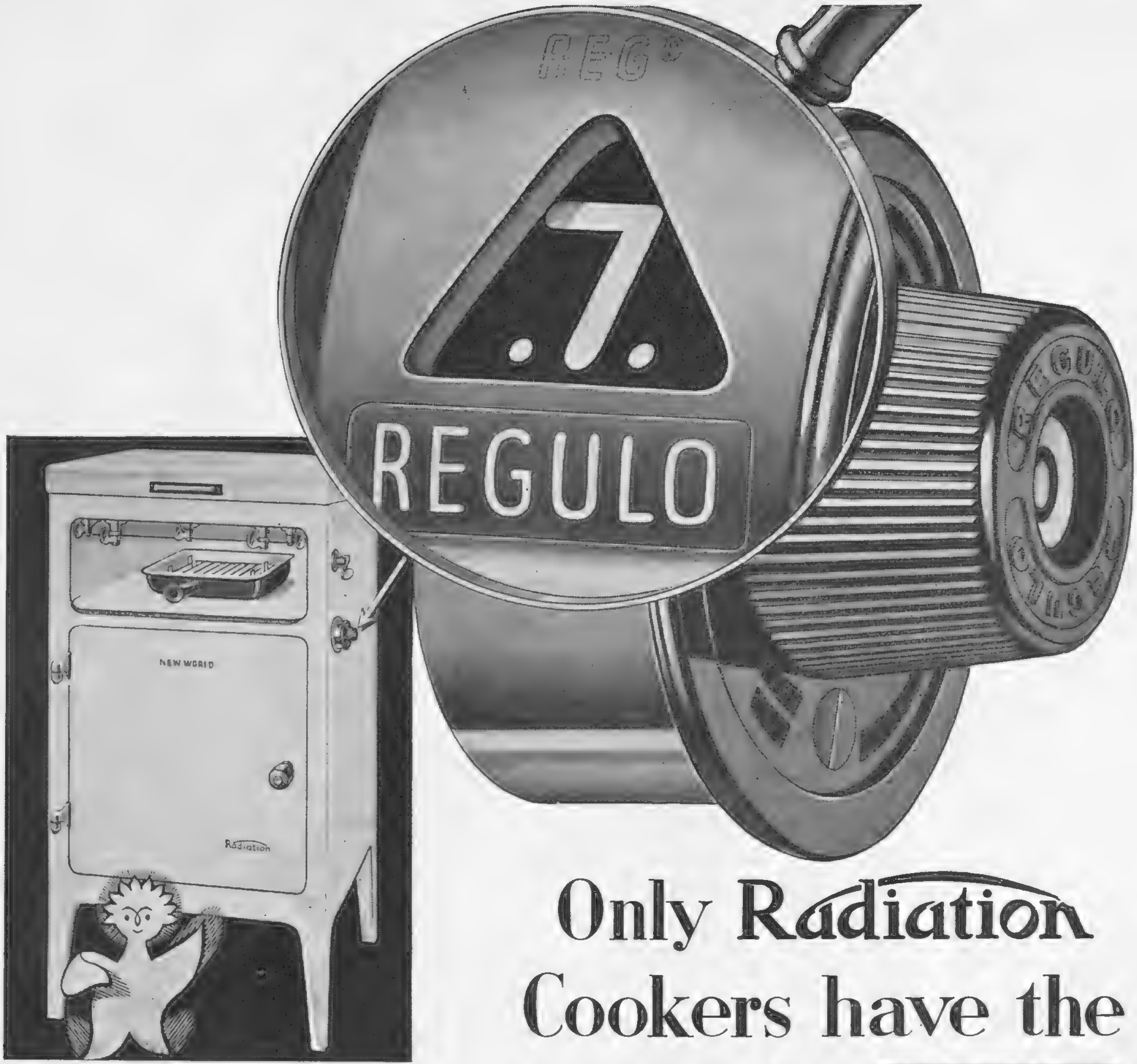
"I brought an extra passenger," I heard him say, and then he leaned forward to whisper in the other's ear.

"Jenkins," he called, "where Peasgood? I want to introduce him."

I looked around me and presently I saw the sedate little figure, clad in his bowler hat and all the habiliments of his trade, walking rapidly towards the entrance gates. He was still clutching his case of samples and rolled umbrella and seemed in a hurry. As I watched, he gained the car park and stepped into a large limousine whose door seemed to open to receive him, and a second later the car had gone.

"Well, I'm blowed!" I turned and saw George. "What d'you know about that?" he asked plaintively, and added in a different voice, "I wonder!" Then he dusted his hands together. "Well, well, laddie, it just goes to show. Come and have a drink!"

END



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Switch-Back Fortunes of Deauville

(Continued from page 13)

Sevastopol won, and the glory of Solferino lying just ahead, the Second Empire was getting into its stride. And the seaside was becoming the fashion. The new railways could take one there so quickly, and was not bathing in sea water so beneficial, not to add cleansing? The beautiful and peppy Empress Eugénie was to launch Biarritz, but prior to that, a descendant-sinister of the great Napoleon, the Duc de Morny, had got busy with the idea of a more elegant Trouville—first of France's *plages à la mode*. "The great statesman who liked pleasure so much, dreamed of a resort more inclusive and thought out, where good society, or at least sumptuous society, might feel itself as at home. Why not create such a resort, entirely, from the beginning?"

THE year following it was done. From endless sand dunes surrounding a pitiful handful of cottages housing 113 peasants, Morny commanded a complete resort to arise on lines of then unheard-of smartness, facilities and natural charm. A station, a port, villas, a terrace bordering the sea, trees, an hotel, finally a race-course.

"Parisians journeyed to find out for themselves if the tales of a wonderful new *plage*, wafted from nowhere, were true. They found a delicious little resort by the sea, a gem of greenery, brand new and complete in every detail." Though it seems they wondered, as others have wondered since, why Morny hit upon "Deauville" as label for his offspring. As "Tigre" de Régnier, the resort's noctambulistic historian and son of an "immortal" parent, has pointed out, "Deauville" means "town of water," and the only water regularly featured at Deauville—rain—is invariably hushed up. As for other water, "the sea is rarely visible, while one never *drinks* water!"

What did Morny and his whiskered and crinolined crowd do with themselves all day long and all night? No gaming tables, no cocktails, no sun bathing, no beauty parlours, no hot dance music, no *les girls*, no golf, no yachting or polo, no galas, no movie stars, no bars, no casino, no front page! Then *what*?

"The horse governed the outdoor scene. The men rode out early and long while their womenfolk spent the morning over the highly complicated business of dressing, or gossiping among themselves, or strolling down to the 'little bath' (a foot-bath in sea water, apparently). Very few ventured into the sea, practically no women, and bathing time would be in the afternoon, a great affair from wheeled-out boxes, with life-savers, coiled with rope, standing by. Villa luncheon parties, when champagne would be poured, were drawn-out occasions, followed by conversation over the coffee; and then on to the central attraction, the race-course. In the absence of racing on fine afternoons the company would drive into the country-side, stopping at some farm for cider or milk under the trees.

"It would be late before the return, and then ensued more dressing and beautification—the men being only second to the women in their barbering and sartorial requirements. Villa dinner parties would be followed by charades, or by cards, or by the *valse*, or by conversation, still enthroned as the major social asset. Or prominent figures of the stage might be summoned to appear.

Well, all through the dizzy imperial 'sixties, Deauville remained on top, having swamped neighbouring Trouville. And then, in one day it crashed. Deauville's first acquaintance with the hollow of the switch-back came with Sedan, September 2, 1870. The immediate eclipse of the Second Empire, and all that it stood for in pomp and pouring out of money on fêtes, directed public attention to the dalliance haunt of preference, where Morny's statue in the square was wrecked. After which, a disowned and evacuated Deauville passed into the shadows for several decades.

As a very small boy I saw my parents off, from Dieppe, when they were drawn by curiosity to Trouville, in 1900. Trouville was the very centre of fashion. Deauville simply didn't exist. So it had been for thirty years, and so it was to remain for a further ten, or almost, since the mayor, Désiré le Hoc, had, it is true, begun timidly to lay out a new little *plage* round 1906. Yet it needed the mayoral defeat of Boss Letellier, of Trouville, to re-launch Deauville. By such a caprice was the latter to come into being again. In a huff, ex-Mayor Letellier decided to cross the Touques and deal ungrateful Trouville a blow from there. He took with him his "animator," Eugène Cornuché, and that was a choice of destiny.

Cornuché had a vision. While "sensing" that the gay world was about to be transformed towards a new liveliness, the tubby little fellow determined to regulate simply, in a pretty setting, all the requirements of a modern luxury resort. He was the first to do this. He did not make Deauville any bigger, but he packed more into it in every form and everything was agreeable to the senses. The keynote of an unheard-of publicity campaign was contained in the slogan "*la plage fleurie*." Deauville has since grown considerably, undergone much new embellishment, yet it continues essentially in the frame and spirit devised by this former waiter, in those days before the War when a room at the wonderful "Normandy" cost twenty-five francs, *mon cher!*

Nor, probably, has Deauville ever had a more brilliant season than when it burst upon "the world that amuses itself" in the summer of 1912—Nijinsky, the furore, in the "Spectre of the Rose." Sem at once got out his pencil and started the first annual Deauville album that was to continue as a uniquely incisive record of the place, until its genius died, in 1935. "Tangoville," Sem christened that opening album of visiting celebrities, of "Deauvillites," for the "tango" was then the rage, and Irene and Vernon Castle were dancing it—at Deauville.

Three artists handed down the pre-War Deauville. Helleu, who drew the feminine features of that day. Boldini, who painted the feminine body and *chic*. And Sem, who was the real mirror, reflecting what people didn't dare to or could not see. Sem's poster for the opening of the Casino, 1912, showed, frollicking round a rowboat, Harry Pilcer, Polaire of the wasp-waist, Cléo de Mérode, theatrical star Arthur Meyer, revuist Rip, Gaby Delys, la belle Otero, ex-King Manoel, Tristan Bernard, and Pierre Wolff, and it is an unusual fact that after twenty-seven years, only three are dead, and that most of the others still look in on Deauville.

JULY 31, 1914. Deauville already embarked on a new "record" season. The Caillaux murder trial, the sole topic. Nobody interested in Serbia. Whereat switch-*back!*

1914–1918. Deauville gradually converted into a vast hospital, increasingly British. German prisoners of war sweeping the *plage fleurie*, cleaning the streets not a few of their monocled Junkers had trodden in times directly previous.

It seems the flapper was the undisputed queen of wartime Deauville. Mainly she cycled, and by 1917 had begun to play a gramophone muffled by towels. For the whole place had to carry on in darkness and composure, with all those woundeds, and the nightly chance of a *Boche* submarine. Yet, rather illogically, 1918 developed into something of a lively "season," minus the forbidden gambling. "It's so near the end!" people explained in excuse. None the less, that "end" was not then so positively assured.

Victory Year was a debauch of gambling. Nothing counted but baccara and roulette, from which their slaves had been barred for five unterminating years. There began the Reign of Money. Cornuché raised everything: sixty francs for a room at the "Normandy"; a baccara maximum of 20,000 francs. "It couldn't last!" opined old hands. It did not. Instead, prices and maximums soared ever more dizzily in subsequent seasons. If in 1919 uniforms predominated in a company otherwise mostly French war upstarts, by 1920–21 Deauville had fairly captured the wildly-enjoying-themselves Britannics and Americans, not to mention the rich ex-neutral Spanish and South Americans and Scandinavians, and the exotic Orientals.

For the ensuing five years it was part of my job to cover the three or four peak days of each season—those leading up to the Grand Prix on the last Sunday of August, after which event it was no longer the thing for the ultra-smart to be seen at Deauville. They decamped as if lava were expected. Orders were to get stories about *people*, and in order to absorb ambience one paid 200 francs for a room at the "Normandy." A room one frequented but slightly because "hours" were (and remain) strange things at Deauville.

A typical day. One rose at noon and felt better after an attempted swim in shallow water a mile out. (The majority got no further than the peacock-parading board-walk.) At 1 p.m. shrimps and porto at the "Potinière," fashion set by visiting King Alfonso. If feeling strong enough, lunch at "Ciro's": caviar, saddle of lamb, a salad, champagne, and trimmings. That, for two, would come to about 400 francs. Yet the franc was hovering round 200 to the £.

AFTER lunch, the races, where one could be seated under the trees. Followed, maybe, a visit to the polo field, or a stroll over to the yearling sale at Chéri's—about the one free thing in Deauville. And so back to the inevitable rooms, where one staked, watched, or patronised the bar, until after 9 p.m. This was the great rendezvous period of the day. Dinner would frequently be cut out, and supper substituted in the "Ambassadeurs," any time after 11 p.m. And for the next five or six hours it would be a mixture of cabaret, dancing, gambling, the bar. Finally breakfast, a bath, and bed. After three weeks of this sort of thing even strong men were known to weaken, and one such, the Comte de Ganay, would go back to Paris at week-ends "to recuperate."

These years in the mid-twenties marked the apotheosis of the failing Cornuché. *Le snobisme de l'argent*, when such things happened as females lighting their cigarettes with fifty-franc notes, attained undreamt-of proportions. (The French have coined that word *snobisme*, which has a meaning all its own.) It was the hey-day of the Dolly Sisters, of the harsh voices but delectable forms; of "the little Shah," who, they were to say, "died of Deauville"; of the irascible Löwenstein, who fell from a great height into the Channel; of André Citröen, who lost 9,000,000 francs one night in the Salle Privée, when his wife interrupted against all rules and took him away (*sensation!*); of Henri Letellier and "Professor" Gwynne——

Young, cherubic and curly-fair-haired, Gwynne, of the clan Vanderbilt, had worked in journalism for me, and his being one of Deauville's real characters helped a lot. Gwynne's pranks were famous and once led him to appear in court at adjacent Pont l'Evéque. A great gymnast-dancer, he did the drollest turns on the dance floor on gala nights—unpaid. But he was acting as "teetotum" for Croesus and beaky Letellier, owner of the *Journal* and lots more, so Erskine did not worry. Or did he? Anyway, he knew all the American girls, and they were the current rage. After many years in New York, Gwynne is back at Deauville, as columnist. I wonder how he feels about it, fattish, on forty, and ex-married?

Not a few of those No. 1 Deauvillites of the crazy twenties are still to be seen there: the Duc de Morny (grandson of the inceptor), Senator James Hennessy, Gordon Selfridge, Berry Wall, Ralph Strassburger, Joseph Pulitzer jun., the Aga Khan, the Duke of Westminster, MM. Vagliano, Cahen d'Anvers, Wittouck, Baron

(Continued on page 90)

"... AND THIS, MY DEAR, IS THE WHOLE POINT!

I quite agree that, in the past, I *have* enthused over the loveliness of certain stockings. You know only too well that I've gone quite crackers over the wearing qualities of others . . . but believe me, my angel, never, until now, have I ever found all the blessed virtues cunningly concealed in one pair of stockings. Maybe I *am* talking like the travelling salesman to the farmer's daughter . . . but it *is* a relief to find Sy-metra . . . such lovely stockings that are really conscientious."

Sy-metra stockings are made differently to any other stocking you can buy! *They give a subtle slenderising effect to even the loveliest legs, their seams always stay straight, and tests show that they give 30% more wear from calf to heel.*

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Spectator Models

Switch-Back Fortunes of Deauville

E. de Rothschild, Tristan Bernard, grey-bearded doyen of Paris wits, quaint Maurice Rostand, but as many again have passed, including Citröen, Mortimer Davis, Patou, great punters, all. Casualties among the women have been the greater, or else one fails to recognise vintage specimens through facial repairs and alterations.

But the pace killed. To keep that pep there were drugs ever to hand. How many succumbed? A stir was caused by the death of one celebrity, Yvette Laurent.

One year, as a stunt, Liane de Pougy, beauty of the *fin-de-siècle*, was brought up to Deauville, for her reactions. The poor woman fled after the first day.

So died Cornuché, with the switch-back posed at the top apparently indefinitely. What did he leave? Who knows anything really accurate about the money side of a place like Deauville or its promoters?

THE story of Deauville in the past dozen years is primarily the tale of one extraordinary man, François André. Extraordinary, because he started, this handsome, well-set-up son of the Midi, now aged fifty-six, as an undertaker's man. He noticed that hackney carriages taking mourners to funerals nearly always returned empty, and that was the first rung of his ladder. He arranged with the returning cabbies to stop around, not to go back empty. He, André, would arrange "fares." From that, he passed to running a lottery at a travelling fair, and there Cornuché spotted a likely man. On his deathbed, he was to say: "I leave Deauville in André's keeping." (Which was also to mean the fortunes of Cannes and of La Baule.)

Who was this unknown fellow? When André arrived at Deauville, with umbrella and one valise, that was the one question. The umbrella has since become famous, forerunner by many years of Mr. Chamberlain's. Van Dongen, the painter, has an idea about it. "It's a publicity trick. When it rains, he doesn't open it, in order to make people imagine it isn't raining. But he never fails to use it as a sunshade."

André lost no time in establishing the "Greek Syndicate," a consortium always ready to hold the bank in the Private Room, and whose guiding spirit was until recently Nico Zographos, characterised by the late Alfred Capus as "the physical aspect of an intelligent machine, if such a thing ever were invented." To-day the new taxation of M. Paul Reynaud has put a stopper on the open bank, and Zographos now prefers to play—at the rattling New Golf. There will accordingly be a change at Deauville this year: no longer will the Private Room dominate rather should highest stakes appear on the roulette tables. But I am anticipating and must follow that switch-back which in 1930 began on a downward run, to continue in 1931, and to reach a record "low" the following year. World slump, of course, yet hitting Deauville later than most places, because prosperity hung on in France nearly two years after it had disappeared everywhere else.

However, the evil day came in 1932, when André is reputed to have assembled his administrative aids and to have suggested that they quit. They had made their piles.

"No!" argued back those consulted. "You should stick it. You're made for this kind of fight. If you quit, you'll croak from having done so!" Queer words in an ex-undertaking man's ears, yet André listened. To the extent legend relates, of his losing his "pile" in the succeeding four years. In 1936 he and his preserves evidently were down to zero. "*Ça reviendra*," repeated André obstinately. It was as if he, now, were seated at the baccara table, with the run of the cards dead against him.

At last came the turn of the tide, and 1938 saw André faintly smiling once more. He can do most things at Deauville, where "everything belongs to André or is controlled by him. All the big hotels, night-places, restaurants, and even the cinemas and the bigger stores. Nothing is done, nothing exists at Deauville, without his consent."

The theatre, with the best companies, costs André a packet, but he keeps it on because it serves to distract and immobilise the wives of big punters. While the wives are at the theatre, the husbands gamble. For much the same reason, André founded the "Ducks Club" where small children can be parked, off the Boardwalk, surrounded by all the trappings to amuse, while their mothers are free to go and "play the horses" or to gamble in the Casino.

Whatever their morals, most of the feminine company has as main if not only preoccupation: to be remarked upon. Hence their wardrobe changes five and six times daily, their indigestion of jewellery, their heavy staking (such as can), surest way of attracting attention. Or a stunning new skin tint may do it. Or a private panda, neatly bowed. Weird obsession, this ache to be noticed, and one that must grow ever more exacting for the individual as he or she grows older.

The widowed Maharanee of Baroda, devotee of the race-course, the ample and be-diamonded Duchesse de Chateaubriand, glued to the tables, and Mme Robert Lazare, noted for her jewels, and her bronzing as imported direct from Paris, represent sure material for our titled columnists, though, personally, if commissioned to write a Deauville bulletin, I should concentrate on Donegall, Castlerosse and Co., the technique, if any, of their "dope" wangling, how they comported themselves, quipped and cranked. It would be a change from reading about the (non-existent) Greek Syndicate, the Duke of Westminster's destroyer-yacht, the Aga Khan's pursuit of fitness, Gordon Selfridge's latest glamour companions, Mr. Berry Wall, Schiaparelli, Georges Carpentier, and the latest Mme Sacha Guitry.

Yet an annual sensation *has* to be found. A year ago two sensations did manifest themselves, when Robert Weill, André's confidential aid, dropped dead in the Rooms, and when the bearer of a financial name knocked out a croupier's teeth and promptly threw down five 10,000-franc chips by way of compensation. "Never was a boxer paid so much for one solitary swing," as eye-witness Carpentier was to declare. Georges runs a popular bar at the Yacht Club. A second modish resort is "Tardet's," presided by the Basque Marquis d'Arhempé, who says he cannot remember names and so calls every one "*fils*" or "*cousinette*." After a while every one is one or the other—Jean Gabin ("sit down there, *fils*"), Danielle Darrieux—"*cousinette*." Brummel's and the optimistically styled Sun Bar correspond to 3 a.m. and high noon respectively.

WEILL, by the way, was supposed to be the only person André let into his confidence concerning the reputed stack of unmet cheques, many with prominent names attached, that he has in his safe. Weill fell a victim to the overheated atmosphere that is imposed (so it is said) in all gambling rooms so that players may become ennervated into playing with less inhibition, less reflection. Which reminds that not the least informative bystanders at places like Deauville are unattached young things alleged to be seasonably hired as ornaments or decoys or as both. I have found so, at any rate.

The most natural and healthy productions at Deauville are *les Girls*, usually American. If they are unable to get to the faraway sea and back, they decorate the near-at-hand pompeian baths and solarium. They think nothing of making the fifty-five minutes' air trip to Croydon, in order to keep a date. As for the two and a half hours road dash to Paris, why, Hispanos start sizzing for the asking. There is only one flaw. These glamorous creatures now have to hand in their passports to their boss, as four failed to return from jaunts last year.

Well, that's Deauville, that was, its "season" flashing by.

What will these acres be like as far ahead as Dumas *père* lies behind us? Rather, what may they conceivably be like a few years from now if the switch-back business continues? Monsieur André and his show are at present going up, up. When and how the next downward swoop may come, as the record certainly shows it should some day, seems to depend on little old Hitler more than on any one else. There I go—having got through 4,000 words without mention of one or the other of them, I crash on the tape!

END

Nerves (*Continued from page 52*)

But the taste is not bad, and it is the perfect pre-digestive.

Anæmia will be helped by an iron and arsenic tonic. Or, better still, by taking the freshly bottled essences of carrot and spinach, a tablespoonful at a time, with your food and mixed with it at all meals, on alternate days. Tomato cocktails are also excellent. Take plenty of salads, raw vegetables and fresh fruit.

Pet yourself a little if you have become subject to neuralgia. If you take aspirin, powder the tablet well, lie down in a darkened room, and half an hour later sip a dessert-spoonful of neat brandy. Smear Bengue's balsam over the course of the pain. It soothes.

Before you leave the darkened room, drink a hot cup or so of weak China tea, and have several pieces of thin brown bread and butter covered with honey.

Lime-blossom tea, the famous *tilleul* of the French, acts as a preventive to neuralgia, as also do lime-blossom baths.

A policy of appeasement is pre-eminently the treatment for nerves: and this policy falls in a delicate and duel rôle. The mind must be relieved of worry, for worry poisons nerves; and poisoned nerves, themselves, straightway plunge the mind in gloom.

END

Hair Care (*Continued from page 53*)

cleansing, for it has to draw out both grease and dandruff. Another proved dandruff expeller is the famous Danderine.

To grow the hair, use nettle juice. There is nothing like it to stimulate sluggish follicles. It will even grow hair on bald heads, providing no shine has appeared.

Equal quantities of castor oil and bay rum makes a good hair-feeding tonic for children. They should also have nettle juice shampoos.

Another vitality treatment, which re-beds the hair—much in the way that you re-bed roses—should be taken at least once every winter, during any convalescence or whenever you feel run down. Spare two hours for it at a salon where they specialise in revitalisation.

The head is bathed in oils, and given what is known as an *in-seeping* friction. Next comes a friction of a different kind to loosen the scalp from the skull. A tapping over the scalp follows, to stimulate. The hair is continually being re-bathed in oil, divided and re-divided, while portions are tapped or jerked.

Undergrowth is cut down. Undergrowth consists of a mass of fluffy hairs, present in every head, which choke up the main hairs.

Then there are two different kinds of brushings: one with a Hindelife brush, and one with a circular brush until all the oil has been assimilated; after which the head is oil-bathed again and put into a Cellophane cap under the heater, for the oil to bake in. After this the head is washed with a shampoo compiled from eleven herbs, and set. You come out with a head that has been re-made.

END

GOOD TASTE marks her choice in most things. With cigarettes her preference is 'cork-tipped', but for good taste she knows they must always be—

Player's

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT

PLAYER'S CORK-TIPPED · MEDIUM OR MILD · 10 - 6½D · 20 - 1/0½D · 25 - 1/4D

N.C.C.456G

Twinkle, Twinkle

(*Continued from page 51*)

As they went out, Uncle Arthur stepping like a field-marshal, Christopher paused to give D. M. a farewell wave. The producer blinked at the friendly gesture from one whose career he had cut off at such an early age.

Outside, Uncle Arthur's bravado collapsed. He leaned weakly against the door of the limousine and drew a long painful breath.

"Uncle Arthur——" Christopher began.

"Yes."

"Is it true what you said?"

Uncle Arthur drew a hand across his eyes. "What did I say?"

"About other studios wanting me?"

"Well, not exactly."

"Then I won't be in pictures any more?"

Uncle Arthur had a scared look. "Don't say that! It's bad luck. Listen! Keep all this under your hat. We've got to play smart till I can angle a contract at some other studio. Keep up a good front. When we go to Mary Sweeter's party this afternoon, wear a big smile as if nothing happened. Do it for me . . . your poor old uncle."

WHEN Christopher and his uncle stepped out of their limousine at the Sweeter home it was 2.45 p.m.—precisely fifteen minutes later than the time announced for the party. The extent of their tardiness was a compromise. As a rule Christopher arrived at every social event at least a half hour late, as a symbol of his eminence, but in the present crisis Uncle Arthur chose to be cautiously conservative.

At the door Uncle Arthur gave last-minute instructions. "Smile all the time, Christopher. And don't forget to ask Mary to go to the Huntley girl's skating party with you. You've got to keep on being seen with the top stars. Better ask Mary the first thing."

The butler pouted his chest and announced: "Master Christopher Thorne and Mr. Arthur Thorne."

All conversation was snapped off like a piece of stick. Every head in the room swivelled towards the newcomers. It was always that way when Christopher appeared in the orbit of lesser stars.

"Hello, everybody," shouted Christopher, waving in an all-inclusive greeting. His smile was warmly genuine, for these were his friends. He had worked on the same lot with some, had played with the others.

Eyes surveyed him coolly, then heads turned to their original positions. Conversation was resumed as if it had never been interrupted. Only Mary Sweeter gave him a welcome—a vigorous wave.

The smile faded from Christopher's face. He stood motionless, bewildered and hurt.

"Keep smiling," Uncle Arthur whispered.

They went down the steps towards their hostess.

The six Boy Gangsters sneered as Christopher approached.

Mrs. Sweeter confronted them. She was a rather fluttery woman clothed in a black silk hostess gown.

"How are you, Christopher?" she asked unconcernedly. "How are you, Mr. Thorne?"

"We're in excellent health," Uncle Arthur answered. "Remarkable health."

Dutifully Christopher went to Mary and Richard Vallette. She favoured him with a coquettish blush. Richard slid away.

"It certainly is a pleasure to be here, Mary," said Christopher. "With you around, I mean."

She lowered her pretty eyes. "You say such nice things, Christopher."

Out of the corner of his eyes, Christopher glimpsed the vague movement of hands. The hands belonged to Uncle Arthur.

"Mary," Christopher said, "are you going to Sarah Huntley's party?"

"Yes, Christopher."

"Would you . . . would you go with me?"

"Oh, I'd love to."

Mrs. Sweeter's inquisitive face was thrust between them with, "What are you two talking about?"

"Mother," glowed Mary, "Christopher just asked me to go to the Huntley party and I said yes. Isn't that nice?"

"No! Richard Vallette is taking you."

"But, mother! I don't——"

"Mary!" her mother warned. "You're going with Richard. Tell Christopher so."

Mary's defiance gave way. Tears clouded her eyes. "I can't go with you, Christopher."

"That's a good girl," Mrs. Sweeter beamed. "Now come with me, Mary."

Christopher leaned against the wall for support. The shock did something to his legs. With a supreme effort, he braced himself and went towards a sign reading: "Refreshments."

THE bar room was an interior decorator's triumph of shining chromium and red tile. Behind the long counter stood a white-aproned bartender polishing glasses in the professional manner. At the rail two boys were sucking drinks through straws. Christopher's eyes lighted as he saw them. They were Daniel Johnson and Eric Decar, friends tried and true. Daniel and Eric had never risen above the status of bit players, but Christopher and they had pursued a companionship that ignored all stations of success. As he joined them, they gave him a noisy welcome.

"Hi, Chris!" shouted Daniel.

"How's tricks?" asked Eric.

Daniel waved his glass. "What'll you have?"

"Orangeade."

Daniel slapped his back encouragingly. "Say, Chris, don't take it so hard."

"You look awful," Eric corroborated.

"D. M.'s a dumbell," Eric remarked. "He's making a mistake."

"It isn't D. M., fellows," said Christopher.

Daniel gestured towards the other room. "That crowd out there!" he glared. "Don't let them get you. You're not through. You're just a kid yet. Next time you're around my way drop in and we'll play with my steam engine."

"And come over and play with my magic lantern, Chris," Eric invited.

Christopher looked at them out of moist eyes. Gratitude and friendship welled within him. He understood the motive for the invitations. His pals knew he was past the childishness of steam engines and magic lanterns; they knew he was really at the age of bicycles and boxing gloves. They were merely pretending in order to keep up his spirits. His voice choked.

"Fellows," he said, "nobody was sweller than you."

"Forget it," said Daniel.

Eric, profoundly moved, mumbled. "You're nuts, Chris."

Christopher tossed down the rest of his drink and slid the glass towards the bartender.

"Three more orangeades," he ordered.

"Not for me," said Daniel.

Eric also refused. "I've had enough. Me and Daniel better be getting back to the party or our folks will get sore. Keep a stiff upper lip, Chris."

"Wait a minute, fellows," said Christopher. "You've been swell and I want to give you something to remember me by. I want you fellows to have my train set and my Indian suit. I'm too old for them. I'm through and I know it. Come over to my place and get them."

"Forget it, Chris," Daniel protested. "You're a kid yet, I tell you. You'll need those things."

"No, I won't," Christopher argued.

"When did you say we could get them?" asked Eric. "I mean the train and the Indian suit."

"Any day."

"We'll be over," said Daniel.

"Maybe tomorrow," Eric added. "So long."

Alone, Christopher turned back to the bar with the attitude of a man who drinks to forget.

"Another orangeade," he ordered.

The bartender leaned across the bar with a kind of parental concern. "Say, Christopher won't too many of these things hurt you?"

Christopher shook his head.

"Why don't you go out where the party is?" the bartender persisted. "You're missing everything."

Christopher put down an empty glass. "Another."

Fifteen minutes and six orangeades later Christopher felt like a crowded lifeboat on stormy seas. He gripped the edge of the counter and steadied himself, then made for the door.

Uncle Arthur was sitting alone in a corner, as completely isolated as if he were attending a party somewhere else. He looked up at Christopher with quick sympathy.

"Say, Christopher, you look bad. Maybe I shouldn't have brought you. Did you ask Mary?"

Christopher waited until his stomach came out of a roll, then: "She's going with Richard Vallette."

Uncle Arthur groaned. "Just our luck. Things sure look tough, Christopher. While you were gone I phoned some of the studios. Nobody is interested. I guess it's Dayton for us."

"You mean I won't be in any more pictures; For sure?"

"It looks that way. Well, we're wasting our time here. Let's go."

They went into the hall and got their hats. The six Boy Gangster stars were there, playing leapfrog. One of them thrust his nose close to Christopher's face and leered.

"Beating it, eh?" he taunted. "Well, they won't be letting you adults in at these parties much longer." He studied Christopher's face as if he had detected something strange. "Oho! Getting hair on your lip. Better start shaving."

"What did you say?" asked Christopher softly.

"I said you're getting whiskers," the Boy Gangster repeated.

"Oh," said Christopher.

The hand that had stroked happiness into the countenance of the grieving mother in *Deserted and Forlorn* drew back quickly, clenched, and shot forward. Its landing place was the Boy Gangster's chin. The Boy Gangster sat down on the floor unintentionally.

Uncle Arthur, stared in helpless surprise.

A second Boy Gangster, larger than his colleague, rushed to Christopher. "What d'ya mean . . . hitting a kid three months younger than you?"

"How old are you?" asked Christopher.

"Old enough."

"Thank you," Christopher replied, punching.

Two Boy Gangsters were sitting on the floor.

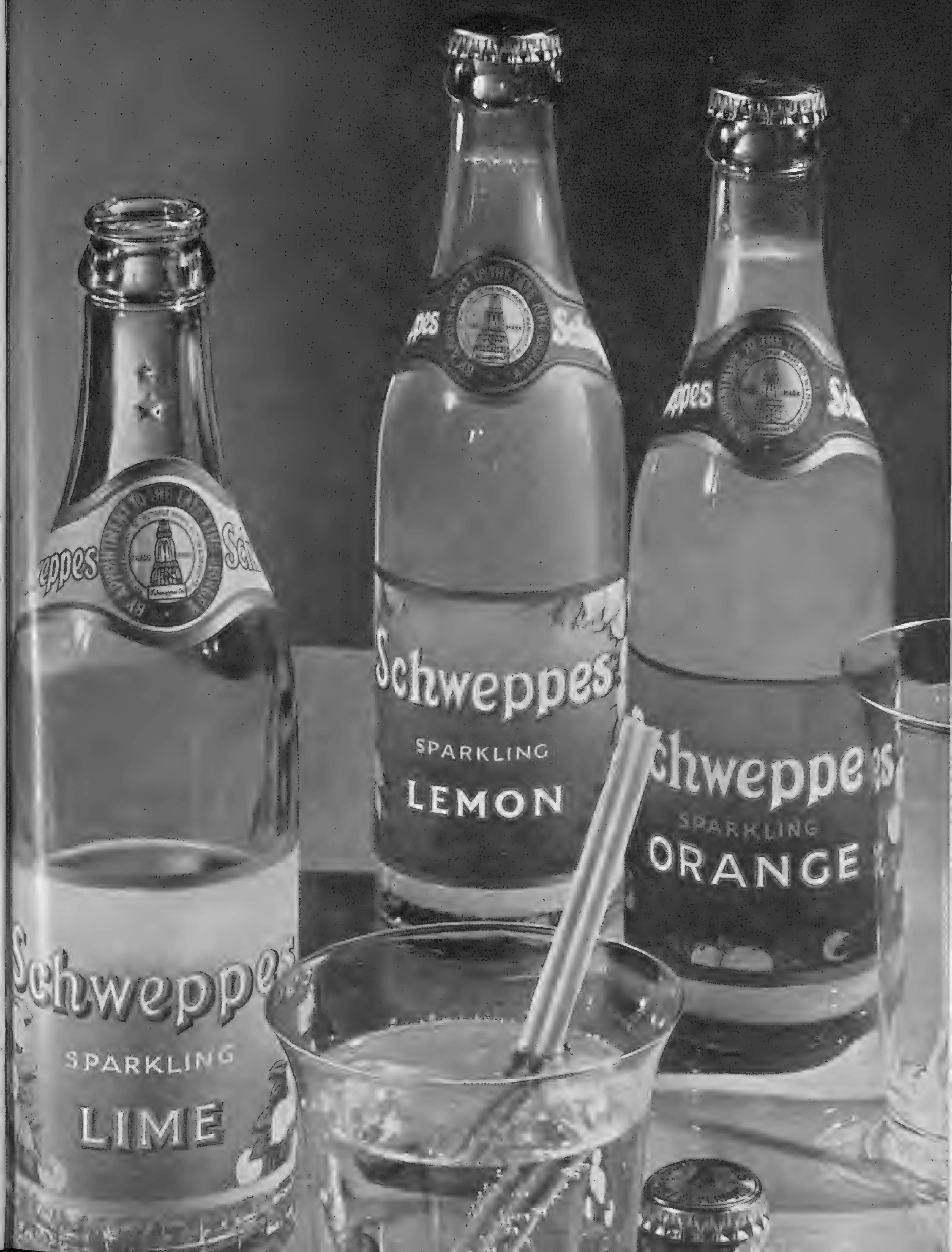
Christopher eyed the four others. Just for a moment. Then he waded in, fists flying.

THE shriek of a woman was heard. The next instant Mrs. Sweeter's elaborately appointed hall and living-room provided the background for a riot scene whose fury would have delighted the most realistic director in Hollywood. Boys swatted boys. Boys bit boys. Girls pulled hair. Girls pushed girls. Parents shrieked.

Wherever the battle was most furious, there was Christopher. His transformation would have amazed the millions of fans who had rhapsodised over his gentleness to his cruel stepmother in *Deserted Darling* and his humble suffering under an angry father's lash in *White Sheep*. In his blue eyes was the joy of combat and his chin had the set of one who was giving rather than taking.

All the while his fists were moving with deadly accuracy. Under the attack the six Boy Gangsters fled outdoors. Reinforced by his two pals, Daniel and Eric, Christopher now roamed the battleground, punching any and all boys who displayed any antagonism. Uncle Arthur raced

(*Continued on page 94*)


Schweppes
SPARKLING
LEMON
Schweppes
SPARKLING
ORANGE
Schweppes
SPARKLING
LIME

Twinkle, Twinkle

after him desperately, but his hands were unable to grasp his fast-moving nephew.

The engagement ended in a rout. When the defeated forces, battered and shrieking, had been picked up bodily by their parents and whisked away to cars, Christopher and his two pals stood in triumph in the centre of the room and fingered skinned knuckles proudly.

Mary looked at Christopher out of shining eyes. "Gee, Christopher, how you can fight! Your left hook is——"

"Mary!" her mother said. "To your room! At once!"

Mary withdrew reluctantly.

Mrs. Sweeter concentrated her wrath on the Thornes. She pointed to Christopher. "Mr. Thorne," she shrieked, "take that . . . take that . . ." For a moment adjectives failed her, then: "take that man-killing nephew of yours out of this house at once. And never bring him back."

THE library of the Thorne villa was a white jungle of newspapers—torn newspapers, crumpled newspapers, shredded newspapers. In the midst of it all sat Christopher, watching Uncle Arthur wade back and forth through the records of world events.

"It's the end for us, Christopher," Uncle Arthur groaned. "Every newspaper in the world has the story. Millions of fans used to be crazy about you because you were so sweet and angelic. Now they hear this." He kicked a paper in which a prominent headline announced: "MOVIE ANGEL TURNS ROUGHNECK."

"Well, gee, uncle," asked Christopher, "what's a fellow to do when he ought to fight?"

"You should have smiled . . . the way I wish I could do right now. You've killed your box-office appeal.

Miss Hooltz appeared in the doorway, removing her hat, and said, "I've just returned from the studio."

"What did you hear?" Uncle Arthur pleaded. "Anything good?"

She shook her head. "The people I talked to say D. M. was so furious that he broke his prize elephant gun."

"The ten-thousand-dollar one?"

Miss Hooltz nodded.

Uncle Arthur looked at Christopher meaningly and said, "It's Dayton."

"I heard more," Miss Hooltz continued. "There's talk that D. M. is having his attorneys study Christopher's contract. He thinks he won't have to pay Christopher for the next eight weeks.

It was too much for Uncle Arthur. "Go away, Miss Hooltz, please," he begged.

The telephone on the desk rang. Uncle Arthur answered it. His spirit drooped as he spoke. "Yes . . . yes . . . all right. Goodbye."

Wearily he turned to Christopher. "D. M.'s office," he explained. "Get your coat on. We may as well go down and face the music."

When they entered D. M.'s office, they found the producer waiting. He went into action quickly. "Sit down, both of you!"

"Listen," Uncle Arthur pleaded. "Let me explain. I can——"

D. M., ignoring him, shouted into his desk phone: "The Sweeters here yet? Send them in. Send Slout too."

The Sweeters entered — mother and daughter. Mrs. Sweeter stopped with a jerk as she sighted Christopher.

"What's he doing here . . . that . . . that ruffian?" she demanded.

Christopher came to his own defence. "I'm sorry about the party, Mrs. Sweeter, but no kid's going to——"

"Let me tell this, D. M.," Uncle Arthur begged.

"If you want the true story," Mrs. Sweeter said pointedly. "Well, it all began——"

D. M. pounded his desk. "Silence! That goes for you, too, Slout."

The latter remark was addressed to a slight, stoop-shouldered man who appeared in the doorway. Inasmuch as Mr. Slout had had no intention of speaking, he was justifiably surprised.

Uncle Arthur slumped into a chair. D. M. directed a finger at him.

"Come here, Arthur," he said.

Uncle Arthur approached warily. D. M. picked up a pen and pointed to some papers on the desk. "Sign!" he commanded. "All three of them."

Uncle Arthur backed away. "No!" he shouted. "We want full salary for the last eight weeks."

"Who cares about eight weeks?" demanded D. M. "Sign that new contract. Three pictures a year for three years. One hundred thousand dollars a picture."

Uncle Arthur shook like a vibrator. His eyes probed D. M.'s expression for a clue to a hideous joke. But D. M. seemed serious. Uncle Arthur grabbed the pen, glanced at the documents, then wrote his signature three times at breakneck speed.

"Slout!" D. M. snapped. "You're going to rewrite the script of *Only One Father and One Mother.*"

"Again?" asked Mr. Slout. "I just——"

"What does that matter? It is the public that counts. Christopher has jumped far into the lead in the national popularity poll. The whole world is crazy about the way he threw his fists at the Sweeter party. The public wants a rough-and-tumble juvenile. Slout, write us a story about a boy who comes out of his corner every round in life swinging hard. Have him knock out some grown-ups."

"I couldn't knock out one of them," Christopher protested. "Honest I couldn't."

"If it's in the script, you can," D. M. assured him. He wheeled towards Slout. "Say, I've got a great idea. Right now the public is eating up scenes where the hero punches the heroine. Know what I'm going to do in the picture? I'm going to have Christopher slap Mary Sweeter . . . slap her right on the cheek."

In the electrical silence that followed Mrs. Sweeter was the first to recover vocally. "The idea! My little Mary slapped. I should say not! Not even by Christopher Thorne. We'll take the first train out of Hollywood."

Mary walked to Christopher and stood beside him proudly. "Christopher can slap me if he wants to," she said. "I like him."

D. M. thanked her with a smile. "Mary understands," he said. "She is an artiste."

"Look here, old D. M.!"

The voice was Christopher's, but its inflection was startlingly different.

"Get this, D. M.," he went on. "I'm not slapping Mary for you or anybody else. Mary's my girl."

The producer gulped. For a relentless half minute he bombarded Christopher with the glare that had subdued many a temperamental adult star. Christopher remained unsubdued.

D. M. gave up. "Well, fix the story somehow, Slout. Just so you have Christopher knocking out somebody."

Mrs. Sweeter spoke to Christopher tenderly. "Mary's anxious to go to the Huntley party with you. Aren't you, Mary?"

"Yes, mother."

"That's swell," said Christopher. He faced his kinsman. "Uncle, will you buy me some boxing gloves now?"

D. M. out-raced Uncle Arthur to the answer. "That's the spirit, Christopher! You'll do great things in the new picture." He spoke excitedly into his phone. "Have the property department round up a dozen pairs of boxing gloves right away . . . yes, boxing gloves and send them to Christopher Thorne's home . Yes, that's what I said."

END

Grounds for Remorse

(*Continued from page* 54)

and forgiving kind of morality could do with a strong seasoning of remorse.

Unfaithfulness to our friends. Who is innocent of that charge?

Saying spiteful things about your friends in order to tell a good story is another dislikeable and far too general trait.

Ingratitude is another quality that has been encouraged by our chic-to-be-selfish school of behaviour.

Who is not guilty of selfishness?

Laziness is a fault which is on the wane. Our occupations and amusements are so compelling and so varied that they eliminate the inclination or opportunity to be lazy.

Cruelty has many shades and degrees ranging from the kind of crack irritable husbands make to wives about their cooking or their hats, to the perverted kind of cruelty that ends in jail.

Gustatory greed is a fault which has been edged out of the picture by current ideas of health and fitness, and money greed is too deep-seated to be cured by remorse. Vanity can seldom survive the candour of present-day speech, and harms only the possessor by making him ridiculous.

Honesty has had its outlines so blurred by the ethics of the business world that one can, at best, keep up only the appearance of it.

Loyalty, another old-fashioned virtue, if flaunted too valiantly in business, can land one with the order of the D.C.M. (Don't Come Monday), if it is ill-judged or ill-timed.

So, the range of old-fashioned virtues obviously needs some revising for present-day needs, but the revival of the usable ones can do you no harm. They will clear your system of some of the ethical acids that have been accumulating during these years and have probably etched, under your very skilful make-up, an ugly expression on your pretty face.

How to Have a Firm Bust

(*Continued from page* 57)

minutes massage is advisable. Not only does the balsam and cream feed the tissues, but the friction helps awaken the surface glands which will blow out into a fuller shape.

The food taken with this treatment stimulates the breast glands from inside, you take one teaspoonful in a glassful of milk three times a day.

If in the end you find it wisest to procure an Afro Bell, get one that is larger than your actual bust, so that your breasts will be drawn out to fill the bell.

There is another point. If you are thin everywhere except for an exaggerated bust, do not attempt to take your over-size away, *go and see a doctor.* A super-abundant bosom, if the rest of the body is thin, may be the sign of an unbalanced functioning of the thyroid gland, and is not to be tampered with except under medical instruction.

If super-abundance is only slight, it can be whisked away in a month by a thinning paste massaged in with brisk upward movements, night and morning. But if there is a heavy excess, a lengthier form of treatment will be required.

Use hot fomentations daily. Wring out a fine huck-a-back towel in boiling water, open and pack into it half a packet of reducing salts. Refold the towel and hold it over the breasts for from three to four minutes. Repeat this five times. Then massage in a reducing paste—there is one type of paste and salts, complementary, which really achieve this purpose and melt away fat—bringing the paste down in handfuls between the breasts and taking it up and round them.

End the treatment with three or four fomentations, which will finish the remainder of the packet of bath salts, and finalise by a sound up-patting over the bosom with a tonic lotion which must be a strong astringent to prevent loose skin from cockling or any inclination towards a droop.

In fact, when reducing is complete it may be necessary to apply the Afro Bell in order to achieve that up-tilt which is the foundation of good line.

The image of Loveliness
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Look in your mirror and admire your legs in these superb films of flawless silk! No other British stocking can give you such sheerness, chic and perfect fit. Twi-twist alone are made on the up-to-date American 'high-twist' principle — which sets a new standard of clearness, cling and delicate strength in sheers. In authentic New York autumn shades, 6/11 and 4/11 from all good shops. Wolsey, Leicester

Peerless Wolsey Stockings

She Wanted Diamonds

(*Continued from page* 27)

working girl," Alice said. "After all, I'm only a lady's maid."

SHE thought she'd got over that very nicely. You had to tell a boy who you were and what you did, and lady's maid was near enough. Boys hated to hear that a girl was just a servant. And a daily help at that. Lady's maid suggested high heels and a little white apron, a rustling in a boudoir, gentle and delicate occupations.

Alice ceased for a moment her task of polishing the big round mirror of Mrs. Dugdale's dressing-table. She was pleased enough with her opening skirmish with George Burnson and unrepentant of her deception. The first vision of Burnson steeped in diamonds had faded, for she was a realist. She wondered what "something in diamonds" might really mean.

She had got rid of him last night very neatly. Of course, he had wanted to take her home, and she had insisted that it must be only to "the corner of the square." He had dropped her at the corner of one of the great London squares, and then she had walked purposefully, as though towards an objective, till his two-seater was out of sight. Bus and tram soon took her home. They were to meet again in a week's time. "And then," Burnson had said, "we'll go to a *real* place. Wear your furs!"

SHE did! Burnson met her at the corner of that fashionable square where he had left her a week ago. He had done a deal, and not for the first time, with his brother, the garage mechanic. Half a guinea wasn't much for an evening's loan of a Bentley.

"And you watch what you're doing with it," said Ike Bernstein. "I don't want to lose my job."

"I'm putting money into your pocket, ain't I?" demanded George, whose speech deteriorated when he was not engaged in conquest. "And I can drive, can't I?"

"If you keep both hands on the wheel."

George grinned. "They're both off when I want 'em off." He waved airily, and drove to his encounter with Alice. There she was, and, by the lord, she was an eyeful.

When the car drew up to the kerb, Alice strove hard to be calm. She succeeded. It was not easy. She had had to make a lightning readjustment in her estimate of George Burnson. He had said, the last time they met: "I shouldn't have brought this old knockabout if I'd known I was having company." Nevertheless, she had expected to see the old knockabout once more—if he had not been obliged to sell it in the meantime. The Bentley sliding so silently to a standstill, knocked her off her perch.

As if the furs themselves had not been enough of a problem! She had said she'd wear them, and wear them she would.

Mrs. Dugdale, the widow who employed her as a daily help, had gone away for a week. Alice was the only servant. She had a key of the house and let herself in each morning.

She sat on her favourite seat, on the long stool before Mrs. Dugdale's mirror, engaged in her favourite occupation: studying her face and dreaming of fantastic backgrounds for it. Then she noticed the safety-pin lying on the carpet under the mirror. She stooped to pick it up, knocked her head, in rising, under the long table on which the pots and brushes and bottles were arranged, and then said: "Well!"

She hadn't known about that drawer. Whacking her head under the board must have opened it. She pushed it to, fumbled beneath, pressing with her fingers, and presently found the hidden catch. The drawer again slid slowly open.

Alice found that her lips were dry and her throat was throbbing. She left the drawer open and went on with her work. Then the telephone bell rang. Nothing unusual in that; but she jumped sharply, as though a policeman had suddenly put a hand on her shoulder and said, "Now then, what's all this?"

She ran downstairs and answered the telephone. "No, Mrs. Dugdale will not be back for a week."

She returned to the bedroom very slowly, her own words echoing in her mind. "Mrs. Dugdale will not be back for a week."

She began to fumble in the drawer, and then she found the necklace. She knew nothing about jewels, but she liked the look of the stones against her neck when she tried it on. She took out the box from which she had extracted the diamonds, dropped them into it, then shut the drawer. They were now outside, on the table, almost by accident, it seemed, but her cheeks were burning, her throat was dry again, and she did not look at herself any more in the glass.

She pawned the necklace that night. The next day, at Mrs. Dugdale's, she did even less work than usual. She mooched about, now wondering what sort of fur coat you could get for twenty pounds, which was the sum she had raised on the necklace, now terrified at the idea of spending the money at all. So long as she had the money and could go back at any moment and redeem the necklace, she felt safe. She knew that it was the second step, spending the money, which would create a real chasm over which she might not be able to return. And she did not spend it. She suddenly thought of Mrs. Dugdale's fur coat. She and Mrs. Dugdale were much of a size. Just as the car belonging to some client of Ike Bernstein's employer knocked Alice off her guard, so Mrs. Dugdale's fur coat knocked George off his. He stepped from the car, raised his hat, and, taking a chance, kissed her. She did not resent it. They got into the car feeling very pleased with themselves and with one another. The taximan beating his arms across his breast at the corner thought they were a swell couple. He was no older than Burnson. He wished he could dress like that and drive round with a nice little piece in a fine fur coat.

IF Burnson had analysed the situation at all, he would have said that the first encounter with Alice was reconnaissance, and the second one the occasion to improve to the full the situation which he had discovered to be favourable. The eating house to which he had taken Alice a week ago would not do this time. It must be the real thing. It was, in fact, a long way from the real thing, but it was as near to it as Burnson's imagination and experience could go, and Alice was more impressed than she would have admitted.

This, at last, or so it seemed to her, was what she had always dreamed about. This was something that could have been filmed, and she couldn't say more than that. There was a foreign waiter who took away Burnson's hat and coat, who pulled out a chair for her, helped her off with her fur coat and laid it reverently over the back of her chair. The carpet was soft; the lights were discreet; there was a band.

Burnson took up the menu. "Will you leave this delicate operation to me?" he asked.

Would she not! It would have paralysed her.

They ate, and then they danced, and then Burnson ingratiatingly suggested "a little run round." There was a place, it seemed, called the "Red Squirrel," where they might call in and have a drink. "Not so very far," Burnson said.

It seemed far enough to Alice, and when they had had their drink and gone on again London was a long way behind. Burnson turned the car off the high road. Then he brought it to a standstill, switched off the headlights and the light within the saloon. Alice switched it on again. Burnson frowned. Some of them were like that and some weren't. When they were, you played the diamonds trick. He had never yet failed to get the diamonds back. There was always some excuse: a new setting or what not.

He smiled and said in his suavest way: "I was getting a bit tired. 'V'you ever driven?"

Alice shook her head.

"Takes it out of you at night. I thought we'd rest for a bit."

"Why not," Alice agreed. "We can rest with the light on."

"It's my eyes, you see. They get dazzled looking at the road. However, keep it on. There's something I want to show you."

His left arm slipped round Alice's waist. His right hand slipped into the pocket of his jacket and brought out an oval leather case. Expertly, his thumb pressed the catch. The lid flew open. Alice gave a little cry and the necklace sparkled in the dim light.

"I thought they'd please you," Burnson said. Gently, he pulled open the neck of the fur coat and snipped the necklace round Alice's throat. She put up her hands and fingered the diamonds. "I must see them," she said, and Burnson noticed with satisfaction that pleasure made her voice husky. "My bag. Where's my bag with the mirror?"

They both looked for it, Alice with increasing agitation. Burnson cursed under his breath. Blast the bag. Things were getting side-tracked. "Are you sure you brought it?" he asked.

"Sure? Of course I'm sure. I used it in that Squirrel place. That's where I must have left it. We must go back at once. Every penny I've got is in it—my key—everything."

"Oh, presently, presently," Burnson grumbled. "They'll keep it for you. Someone'll hand it to the manager."

"What a hope. They looked a handing over lot to me. Come on now. We'll come back here."

She flashed him a meaning smile, and, mollified, he switched on the headlights and started up the engine. With one hand Alice held the collar of her coat tight round the necklace. The other unobtrusively closed upon the oval case that was lying on the seat.

The crowd at the "Red Squirrel" had thinned. The table at which Alice and Burnson had sat was both unoccupied and isolated. She marched swiftly towards it, Burnson at her heels. She spoke very quietly, fiercely and swiftly. "Listen, you dirty thief. There was no handbag, or only a cheap one that I dropped through the car window. There's a waiter coming. Order drinks, and sit down, and keep your mouth shut."

Burnson's face crumpled. He grasped a chair back, and she gave the order firmly herself. "Two Martinis."

"Drink them both," she said, when they came. "They'll do you good. You look as yellow as you are."

He swallowed the drinks and looked at her, not speaking. "I wanted you here," she said, in a low, intense voice, "because there are lights and company. One slip up from you and I'll scream. So you're in diamonds? Like hell you are. You work in the pawnshop where you pinched this necklace."

Burnson licked his dry lips and began to speak. "Listen, Alice. I——"

"Shut up," she snarled. "Don't Alice me. I know because I pawned it. Even ladies need a bit of ready money sometimes, but they don't like going to pawnshops. They send their maids. Twenty pounds I raised for her on this. And now I'll tell you what's going to happen. When she gives me the money to redeem it, I'll take a walk, put the money in my pocket, and go back with this necklace. Thank you for twenty pounds, Mr. Burnson."

Colour came back to his face. His hands clenched. "You thief! You swindler!" he said.

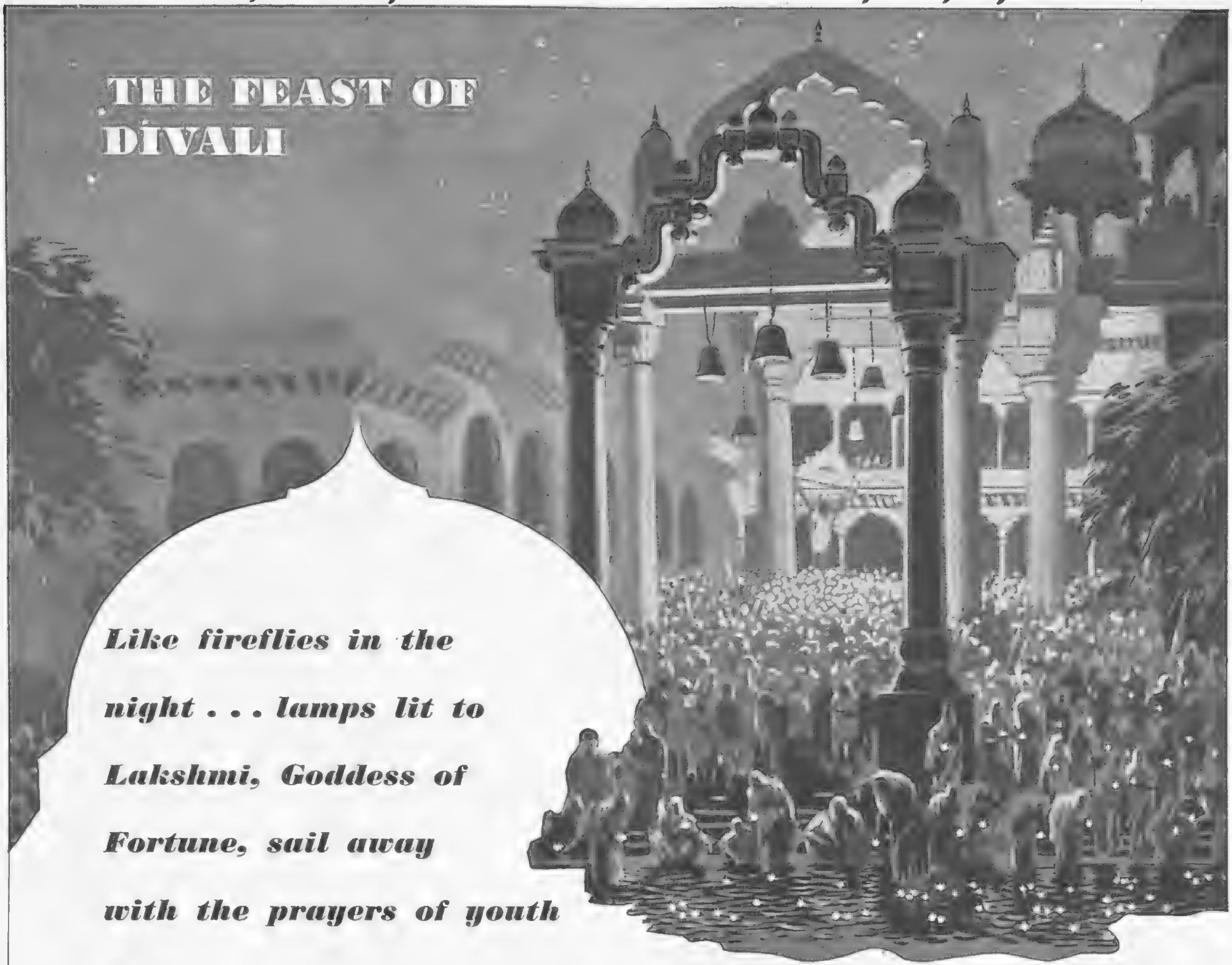
"Not so loud," Alice advised him. "You know whether you can afford to shout. I'd like to know where a pawnshop assistant got a Bentley from."

She watched the sweat break out on his forehead, and knew she had scored.

"I should get that

(*Continued on page* 98)

Once in your life . . . . see the glory of India


THE FEAST OF DIVALI
Like fireflies in the night . . . lamps lit to Lakshmi, Goddess of Fortune, sail away with the prayers of youth

Long rows of flickering lamps jewel each village door and window . . . chains of gold in the warm Indian dusk. Only the afterglow now remains to lighten the deep velvet of the sky, as, all over India, girls and young women come silently to river and lake, their footsteps soft on the stone steps of the ghat. Each carries a small earthenware lamp, a messenger to send to Lakshmi, Goddess of Fortune. One by one they set their lamps afloat and, watched with eager, anxious eyes by the bright sari'ed figures on the shore, the frail cockle-shell craft drift away on the current, their flames rising and falling like fireflies as they dance in the soft wind. The dreams of youth are their cargoes; hope and silent prayer their guide, for Lakshmi sends good fortune and happiness to those whose lamps survive. Behind, in the village, fireworks and illuminations send sudden fire into the night, and the sound of rejoicing and merry-making echoes through the silent trees.

It is Divali, the feast of lamps, sacred to Lakshmi, Goddess of Fortune, celebrated in India every year in the month of Karttika.

Come to India and see Divali for yourself. In India every step you take is on ground hallowed by fantastic history and tradition, every corner unfolds some new scene of incredible beauty. See Agra and the Taj Mahal, Delhi, Benares, Fatehpur Sikri: each is unforgettable. Once in your life you must visit India.

INDIA

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or any authorised tourist agency.
Keymer

She Wanted Diamonds

car away quickly," she advised him. "As to the necklace, I must leave you to get out of that as well as you can. I reckon it'll cost you twenty pounds, plus interest. You'll have to show the ticket, of course. I'll post it to the shop, addressed to Mr. George Burnson."

He wetted his lips. "Bernstein, please," he whispered.

"It doesn't surprise me. Well, I reckon that's all. We'll walk to the door together for the sake of good form, and I'll wave you an affectionate farewell. And I shan't leave this place until the lights of your car have disappeared into the far distance."

Bernstein put on his hat and coat. "Blast you! Blast you!" he whispered.

"Certainly, darling," she said, in a penetrating voice. "It's been a lovely evening. Harold has promised to pick me up."

HAROLD turned out to be a lorry driver making for Covent Garden market. Alice, half asleep as they jogged towards town, suddenly laughed at the thought that she had played a real film scene without realising it. And everything was marvellous.

Mrs. Dugdale got back her coat and her jewels, and Alice got twenty pounds.

She thought of dad, resting his feet in front of the fireplace that was nearly falling out of the kitchen wall. She'd seen some boots lined with lambskin. They did up with Zipp-fasteners. And she'd buy something for mum, too—perhaps.

The lights slid by, mirrored in the shining tarmac.

END

Books

(*Continued from page* 30)

to the Buddhist Taoist monks of the nineteenth century, involves a Scots fisher-girl who disappears from her home and whose vicissitudes form the theme of the story.

"Lustrous Pearl" has the tang of the sea. It has all the unusual qualities of Mr. Leith's first book, which was at once so exciting and so amusing, and, like the teller-of-the-tale in "The Arabian Nights" it will impose its spell and usurp the reader's sleep for that one more chapter.

NOW let us leave novels for the moment and turn to one of the most unusual books of recent times. It is called "And Wars Shall Cease," its author is Mr. Carl Marsh and the publishers are the Broadway Publishing Company who offer it at 7s. 6d.

I can do no better, by way of indication of the challenging style of Mr. Marsh's book than quote his preface, viz.: "In reading the following pages of strange adventure, many will at once exclaim 'impossible.'

"Only a few years ago, radio and aviation were 'impossible.'

"Before that electricity was 'impossible.' Then again, before that, steam-engines and ships were 'impossible,' and thus, step by step we might go to the dawn of history, and at each step of advancement hear 'impossible.'

"To the question 'what is possible?' a wise man does not answer 'anything' but, rather, 'I do not know.'

"The secret knowledge of to-day becomes the common understanding of to-morrow. But one might ask:

Can power be transmitted without contact? It can.

Can thought be transmitted? It is.

Can solids be passed through solids? They are.

"What we know is only a very small part of what there is to know.

"Let us be humble; the man standing by our side may know infinitely more than we can possibly hope to learn in this life."

The author is also the artist of the cover-picture of the book—he is a reasonably good author!

Now for an autobiography—and a very entertaining and racy one it is. "Ladies Must Live" is anonymous and comes from Robert Hale at 10s. 6d. It deals with the world of Terpsichore into which the author was plunged at the age of seventeen and which provides her with vivid and thrilling memories of such immortal dancers as Pavlova and Isadora Duncan in addition to members of the Diaghilev Ballet, of distinguished, notorious, odd and interesting men and women in various walks of life.

Of necessity, the anonymity of the writer must be preserved, but that will not prevent considerable speculation in the dancing, theatrical, newspaper and social worlds as to her identity.

For genuine and sustained entertainment this book can be recommended heartily.

A NEW novel by Mrs. Belloc-Lowndes is always a literary event and her innumerable fans everywhere will be delighted by "And Call It Accident" (Hutchinson, 7s. 6d.).

This novel derives its title from a speech of the king in "Hamlet" and its theme from the following story told to Mrs. Belloc-Lowndes some years ago by Gerald Du Maurier:

"A wealthy Australian came to England with the intention of helping a girl, in whom he was interested, to a stage career. He took a theatre, engaged a manager, and a play was put into rehearsal. Having occasion to call on his solicitor, he observed, during their interview, that he was beginning to feel as if there were a hoodoo on him, for on three occasions he had been nearly killed when in the theatre. His solicitor asked, 'Have you taken out an insurance policy on your life?' He answered '*I* haven't done so, but my manager who, of course, has an insurable interest in my life, has done so, as was only reasonable and right.' His solicitor exclaimed, 'If I were you I should keep clear of that theatre!'"

Mrs. Belloc-Lowndes dips her wand in ink and waves it over her sheets of paper with such adroitness that a first-rate novel results—one which should not be missed on any account.

"Slimming for the Million" by Dr. Eustace Chesser (Rich and Cowan, 3s. 6d.) sets out clearly and entertainingly for the first time, the modern scientific treatment of obesity, and provides a conclusive condemnation of the many "cures" which are worse than the disease.

I salute Dr. Chesser for the trouble he has taken in presenting details of how I may overcome this physical disability, but there is one thing he does not tell me and that is the answer to the question "So what?"

Geoffrey Harmsworth, coming as he does of Northcliffe stock, can be looked to with confidence for a swift-moving and observant account of anything he sets out to describe and in his latest book "I Like America" (Hutchinson, 10s. 6d.) he does not disappoint us.

This intensely alive autobiography gives us a gay and informative account of a six-weeks', fifteen-hundred-miles trip through the United States.

America appears to have suited the author's temperament ideally and his descriptions of a trial in the High Court, a service at Aimee McPherson's Temple, an all-in wrestling-match, a visit to Alcatraz penitentiary, and a week-end at Mr. Hearst's palace on a mountain-top reveal something of the artist's sense of a great scene.

His close-ups of world-famous personalities including Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jnr., Charlie Chaplin, Walt Disney, Mr. William Randolph Hearst, Shirley Temple, the President of the Mormon Church, Miss Anita Loos, Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jnr., and many others are drawn with an easy spontaneity.

The book is further enlivened by the inclusion of sixty-four excellent photographs.

ANOTHER novel—this time "Stranger's Vineyard," by Mona Messer (Stanley Paul, 7s. 6d.).

The story concerns Patrick Hartfield who holds a medical research appointment in Cyprus where he meets and falls in love with Sandra Langton who, after two years of married life, had left her husband.

Recovering from a serious illness, Sandra decides to visit Cyprus, but when her husband learns that she is thinking of getting married again (if he will supply her with the necessary evidence for a divorce) he decides that he wants her for himself, and goes to Cyprus to try to persuade her to return to him.

The solution to their problem is charmingly told in this very likeable romance, and the author has the happy knack of blending with the story beautiful descriptions of Cyprus which are not only skilfully etched in but are essentially topical.

SURELY no more tragic figure is to be found in English history than that of Caroline of Brunswick-Wolfenbuttel who came to London in 1795 to marry the Prince of Wales who afterwards become George IV.

In his biography of Queen Caroline, E. E. P. Tisdall (who gave us "Queen Victoria's John Brown," which will be remembered as one of the best biographies of last year) brings out all the pathos and whimsicality of the woman whose favourite childhood game was that of playing kings and queens.

His biography is entitled "The Wanton Queen" and is published by Stanley Paul at 10s. 6d., with a dozen illustrations.

Caroline was beautiful, frolicsome and indiscreet, living a life of colour and romance, worthy of a best-selling novel. Her affair with the notorious Baron Bartomoleo Bergami rang through Europe. But Britons refused to believe the scandalous news of the "ill-used" Caroline; and poets even dubbed her Saint Carolina!

Every page is intensely readable and will, I am sure, exactly meet the popular taste of the moment.

Our last book this month is another novel, "Green Money," by D. E. Stevenson (Collins, 7s. 6d.), and a very amusing story it is!

George Ferrier was a bit of a fool but a terribly likeable fool whose principle characteristic—and the one which was always getting him into and out of complicated messes—was a constitutional inability to hurt anybody's feelings.

Thus, when John Green, a complete stranger to him, but claiming acquaintanceship with George's father in years gone by, implores him to become a trustee of the fortune he is leaving for his daughter Elma, his innate kindliness, plus Mr. Green's hint of a legacy of five hundred pounds for himself if he accepts the trusteeship, combine to evoke his acquiescence.

It is inconsiderate of Mr. Green—whose expectation of life was estimated conservatively by the insurance companies at twenty years—to die suddenly almost as soon as the documents of the trusteeship had been signed.

The fact that Elma proved to be not only very attractive but also a little wayward and that George's co-trustee turned out to be a villain whose schemes to marry Elma and the Green fortune to his son so nearly succeeded and the numerous subsidiary tribulations of George's ordinary muddled love-affairs make a fast-moving and thrilling story.

George's Irish mother, Paddy Ferrier, and his taciturn and preoccupied father are brilliantly-sketched figures, the former—in my opinion—"stealing" the book.

END

When a doctor frankly admits . . .

NUMBER TWO OF A NEW SERIES

" This is a great time for medical science " says the doctor of to-day. " Take infantile paralysis : the iron lung, thanks to Lord Nuffield, is generally available now and will save innumerable lives. Or take pneumonia. Even the fatal type ' B ' has become less dangerous, thanks to the new sulphanilamide treatment. Or think of the nervous exhaustion which is almost the characteristic disease of our age. We understand that as we never did before ; we know that two elements are vitally necessary for the maintenance of your nerves and blood in a healthy, robust condition—organic phosphorus and protein."

' Sanatogen ' Nerve-Tonic Food supplies these essential elements in a form which *everyone*, young and old, can assimilate easily. Without it nerves wilt and wither under the strain and worry inseparable from modern life. Your blood becomes thin and vitiated—robbed of the red blood corpuscles. ' Sanatogen ' Nerve-Tonic Food will strengthen these strained nerves : nourish and repair them. It will help to build new, vigorous red blood corpuscles to give you new energy, new vitality, new resistance to illness. Even ' Sanatogen ' will not do this overnight. When the body has been starved for years of the vital food it needs it may take several weeks to restore it to full-blooded health and strength. ' Sanatogen ' Nerve-Tonic Food won't work miracles—but it *will* work wonders.

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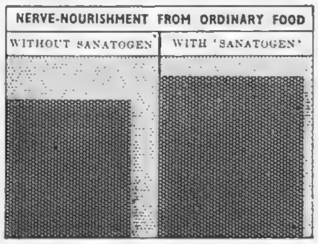
Tests reported in the "Medical Magazine", Vol. xv, show that when patients were given ' Sanatogen ' Nerve-Tonic Food 86% of the total phosphorus of the diet was absorbed, while only 62.5% had been absorbed before ' Sanatogen ' was given. All the phosphorus in the ' Sanatogen ' Nerve-Tonic Food was assimilated and a better absorption of the phosphorus from the other food followed. *This proves that ' Sanatogen ' Nerve-Tonic Food not only gives you new strength and energy, but helps you to absorb more nerve-nourishment from ordinary food as well.*



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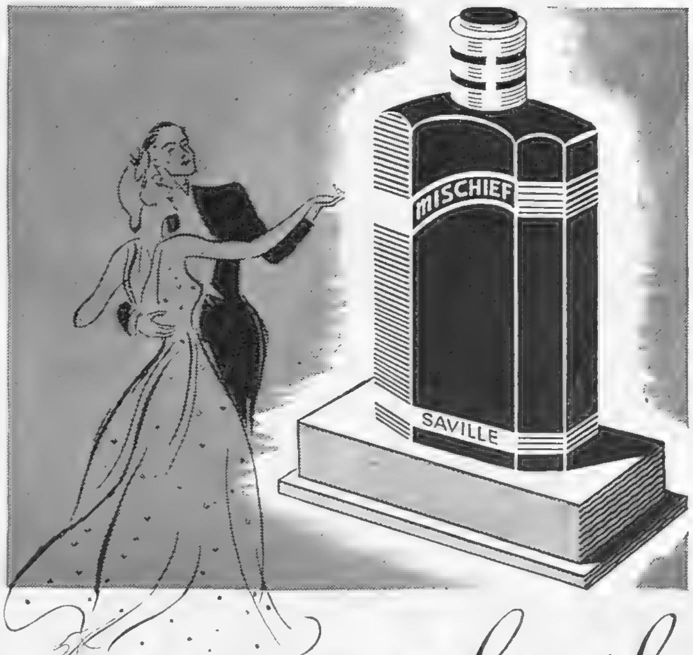

THAT REMAINS *fresh*

" Mischief " is the name . . beloved of the gay and the elegant . . cherished by the romantic . . adored by the sophisticated. For ' special ' occasions, for important dates, for moments that you (and he !) love to remember. And, distilled secretly into " Mischief," is another excellence . . it keeps its first freshness on furs or frocks. " Mischief " lasts and lasts and never ' goes stale '.

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TRIAL SIZE **1/3**

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CVS—76

When you get up

EYE troubles nearly always start *gradually*. Sometimes the first indication is simply a tired, strained feeling. In other cases it is nothing more than a slight smarting or excessive watering—or crusted eyelashes on waking in the morning. But beware—for these are all signs of grave danger.

Whether you already suffer from such symptoms or are still fortunately free from them, don't take unnecessary risks. Bathe your eyes with Optrex (brand) Eye Lotion regularly—first thing when you get up in the morning and last thing before going to bed at night.

Optrex is a carefully balanced combination of rare plant extracts and certain inorganic salts. The moment you use it your eyes feel soothed and rested. It gently floats away all dirt and germs and foreign matter, tones up the tiny muscles and restores the natural sparkle to the eyes.

N.B.—If you use mascara on your lashes, first cleanse them with cotton wool soaked in Optrex before bathing your eyes.

OPTREX is sold by all chemists at 2/- (with free eye-bath) and 3/6 (without eye-bath). The large size contains nearly three times the quantity of the smaller size.

Whether you wear glasses or not you should have your eyes examined at regular intervals by a qualified practitioner.

Optrex BRAND EYE LOTION

OPTREX LTD., Wadsworth Road, Perivale, Middx.

The Greatest Glory

(Continued from page 21)

spoken by Ashe was fruitful. A man in a woollen jersey bore a lantern ahead of them. They crossed a stable yard, climbed some rickety steps and were in a loft, cluttered with discarded furniture, but with a cleared space and a bed. The man held his lantern high to expand the circle of light. That was the best they had, he said.

It was Tessa who thanked him. Ashe remained doubtful even after the fellow had gone, leaving them the lantern.

"You shall have the side nearest the cobwebs," she said. "Would you believe I am afraid—of spiders?"

When the lantern was put out, a moon of light showed through a hole in the floor that once must have housed a stovepipe; now it was an orifice through which, the light shining brightly up to them, they could see below. The loft in which they were was above a stable, and there in the hay below, surrounded by patient, stalled creatures, were three people. A peasant, rather elderly, bearded, sat on his heels and watched two who were his and slept. The mother was quite young, and cuddled to her was a sleeping child.

"Look," cried Tessa. "Look!"

Slow tears ran down her cheeks. Ashe himself felt the years lurch crazily. He said at last: "You'd better try for some sleep now."

"Yes," said Tessa.

Suddenly the light from below went out.

Long before the dawn there was a movement in the streets, a movement that gained momentum as the light grew. Rubbing his sleeve across the cobwebby window, Dr. Ashe was able to look down upon it and assess its implications. He forgot everything but voices below, and forgot those as Tessa stirred and opened her eyes.

"It's morning," he said.

"I was dreaming of home. Must we go now?"

"Yes."

She sat up suddenly.

"Who's down below?"

"I was going to look," Ashe said.

Tessa clung tight to his arm. She knew the voice raised in angry inquiry. It held harsh intolerances she knew too well.

She peered down with him. "It's he," said Ashe quietly. The man was now in officer's uniform; a greatcoat from which all insignia had been removed served as a disguise, and in the chill of the morning the collar was turned up half hiding a face that newspapers had often featured with adulatory captions. The subordinate with him Ashe, quite rightly, believed to be Captain X. This man, Captain X, was not unknown. He had been one of the intelligentsia who capitulated to the new regime. It was he who conducted an inquiry now. Before him stood the man who last night had guided Ashe and his companion to the loft.

"It will pay you to speak the truth," said this Captain X. "We have reason to believe they came here." He poked the straw with a spurred boot. "Who has slept here?"

"A mere peasant family with a child," the innkeeper said humbly. "There was no room elsewhere, and they were willing to put up with this."

"What's above this?"

"A place of storage, Excellency."

"It would be very bad for you if you lied," said Captain X.

"Very bad," the innkeeper admitted; more loudly he said: "If you would care to see what is above we must go through the yard and so go up by outside steps. They are rickety, but would no doubt hold your Excellency."

Captain X glanced at his superior, who shook his head.

"Bring the fellow along with us," he said. "He may be useful."

"But Excellency, my business——"

"There is no business except the State's."

They disappeared into the grey light out of doors. Up in the loft, Dr. Ashe turned to face Tessa. She was shivering a little. He drew her to him. Their lips met and clung. They crept down the rickety steps hastily into the alley at the back and so became part of the shadowy movement gaining in numbers and momentum. "Look," said Tessa, and there ahead of them just leaving the courtyard of the inn was the little peasant family. They were fortunate in possessing a cart and a small donkey, which the father led. Not far behind Tessa and the doctor followed; they felt as if to keep the little family in sight was wise, as if virtue might come from them. "How queer that you should think so, too," Tessa said, when he told his fancy. She smiled, not knowing what lay ahead.

Through grey streets, as yet unwarmed by the sun, and on to a road where mist still hung in pockets, the shadowy column moved, urged by the occasional shouts or proddings of the soldiers. It took not many armed men to shepherd this crushed and despairing rabble. Rebellion rose in Dr. Ashe as he saw this. So many—disciplined by so few. He saw the helplessness about him, and felt the need of other intervention. Lines sprang to his lips, taking form as a prayer: "'When wilt Thou save the people, O, God of mercy, when?'"

Tessa's fingers pressed his arm. She had seen that they were approaching the village that marked the end of this supervised journey. The entrance was through a bottle-neck where two ancient houses jutted unreasonably, forming a narrow way through which all must pass. Two officers sat their horses in the shadow, scrutinizing every face; beside them, his face drawn with fear, was the innkeeper.

"We must separate," Ashe told her quickly. "Remember what Feiss said. Our papers will be examined at the bridgehead, but there will be no chance for intensive examination with so many to evacuate. I'll watch for you—there."

"Don't make me leave you," she pleaded.

"I must. Our papers—besides that fellow and his precious captain will be looking for two together. Courage, dear."

She said, after a moment: "Did you think I was afraid for myself. Not half as much as for you."

The pressure at the bottle-neck had halted movement. Dr. Ashe had an idea. He drew Tessa forward to where the donkey cart waited in line. He asked, "Would you give this young woman a lift in your cart, my friend?"

"The donkey is a small animal," said the peasant doubtfully, but the woman called. "Let her. I will be glad to walk for a while if you will hold the child, my dear? Are you very tired, or ill. You look white."

Ashe said quickly: "Not ill, but in grave danger. If she were to hold a child in her arms they would pass her by as not the one they are—looking for."

The mother nodded.

"God be with you," she said. "And with us all. In a few minutes now—" She choked. "It's a hard thing to leave one's own land," she said, "but when we get across the bridge I shall kiss soil that is free—free!"

She gave Tessa the child.

"As you pass them," Ashe told her, "cover your head well, and bend over the baby."

He himself dropped behind, adjusting his own disguise, taking occasion to smear more dirt of travel on his face, assuming a limp that made him one of the unfit whom a nation of the fit might willingly let go. It might have succeeded if he had not forgotten the innkeeper. Close at heel, beside Captain X and his superior, was this man. "You will point out any who were under your roof last night," he was being ordered under penalties that might induce terror in any man. Behind him was a soldier ready with naked steel.

It may have been that the innkeeper welcomed the sight of some whom he safely might name. He stepped forward as the donkey cart creaked into view.

"These were with me," he said. "This man and his wife and child."

"The woman walking with him is the wife?"

"Yes, Excellency," said the innkeeper. "Who is the other woman?"

Tessa, in the cart, had stooped low over the baby.

The peasant lifted his head.

"She is—she is a sister."

"Of yours?"

"Of my wife's."

"You are a poor liar, peasant. Fetch the girl here, captain."

Captain X obeyed. It was the first time he had seen the girl who had dared to flout his superior, who had not felt a national pride in yielding to his advances.

Ashe, fighting desperately now to get through to her, suddenly ceased his struggle. He had a queer feeling that the curtains of history had been rolled back, that a young maid—and this time with bright hair that was like a flag in the morning breeze—was about to lead a new crusade. The beat of his pulse punctuated and emphasised the words that rang in his ears as if old Feiss were beside him in the body. "The greatest glory . . . the greatest glory . . . is to transmit freedom . . ." That spirit, the very essence of it, was in Tessa. It was in the lift of her head; in the posture of her body; in the calmness of her face, from which, since the crisis had come, all fear was driven. This was Tessa—Tessa who had returned his avowals of love, and held his hand while the dark shores went by, and—and was afraid of spiders under a low but hospitable roof. "Tessa!" he cried, but in the rumblings of the crowd no one heard him nor could he gain an inch in his fight to get to her.

The man from whom Ashe had once protected Tessa, edged his horse forward. He was facing Tessa, but he was also reckoning with the crowd. This even Captain X was quick to see. Captain X had blinded himself to many things, but he could not close his eyes to the crafty caution in this man whose fiery speeches and private pronouncements and Press philippics chanted an arrogant courage.

He demanded of Tessa: "Where is the man you were with?"

"I am with no man," said Tessa.

"That is a lie, but we will find him. It is with him I am concerned, not with you. Move this rabble on, Captain. At this rate the evacuation will take until nightfall."

Captain X saluted, a trifle ironically. He understood. The girl would go free, for the time at least.

"Move on there," he shouted. "Keep moving. Have your papers ready for inspection at the bridge!"

"Wait!"

Captain X swung in his saddle awaiting further orders.

"Fetch back that peasant. Let the others go on."

The peasant was brought back.

"You will be detained," he was told, "for giving false information."

"But my wife and child, Excellency!"

"What have I to do with them? Keep them in motion, captain."

Still there was no movement. The bottleneck was stoppered. The little donkey awaited its master; even its mistress had deserted it.

The peasant's wife had returned to plead for him. Captain X saw his superior lean to give some order to a soldier, who pushed the woman roughly aside. Her husband stepped forward to intervene, to protect her. There was a strange, choking cry. He did not for the moment fall, but stood there like a man from whom the world had receded. From his naked breast blood was spurting. It ran down his hands and he lifted them, gazing in a puzzled way at the crimson token of his wound. The woman knelt, moaning, beside him as he crumpled to the cobbled floor of the street.

The great man on his horse lifted a whip and lashed at the face of the soldier with the red-tipped bayonet.

"Clumsy fool!" he shouted.

But Captain X knew better. This blow was a covering up of design. He saw the trap being baited. Dismounted he helped to lift the victim into his cart, and using it as a rostrum,

(Continued on page 102)

I say! - this IS coffee!
NESCAFÉ
NESCAFÉ
Real coffee - in a moment - in a cup!

HOW ON EARTH DID YOU MAKE IT SO QUICKLY?

It seems like magic — but it's Nescafé. You just put a little Nescafé in a cup, and pour on hot water. And . . . here's none of your flat-tasting stuff that hardened cynics might expect from such an easy way of making coffee. No. Here's glorious, stimulating coffee with true Continental flavour.

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Just because it's never been done before, don't run away with the idea that it's all too good to be true. Send for the free sample and let Nescafé prove its case . . . right in your own coffee-cup!

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Tasting's believing. So we would like you to try Nescafé at our expense. Send now for the sample; enough to make two delicious cups of Nescafé, to Nestlé's, 6 E, Eastcheap, E.C.3.

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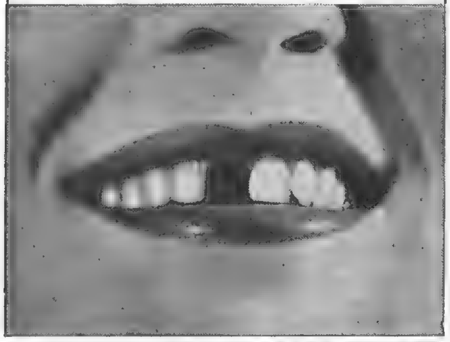
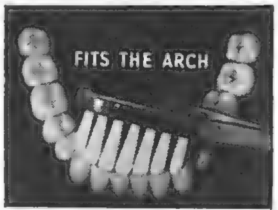
IS YOUR SMILE WORTH 3^D A TOOTH?

Would you pay 3d. each to possess sound, healthy teeth? You would! Gladly! Well on this reckoning a perfect set of teeth is worth 8/-. And 8/- is all it will cost you *spread over two years* to change from a cheaper 1/- brush to Tek—even if you wish to use as many as four Tek toothbrushes every year. 3d. a tooth for sound, healthy teeth, firm against decay.



1 PRICE
1 SIZE
1 SHAPE



The tooth-brush with a plan

Are tooth-brushes really made to clean your teeth? If so they are made in an extraordinarily confusing variety of sorts and shapes and sizes and prices! Still, there is one brush that is really out of the common. No doubt or confusion or hesitation about this brush. It is made in one shape, one size, at one price, with one idea—to clean your teeth absolutely perfectly! The one tooth-brush with a plan, with its mind perfectly made up, to make your teeth perfectly clean—the Tek. A dentist designed it. Afterwards dentists were asked whether it was an improvement on other brushes. 92 out of every 100 said it was; and the tooth-brush question was settled. The Tek tooth-brush is not as cheap as some brushes. The best never is cheap.

Tek 2/-

SURGICALLY CLEAN IN A SEALED CARTON
MADE IN ENGLAND

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ironically obeyed orders, raising an arm for silence, shouting when he had the ear of the crowd: "There has been an unfortunate accident. Is there a doctor in the crowd; Is there a doctor within hearing of my voice?"

Blood drummed in the ears of Dr. Ashe. He stood, listening to the renewed call for a doctor. Then he saw the woman. She was standing beside Captain X, voiceless, but more eloquent in her appeal than he.

"Is there no one who will help save a life?" shouted Captain X.

Dr. Ashe pushed his immediate neighbours aside.

"Let me by," he said. "I will do what I can for him."

They made a passage for him. He had pulled his cap low over his dirt-soiled face. He clambered up into the cart; was aware over his shoulder of a horse's soft muzzle, a jangling bit, a coarse face with a bruise still showing on the chin.

He felt the butt-end of a whip prodding him; heard a voice demanding: "Are you a doctor?"

"I have some knowledge of wounds."

His cap was struck from his head.

"I think we meet again, Dr. Ashe. Captain, arrest this man. He is wanted by the police. He is an enemy of the State."

Captain X saluted.

"But the peasant——"

"Let the woman care for him."

Ashe half rose. There were things he had yet to learn, and he was still incredulous.

"This man is badly wounded," he said. "He must have immediate attention."

"That is for us to judge."

Ashe stiffened. He felt a hand on his arm. It was Tessa. She was very white, but he knew her fear was for him. At both of them the man on horseback looked. Leaning from his horse he could look down without compassion, almost with satisfaction, upon the bleeding form of the peasant, upon the agony of a wife. He smiled faintly.

"Captain, do your duty."

Tessa stepped forward in front of the officer.

"No, no. Not until this poor man is cared for." She held out her hands to him; to the crowd, as if asking their support in the plea.

Ashe stood up. Standing on the cart he was on a level with the horseman.

"You mean that you would let this man die?"

"The fault is his. My business is not with him but with you. I think he has—served his purpose."

Ashe stared at the leering, implacable face.

"It's your choice," he said.

Then, for the second time, his fist found the same mark. Captain X, dumbfounded, saw his superior reel, his head rocked with the impact. Tessa, head lifted, was shouting to the crowd. A dozen hands reached out to pull the great man from his saddle. Ashe dropped to his knees by the wounded peasant, his hands deft, busy, while about him the phenomenon he had set in motion grew and spread. Captain X tried to shout an order, but something choked him into silence, something more compelling even than the hands reaching out to seize him before he could act. He saw faces over him, and hands plucking at him—the faces and hands of old men, patient under the burden of the years, of old women long past their active strength, of the misfits of humanity, the halt and the maimed and the blind. Something ran through the crowd of refugees, like wind in grass, murmuring, rising, swelling. It had not occurred to arrogant authority to send many armed shepherds for so obedient a flock, many guards for so cowed a civilian remnant. Isolated, taken by utter surprise, unable in the confusion of carts, possessions, babies, animals, to attain cohesive action, the guards were hemmed in by human pressure, disarmed by human indignation. None suffered much injury—though there was one whose face would not for many a long day be photographed again to display in public places. Violence was reserved for the weapons they carried. Some were thrown into the stream. Rifles and bayonets were flung down, tramped into the roadside mud, ground under the wheels of common carts.

The shadowy column was in motion again. It sought other soil, but in its passing into exile it had dignified one corner of its native land with freedom. The meek had for a bright, prophetic moment, inherited the earth. The weak had been chosen to confound the mighty.

There were no passports, nor *visas*, nor inspections to trouble the bridgehead. Such things no longer mattered. All that was swept before this human tide which soon flowed over soil where a man might still raise his voice and call himself free.

Near the end of the column came a cart, drawn by a small donkey, aided by men and women who pushed and pulled it over the cobbles and the planking of the bridge—for on it were not only the little family, the man's wounds dressed, the woman clasping a child to her, while she gazed with desire towards a land of promise—but this Dr. Ashe and Tessa with her bright hair blowing in the wind.

THE voice of the man who told me this tale fell silent. I became aware of people about me, of the clatter of dishes, the rumble of buses and street cars outside the open door.

I saw he was deeply moved and in some confusion of spirit. I seized my glass and raised it.

"To liberty," I gave him. "To freedom of conscience, of intellect, of spirit!"

He looked up.

"To liberty," he repeated. His lips were unsteady so that he could hardly honour the toast. "Let me give you another," he said. "To the blinded who have had their eyes opened! To escape! To a new life, a second chance—God helping us forget all but the lessons learned!"

He rose, almost gropingly, as if indeed he were still unused to the light. "Forgive me taking so much of your time," he said. "I must go now. My friends,"—he smiled vaguely—"my friends the doctor and his wife are expecting me for a meal." He started out, then came back. "It may interest you to know," he said, "but of course you are not stupid. You have guessed the truth. I am Captain X."

END

They're New and News

(Continued from page 23)

got through without a hitch. But when the director said 'TAKE!' I couldn't utter a sound. After a lot of patience on the part of a lot of people, I managed to speak the fatal words, and returned to the Roosevelt Hotel convinced that I was out, for good."

But no girl of Ann Sheridan's type could be out. When she stuck on in Hollywood, at fifty dollars a week, she went through the usual ups and downs that come the way of unknown players.

She said: "They told me I was a good subject for stills. So they photographed me in flocks of bathing dresses, and in every kind of fashion-garment the wardrobe department could rake up. Whenever I heard that a new film was being cast I planted myself in front of the casting director, and begged for a part in it. Then the following dialogue took place:

Casting Director: "But we need A NAME."

Ann Sheridan: "Well, how am I ever going to *get* a name, when I never get a part?"

Casting Director: "Look, Annie. I've got a nice 'bit' I want you to play. It's a very nice 'bit'; and if you are good in it, you *may*——"

"It went like that for five years; yes, I've been in the film factory as long as that, and it seems like every year of it, to me. Then came *Letter of Introduction*, for which I was loaned to Universal. After that, people seemed to think I might do something as an actress, after all. In the past year I've made five pictures; and they are all 'A' films, praise heaven."

Look for Ann Sheridan in *Dodge City*, and *The Battle of City Hall*; and if you liked her in *Angels With Dirty Faces* you are going to like her a lot better in the future. The Oomph Girl has broken that string of fast exits. She has come to stay.

My first meeting with John Garfield took place on the same day that I first saw Ann Sheridan. John (Jules is his real name) Garfield is an example of the fact that it pays to be tough. He is twenty-six years old. His thick, black hair frames a sensitive face, with pale skin, wide mouth, intelligent dark eyes. He is not very tall; but such is his personality that he dominates any room in which he finds himself.

A few days before I met John Garfield I was taken to a big charity benefit performance, in the Auditorium in Los Angeles. That vast theatre could put the Palladium, Coliseum and Empire into its pocket, and still have room to spare. Every star in Hollywood showed up at this performance, to walk on the stage and speak, sing, or joke for a few minutes. Famous stars introduced other stars; and towards the end of the programme Leo Carrillo informed the attentive audience that he was proud to present to them a new star. "Ladies and gentlemen, JOHN GARFIELD!' he said, stretching a welcoming arm towards the red velvet curtains.

Through the curtains stepped a young man in a dark lounge suit. As he appeared such a burst of applause came from the packed house that they must have been able to hear it twelve miles away in Hollywood. White in the glare of the limelight, John Garfield stood there smiling with embarrassed delight. When the noise died down he said: "Thank you very much. Thank you." Then the young man who had never been seen on the screen a year ago walked off the stage to another ovation that brought tears to the eyes of many who heard it.

He has a great physical resemblance to another top-notch actor who is, like himself, a product of New York's Eastside: James Cagney. They are the same height; they have the same broad shoulders and slim hips; they have the same tough manner, with something underneath that is not tough at all. In face, John Garfield resembles yet another New York Eastsider: Edward G. Robinson. And in his own serious determination, soft-voiced but oh, *so* firm, he reminds me a lot of a third famous star from the Eastside: Paul Muni.

In 1937 I watched a pretty girl, with a cloud of golden hair, wandering through a synthetic park built on one of the stages at Warner Brothers' Studios, arm in arm with Dick Powell. They were playing a scene from a new Dick Powell film, in which he appeared with Fred Waring's Pennsylvanians. Dick was singing, as he strolled through the park, and the girl on his arm was looking up, listening.

"That's a pretty girl; don't remember seeing her before. What's her name?" I asked somebody.

"She's Priscilla Lane; came over here with Fred Waring and his band. Has been singing with them for some time, and so has her sister Rosemary, who is in the film with her, too. Quite without acting experience, either of them; but they're pretty kids. Lola Lane—she was Mrs. Lew Ayres once—is their sister." Thus information handed to me.

When I went back to Hollywood this year Priscilla had become a star. Her real name is Priscilla Mullican. Her sisters are Lola, Rosemary, Leota, and Martha. Lola was the first to dive into the theatrical profession; she became one of the "Gus Edwards Children," and her manager re-christened her "Lola Lane." The other sisters, in turning professionals too, have stuck to the same name.

Priscilla considers herself the ugly duckling of the family. But she is really very pretty, and so full of fun and energy that you cannot help liking her. Golden hair, blue eyes, and Hollywood's smallest waist—eighteen inches—form part of Priscilla Lane's make-up.

(*Continued on page* 104)

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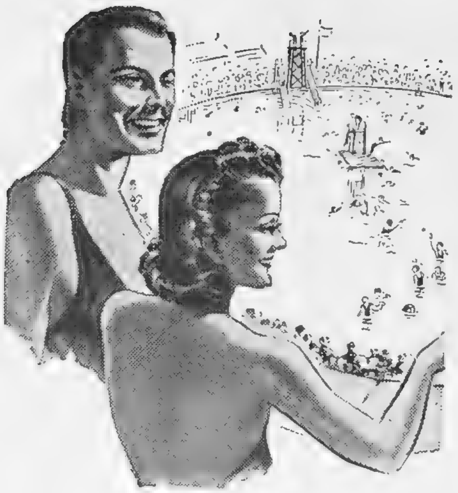

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It was in *Four Daughters* that Priscilla Lane and John Garfield first electrified film audiences; and in the same picture appeared another talented young actor, Jeffrey Lynn, who would have received much more applause, if John Garfield had not scooped the biggest share of the honours through his startlingly dramatic performance.

So here is something about Jeffrey Lynn, who deserves quite a lot said about him, one way and another. He never saw a film of any kind until he was fifteen years old. He is Irish, full of fun, unmarried, and inclined to take his work very seriously. The first film Jeffrey Lynn watched was *Abraham Lincoln*. It impressed him so deeply that he made up his mind, there and then, to be an actor.

For him, the road to the studios led through many by-ways. He began as an employee of a telephone company; but that was dull, so he became a teacher of English and dramatic coach at a high school in Lisbon, which is not in Portugal but in the State of Maine. Then he worked as a salesman in a dry-goods store in Worcester, which is not in England but also in the State of Maine (I think); then he switched himself to New York where he became a night doorman at the Embassy Newsreel Theatre. From there he went to Macy's famous department store, to be a salesman for a few weeks; following that adventure with a string of episodes in which no work and very little food figured prominently.

So—the hungry stretches were followed by his first job in the theatre, in a stock company in Abingdon, in the State of Virginia; fine experience, that led to Broadway, and a small part in *A Slight Case of Murder*. Finally, Jeffrey Lynn signed a contract to play the lead in the touring company of *Brother Rat*. Tour led to Los Angeles; talent scout in audience cast favourable eyes on Mr. Lynn; screen tests followed—made by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. But Warner Brothers saw the test, and snapped up young Mr. Lynn without more ado. Seems to me that Warners have made a corner in most of the new young talent on the screen—so here is a story about somebody who is NOT under contract to Warner Brothers. Not yet, anyhow.

The name is Nancy Kelly. She is a natural red-head, like Ann Sheridan. She is eighteen years old, and has spent most of her life in Astoria, Long Island. Now, Paramount Studios east coast plant is at Astoria, Long Island; so it fell into the ordinary scheme of things for Nancy Kelly to be taken to visit the studio when she was a mere baby.

Gloria Swanson was in the middle of a silent film called *The Untamed Lady* on the day little Nancy Kelly made her first visit to the studio. The director had reached a tough spot. He needed a child who could cry; and not a child capable of crying had been produced. Standing in a small group at a discreet distance behind the cameras, the harassed director spotted little four-year-old Nancy Kelly, holding tightly to her mother's hand.

"Can you cry, little girl?" he wanted to know. When he found to his delight that Nancy Kelly could burst into tears at the drop of the hat, she was dragged in front of the cameras, and became an actress inside five minutes. So Nancy was a star at the age of five!

She made a hit in radio, in the programme called "The March of Time"; then did an audition for a part in *Susan and God* starring Gertrude Lawrence. She won the part, and the critics raved about her. She told me that she would never have done any good with the part if it had not been for the amazing kindness of "Gee" Lawrence, and the many hours of coaching the star gave an unknown girl—which does not surprise any of us who know "Gee." It was Nancy Kelly's work in that successful play that sent her to Hollywood; and there she is to-day, doing very well in important films made by Twentieth Century-Fox. *Submarine Patrol*, *Kentucky*, *Jesse James*, and *Tail Spin* are not bad pictures with which to launch a new career.

Gary Cooper told me there was someone working with him in *Beau Geste* I must not fail to meet. "Robert Preston is his name, and he is going to mean a great deal to films, I am positive," said Gary.

Robert Preston has much the same dynamic personality as John Garfield has. He knows how to smile, and be a villain. He knows how to laugh, and be a hero. Robert trained for two years at the Pasadena Community Playhouse; a theatre small in size, but celebrated as the breaking-in ground of many stars including Randolph Scott, Robert Young, Gloria Stuart, Victor Jory. It was not a talent scout who pounced on the talent hidden in Robert Preston. It was a lawyer, attached to the legal department at the Paramount Studios. Mr. Sydney Justin was so impressed by the performance Robert Preston gave that he persuaded a Paramount executive to go over to Pasadena the following night, and see it for himself.

There followed an immediate test for Mr. Preston; a test that ran to the unprecedented length of 2,000 feet, in which Robert Preston acted two big scenes with J. Carroll Naish. The same day the test was seen a contract was handed to Mr. Preston, and he began work almost at once in *King of Alcatraz*. From the start he has played good parts in films; and now it looks as though the best parts that are going will be placed in his hands.

Three girls who will mean a lot in the future entertainment offered by the screen, are all Irish. Geraldine FitzGerald, Greer Garson, and Maureen O'Hara. Geraldine and Greer are both blessed with red hair and green eyes; Maureen (real name Maureen Fitzsimons) is a brunette. Geraldine FitzGerald is twenty-five years old, and wanted to be a painter. At the age of fifteen she went to an art school, with visions of Paris, Rome, Florence. But her teachers did not think she would ever make much of an artist; so out she went and got herself a job on the stage. Very independent is Miss FitzGerald.

The Gate Theatre, Dublin, had her name on its cast list for two years; then she came to England and played in a film called *Turn of the Tide*. The next move took her to New York, for Bernard Shaw's play *Heartbreak House*; and that is when Hollywood looked at her for the first time. She has made two films there, early this year—*Wuthering Heights*, for Samuel Goldwyn, and *Dark Victory* for Warner Brothers. In both of them she gave the stars concerned—Merle Oberon and Bette Davis respectively—a hard fight. Which says a lot for the charm and acting ability of Miss FitzGerald, of whom we shall see much more, in the future.

Greer Garson sat in Hollywood for over eighteen months, and never spoke a line on a sound stage. She had to come back to England, ironically, to make one of the biggest hits of this year in the all-too-brief rôle of Mrs. Chips, in *Good-bye, Mr. Chips*. Now she has gone back to Hollywood, to be handed one of the season's largest plums in the shape of the lead in *Susan and God*.

John Payne marched into the front ranks of film actors because Dick Powell walked out of a certain part. And now the people who are supposed to know what is what in Hollywood are warning Robert Taylor and Ray Milland and Tyrone Power to watch their step. For there is a lot of competition in store, for them, coming from John Payne. John is tall, handsome, has a good singing voice, an attractive manner, and a flair for knowing just what the camera wants.

When John reaches the age of thirty-five he is to become a rich man on his own account; his wealthy father decreed in his will that his three sons must arrive at the age of thirty-five before touching a cent of the money he left to be divided between them. John Payne was seventeen, and had never done a day's work in his life, when his father died and the strange will he left changed most things in life for his sons. John Payne became a "bouncer," then tried his arm at wrestling, professionally; then dived head-first into the kind of journalism that America calls "the pulps." He says he was a rotten journalist—by any standards.

Then came acting, in stock; then Broadway, with Beatrice Lillie, in *At Home Abroad*; then Samuel Goldwyn on the trail and an offer of £70 a week, for Hollywood. That goes back three years. John never made a film for Goldwyn; nor did he make any kind of dent at Paramount, where he went when his Goldwyn contract ran out. But Warner Brothers spotted him, and over he went to Burbank. He is married to Anne Shirley, now, and between them they are regarded as two very lucky young people, in the world of films.

Lucille Ball has nice expressive blue eyes. Lovely eyes, really, in spite of the fact that she is given scant opportunities to use them as they are obviously intended to be used. For the simple reason that she seems doomed to play comedy rôles on the screen—and who gives a hoot about lovely eyes when a girl can make the customers throw back their heads and guffaw? When Lucille walks into a Hollywood restaurant—probably accompanied, if permitted, by her Great Dane, Vov, thirty-five pounds heavier than herself—people look up and most of them say: "Boy, what a knock-out!"

Gentle little Jane Bryan, another feather in the heavily-trimmed cap of Warner Brothers, is a girl who admits that she knew exactly what AMBITION meant, to her, and never deviated an inch from the path she marked out for herself. She is direct and clear-cut, in thought and action; she says she owes everything that is coming her way now to Bette Davis, who believed in Jane's ability and "plugged" her with all the well-known Davis might, until the studio executives sat up and listened. That's why Jane had the lead in *Brother Rat* and has appeared with Jimmy Cagney in more than one film.

No space to do more than tell every one who is keen on new faces, figures, and voices to look out for John (Stagecoach) Wayne; Louise Campbell, who made a hit in *Men With Wings*; Patricia Morison, one of the most reposeful, restful, dignified girls the screen has presented in many moons; Lana Turner, who is expected to be a close rival to Ann Sheridan, very soon; Dennis O'Keefe a clever actor; and Tim Holt who looks like following worthily in the footsteps of his famous father. They have all set out boldly on the road that should lead to names in electric lights. The rest, presumably, is up to us.

END

The Dark Trail

(*Continued from page* 45)

risk being picked up by the Mounties, and being stood face to face with Jules Aubert?

Then a tip, to-day confirmed, that Aubert was blind. Catterson could relax now. Nothing to do but scout around for that twin tamarack, and there help himself to seven thousand dollars.

Trouble was the landmarks were a bit hazy in his memory. He remembered an outcrop of rock on one side and a sumac copse on the other. Haggerty had set four stones in a square for that camp fire, and they'd picked some blackberries from nearby briars. Give him time and he'd find the place thought Catterson.

He fell asleep. At dawn he was up and made breakfast. Nice break that Haggerty had taught him a few tricks of camping.

With his pup tent as a hub, he began scouting in circles. Soon he found a twin tamarack, but with no outcrop of rock nearby it. He widened his circles, failing all day to find the right place.

At sundown Catterson returned fretfully to his camp. Amazing how many twin tamaracks there were in these woods. No hurry about it, though. He'd find the right one if it took all summer.

Game was plentiful. Catterson made a shelter of spruce boughs in case of rain.

Each bright day he resumed his search for a spot marked X—

(*Continued on page* 106)

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where he had camped that fatal night with Haggerty.

While Catterson groped in one strange world, Jules Aubert was groping with growing delight in another.

Shackles of blindness were falling from Jules. Each new day, at practice with his "Seeing Eye," he made progress. Jean, with no trapping to occupy him this summer season, sat on the cabin step to coach and to praise.

Each night Jean read aloud to Jules from the booklet, *Dogs Against Darkness*. How to use the guide words, "right," "left," "forward." How to keep the dog's hip against the man's left leg, with the dog's head always about two and a half feet in the lead. How to interpret every slight hesitation of the guide's pace.

"The book say," Jean said one evening, "how you can mak heem go where you want. Lak you say, 'Go to the drugstore, Sarjong.' Then I tak both of you to drug store. Two-three tam we do this, then Sarjong tak you there all by heemself."

There wasn't any drugstore. But there was a creek, a lake, a fur path and the beginning of a trail to Lake of the Pines.

"Go to the lake, Sarjong." At this command from Jules, Jean led them both to a favourite fishing rock at the upper lake. After many repetitions, Sergeant-Major at the right command would always guide Jules to that spot. Often Jules fished there all day, each thrill of a caught trout being shared by the dog. In the same way Jules soon went at will to the creek.

Remarkable examples read from the booklet by Jean, of "Seeing Eye" smartness under menacing obstacles, each day inspired Jules to new and daring ventures. Soon he could make Sergeant lead him over a log which bridged the brook. Or far out on the fur path which followed Jean's trap line.

Each day through the summer Jules Aubert ventured farther. "What you theenk, Jean?" Jules cried in glee one evening. "We have go half way to Lake of Pines."

"Some tam," Jean encouraged proudly, "maybe you go all the way there."

"By gar!" exclaimed Jules. "You hear that, Sarjong?"

It became a grand goal for them. To confound and delight their friends of Troop D, some fine day, by appearing without assistance from Jean at Lake of the Pines.

AUGUST waned to find Harry Catterson all but discouraged. He was still searching vainly for a lost cache in the woods. Snow would be flying soon. Winter would drive him out and cheat him of the loot.

His supplies were gone. He was haggard, in rags, and yet loath to give up. These infernal tamarack glades were all too much alike. Constantly they confused him. He wasn't born to the woods—like Jules Aubert.

Jules Aubert! Twice during the summer the blind man and his dog had passed within sight of Catterson. Aubert, apparently, could go anywhere with that dog. Aubert who couldn't see a human face—and yet who knew these woods like a book!

An idea came to Catterson. He took from his pack an old .38 revolver. This he laid in a mud puddle where in a few days it would rust.

Then, on a frosty morning early in September, he rolled his pack and trekked boldly to the Aubert cabin. The barking of Sergeant-Major announced him to Jules and Jean.

Jean saw a thin, trampish man with a pack and a boy-size shotgun.

"My name's Catterson," the visitor announced. "Been campin' near here all summer. Thought I'd drop in and be neighbourly."

He stood face to face with Jules, eyewitness of his crime. It took nerve, but Catterson had it.

"You come right in mak yourself home," Jean invited cordially.

Jean served strong black tea. "What maybe you do up here, my frien'?"

"Oh, just up here for my health," said Catterson. "Had a breakdown. The doc prescribed a summer in the north woods, see? But bein' broke I had to rough it. Look like it, don't I?" He grimaced at his thorn-torn corduroys.

From the outset Sergeant-Major looked coldly upon Catterson. Here was a stranger competing for his master's attention. The Sergeant resented this. He kept sullenly aloof while Jules strummed on a banjo and sang old songs of the *portageurs* for Catterson's cheer.

Dark came, coolish and misty. Catterson coughed. He hoped to draw sympathy from his hosts. "What about puttin' me up for a few days?" he suggested. "Maybe I could make myself useful."

"You stay long as you lak, m'sieu," said Jules.

Artfully he inserted himself into the confidence of both men.

Jean, aside from hospitality, had a material reason for welcoming any honest, able-bodied guest. It gave Jean more freedom for certain long-postponed chores of his own.

"Maybe you keep Jules company while I mak one leetle *voyage*," Jean suggested.

"A trip? Where?" asked Catterson.

"I ain't sell last winter fur yet. The market she ain't been so good."

"He mean," Jules corrected, "that he have be 'fraid to leave me alone here long tam."

Early the next morning Jean set off with a pack of his best furs. When he was gone Catterson said to Jules: "Guess I'll take my popgun and go out after partridges."

He went out with the shotgun. At a certain mud puddle he retrieved a .38 revolver. The gun was well rusted now. Catterson put it in his pocket and at sundown returned to the cabin.

"By the way," he asked carelessly during supper, "did either you or Jean lose a gun lately?"

"What kind gun?" queried Jules.

"A six-gun. I found one in the woods to-day, maybe seven or eight miles nor'west o' here."

Jules became alert. Such a location couldn't be far from the site of the Haggerty murder two years ago. His own failure in that instance had ever since preyed upon Jules.

"By gar, these gun, is she a beeg forty-five?" By a bullet found in the victim, the calibre of the murder gun was known.

Catterson shrugged. "Didn't notice. It's still layin' there, all rusty. I ain't much of a hand to pick up other folks' guns. Never can tell when they'll get you in trouble."

"By gar!" repeated Jules. Here, he thought, might be a chance for a good turn to Troop D. In a murder case nothing was of more importance than the gun.

"What this place look lak, where you see these gun?"

Catterson described the place vaguely. "I was stalkin' some partridge that ran into blackberry briar. Seems to me there was a big double tamarack close by, and some sumac. About a two-three hour hike nor'-west of here, I'd say."

"Ah!" exclaimed Jules. "I bet she is same place."

"What same place?"

Jules answered by giving facts about the Haggerty crime. It looked as though the killer had either dropped his gun on the spot, to be rid of its incrimination, or else had thrown it away soon after taking flight on horseback.

Catterson let himself be impressed. "If it's a .45, I'll bet it's that murder gun all right."

"So we better mak sure," insisted Jules.

"Anything you say, brother," agreed Catterson. He doubted if he could find the place again, though. Could Jules?

Jules pondered this. During the first weeks after the crime he had guided police there many times. Now, blind, he could hardly return to the spot by himself.

Nor even with the dog, for that particular spot in the woods had no significance for Sergeant-Major. It was on no trail.

"But I think maybe three of us can go there," said Jules. "To-morrow we try."

They were off with an early start. "The trap line, Sarjong," directed Jules.

He gripped the dog's harness and Sergeant-Major walked to the beginning of Jean's well-trod fur path. Jules kept at his flank. Catterson came along behind.

"If these gun is beeg forty-five," exclaimed Jules, "we tak her to police."

Catterson's lip drooped derisively. The gun being an innocent .38, he was perfectly safe. He had rusted the gun simply to wash the whole incident off the record, if it came to a showdown, and at the same time make his story to Jules convincing.

Here Jules needed help from Catterson. "Tell me, m'sieu, when we are at beeg rock with moss and three leetle sugar maple close by."

From memory Jules knew all details of this country. His life had been lived here, hunting, fishing, trapping, and as courier for the mounted police. And until this last year, no eyes in all the region had been keener than Jules Aubert's.

Twenty minutes up the rivulet and Catterson said: "Here we are, Jules. A mossy rock and some sugar maples."

"Here," said Jules, "is where the deer come to dreenk when the sun go down. Look close, m'sieu. You see a game path lead off nor'west?"

The game trail was so faint that Catterson had trouble seeing it. It led away from the other bank of the branch. When they were on it Jules said, "Forwar', Sarjong."

Off through a brushy tangle, then. The Sergeant, taught to keep on trails, followed this one. "You stop us, m'sieu," said Jules, "when the ground is no longer black. When she is red clay, we turn."

They came to red clay. "Right, Sarjong."

To the right for a short way it was guesswork. "A pine reedge is ahead, m'sieu. Yes? You see gap in trees near top? We go there."

The uncanniness of it awed Catterson. Here was he, a murderer, being guided back by a blind man to the scene of his crime. In a little while now, face to face with the very witness who but for lack of vision could send him to the gallows, he'd been plucking that loot from a knot-hole.

A swamp. Jules went down its outflowing brook to a beaver dam. Then to the right and upgrade to an outcropping of gravel. "You will climb a tree, m'sieu, and look nor'west. If you see a tall pine snag where the lightning have strike, we are near the place."

Cat Catterson shinned up the tree. He saw the snag and exulted. Forty yards beyond it reared a giant, double tamarack.

"Straight ahead," Catterson reported as he slid to the ground.

They advanced to the snag and on to the twin tamarack. Every landmark was there: the blackberry briars, sumac, the outcrop of rock, the four stones of an old camp fire. Most important, Catterson could see a knot-hole head high in a fork of the tamarack.

"Is here where you find these gun?" questioned Jules.

"Nope. This ain't the place, Jules."

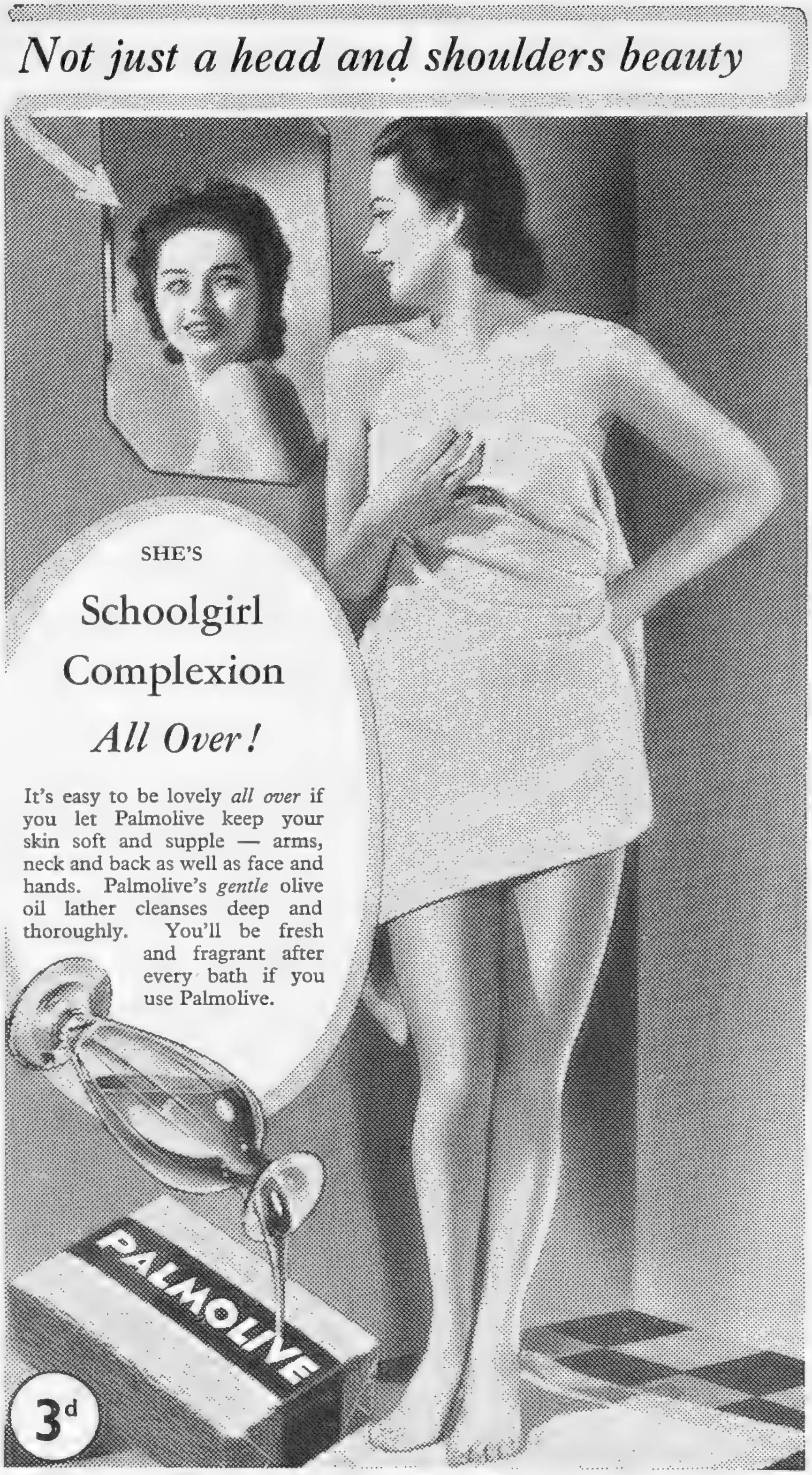
Jules was disappointed. "Maybe you better look 'round to mak sure, m'sieur."

Catterson, advancing to the knot-hole, stopped halfway. That infernal dog was eyeing him. That steady canine stare worried Catterson. It gave him a queer feeling to retrieve the loot under inspection, even if the observer were only a dog.

But the dog was dumb. Only Jules counted, and Jules couldn't see. Or could he? To make once more certain, Catterson returned to Jules and borrowed tobacco for his pipe. He stoked the pipe, then struck a match. He waved the flaming match directly before Jules's face. There was no reaction. Catterson was satisfied. The man was positively blind.

Catterson then went boldly to the tree, reached a hand into the knot-hole. Yes, the package was there. Catterson brought out seven thousand dollars wrapped in an oilskin. He stowed it in his pocket, then pretended to look for a rusty gun.

"It's no use, (*Continued on page* 108)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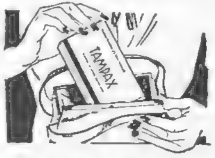

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Jules. This ain't the spot. We might as well go home."

Jules gave a sigh. "We go home, Sarjong."

Going home didn't need any zigzag routing. The Sergeant, with Jules at his flank, took a beeline for the Aubert clearing. Catterson trailed along, grinning. He was through with this fellow now.

Still, it might arouse suspicion if he deserted Jules before the return of Jean. Safest to stick around till then. In that case the entire business would pass unchallenged.

"But we must tell police about these gun," insisted Jules.

Catterson was expecting that. And quite definitely he didn't want the slumbering Haggerty case all stirred up by the report of a rusty gun. Thing to do was to wash that clue up here and now.

They were two miles toward home when Catterson exclaimed: "Hold on, this looks like the place where I flushed birds yesterday."

"Where you see these gun?"

"I think so. Yeh, I was by here all right. There's an empty shotgun shell where I banged away at that covey." Catterson stooped, pretending to pick up something from the ground.

Actually he produced it from his pocket. He handed it to Jules. By the feel Jules could tell that it was an empty shotgun shell, small gauge.

"And now," offered Catterson, "maybe I can locate that gun."

With a tongue in his cheek he began beating around. "By gosh, here she is, Jules." Again Catterson pretended to pick up something which actually he produced from his pocket.

Only the "Seeing Eye" of a German shepherd saw this deceit.

The sensitive fingers of Jules were feeling the bore and the weight of a rusty .38. "It ees not the beeg gun, like forty-five, m'sieu."

"Nope, she's a thirty-eight, Jules. Which means it ain't tied up, after all."

Jules was still fingering the gun. The metal was rough and a bit scaly, as though rusted. But it seemed slightly too warm. Only a blind man, used to relying on touch, would have noted this. Why wasn't the gun cold and damp? Lying here in the woods for a year or even for a single night, the metal should have a clammy feel to his hand.

Jules stooped and picked up a pebble. The pebble was cold, damp and had an earthy smell.

Catterson, standing by, saw Jules sniff at the rusty .38 gun. "It smell," Jules said slowly, "lak tobacco in your pocket, m'sieu."

"The hell it does!"

Startled and confused, Catterson saw Jules grope to the nearest tree. He saw Jules feel the bark, then move to other nearby trees. "No tamarack or sumac here, m'sieu. Only spruce."

Catterson flushed. "Well, wanta make anything out of it?" he challenged.

"Only, m'sieu, that you tell me plenty beeg lies," said Jules.

Catterson took an angry step forward. But a low growl made him stop. Hair of Sergeant-Major's ruff bristled and fangs bared warningly.

"You're crazy!" cried Catterson. "Why would I lie to you?"

The strain of defence in his voice wasn't missed by Jules. Catterson had tricked him, he knew. And yet Jules was too discreet to betray further suspicion.

"Maybe I mak mistak, m'sieu. Home, Sarjong." With the dog leading him, Jules proceeded on homeward. Catterson followed, his self-assurance routed now, and fully aware that Jules no longer trusted him.

Arriving at the cabin, the look of doubt was still on Jules's face. It was there all during supper; and Catterson, as his nerves grew tauter, knew that he'd better not risk standing pat until the return of Jean. He could complain of a toothache; and with that excuse pull out at daybreak for the settlements.

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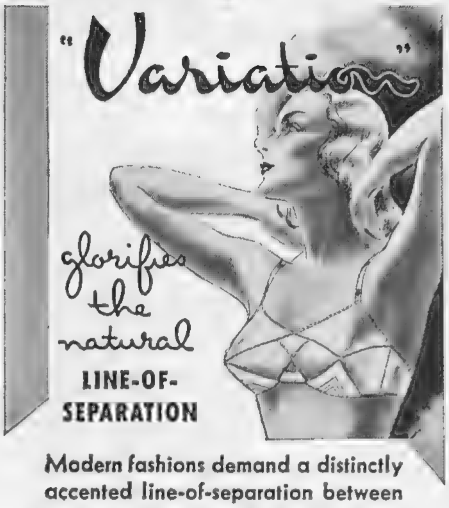

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When the oil lamp was out and both men were abed, Catterson could sense wakefulness at the other bunk. No deep breathing of sleep, there. No sound at all except a faint ticking from Catterson's watch, which he had laid, before retiring, on the bunkside table.

The darkness made both men equal. Catterson, for the moment, was as blind as Jules. Yet he could feel alertness. They were both awake, the man and the dog. The dog was watching, the man was thinking. It frightened Catterson. For a pillow, tonight, he was using his rolled coat with loot still stuffed in it. The money, he had made sure, was all there. Now his hand reached out for the shotgun and brought it into his bunk.

Toward midnight a patter began falling on the cabin roof. Then thunder cracked over the forest. Catterson shivered. He felt under his head. The loot-stuffed coat was still there.

"Rainin', ain't it?" he asked hoarsely aloud.

There was no answer. Even the faint ticking of his watch had stopped now. He'd forgotten to wind it. The rain was pelting hard. Catterson squirmed in his blankets, fretting, still sensing wakefulness at the other bunk.

Just before daylight he fell asleep.

An hour later he awakened to see light seeping through a window. Instantly Catterson felt his pillowed coat. The money was there.

"Got a toothache," he grouched. "Think I'll hike for town."

Again no answer. Then Catterson saw that the opposite bunk was empty. Jules Aubert was not in the cabin. Neither was the dog.

Gone! Where? To the Mounties at Lake of the Pines?

Catterson went to the door, looked out. Only a mist was falling now. But the ground had softened and Catterson saw imprints. The tracks of a man and dog led directly across the clearing to the Lake of Pines trail.

To the police! Why? With what knowledge of guilt had this blind man arisen stealthily at dawn, to slip away and carry tales to the Mounties?

His precious neck! Its only hazard was a blind man groping twenty miles through a wilderness to the law. He'll never get there, swore Catterson.

He drew on his boots, boiled coffee and wolfed a breakfast. Then he rolled his pack, with the money concealed in the core of it. He took up the sixteen-gauge shotgun and then, pack on back, set out in pursuit of Jules.

Blind man and dog, he knew, had to proceed at a slow, cautious pace. Easy enough to catch up with them. Catterson hurried on. There wasn't much of a trail. Innumerable obstacles lay across it, fallen logs, pools, creeks, boulders and bayous. Except for blazes on trees Catterson couldn't have followed it at all.

Pushing on, he at last sighted Jules Aubert. The man behind pumped a shell into his shotgun.

Not that he need shoot Jules. That would be murder. But it's not murder, reasoned Catterson, if you shoot only a dog. They can't hang you for that!

He wouldn't touch Jules. He wouldn't even accost Jules. All he need do, to stop this blind man, was to destroy his "Seeing Eye."

Catterson now left the trail and made a wide detour. About halfway to Lake of Pines would be best, he reasoned. Ten miles from either terminus would make chances minimum for Jules, groping in darkness, to reach either end of it.

Let this witness grope for three days or longer! In two days he, Catterson, could follow the needle of his pocket compass south to rails.

Circling far in advance of Jules, Catterson came again to blazes on trees. He took ambush behind a boulder about thirty yards from the trail.

In a while he

(*Continued on page 110*)

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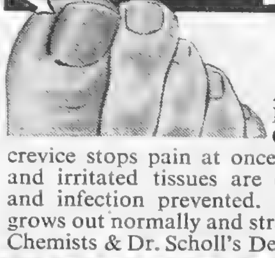

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heard them coming. Peering out, Catterson saw a man, a dog. The dog's head was three feet in advance of the man's leg. Catterson aimed at the head. With a shotgun he couldn't miss.

The dog stopped, ruff bristling, as he sensed a presence near.

The shotgun boomed. Catterson saw the dog's forelegs buckle, heard a piteous yelping, saw the guide crumple at the feet of his master.

He saw Jules drop to his knees and take a bloody head in his arms. A rash of sweat colder than barbed icicles stung Catterson as he went crashing away through the woods. Not murder! Only a dog, his brain shrilled. Only a blind man's "Seeing Eye."

THE whimpers of Sergeant-Major stopped and he lay still. But Jules could feel a heart still faintly beating. "You will not die, Sarjong!" he pleaded. "You are strong, lak the beeg timber wolf, *mon brave*. They cannot keel you with these bird shot, no?"

His sensitive hands felt here and there over wounds. Both forelegs were riddled. A dozen tiny punctures in shoulder and neck. The dog could not stand. But no shot seemed to have drilled heart or brain.

The Serg might live, if only Jules could get him to Lake of Pines.

Ten miles on a dark trail, but it *must* be done. Jules picked Sergeant up in his arms, cradling him like a child there. Jules Aubert was no weakling. Many times, in the old days, he had packed his two hundred pounds of flour over the hardest portages of the north.

Now he took a groping step down the trail. Another. After a dozen steps he stumbled and fell.

He was up again and staggering on. At least he could find water. After a night of rain there'd be pools everywhere.

Step by step Jules kept on. Not on the trail but close by it, he hoped. A drizzle of rain still fell. If he could only feel the morning sun on his left cheek he could know south.

He bumped a tree, turned, in a moment was enmeshed in briars. He floundered through them. Feeble life was still in his arms. Desperately Jules struggled on until his boot splashed water.

He sank down, there, to rest and to give first aid. Cooing tenderly over Sergeant, he took off his shirt and tore it into strips. These he bound in tight bandages about the forelegs, the neck and the shoulders.

Then on again, groping, stumbling, blundering through the woods.

So he struggled on through timber. Hour after hour, fighting each inch. It was a race with death, he knew. Life or death for Sarjong. It was a race, too, with a murderer's flight. Two days for the man to make a railhead, Jules estimated. One more day by rail to the border. Three days in all. If only Jules could start telegraphs clicking in three days, the Mounties could stop Catterson at the border.

Night came. Jules knew it only by the chill. Mile after weary mile he kept staggering on, towards—where?

He didn't know. Yet he must keep going. No food here. Freezing and starvation unless he found helping hands.

All through the first night, resting at each pool, Jules kept fighting onward. Once the dog lapped weakly at water. Most of the time he lay sluggishly in Jules's arms. By morning life was still there, though. Jules knew morning only because a blue jay scolded echoes to his shouting. There was no other answer.

On through thicket after thicket, shouting, stumbling. Night came on again, cold and damp. Jules could feel his burden shiver. He himself, shirtless, was chilled to the bone.

Jules had no idea when morning came again. For by then it was snowing. Fat flakes spanked icily on his face.

They came, after torturing hours, to a lake. Which lake? There were so many lakes in these woods. Shouts brought only

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echoes. Jules tried to circle the lake. Willows at the shore pushed him back. Circling the other way, he stepped into slime knee deep.

"Navair you let me down on any trail, Sarjong. Now she is my turn, *mon cher ami*."

Always it was pity for the dog which drove him on.

This was the third day, Jules knew. Too late in any case to stop Catterson. Catterson would be on a train, about now, and nearing the border. "But you I save, Sarjong."

But why was there no underbrush here? Dripping, icy switches had been slapping, but now there were only trees.

He bumped into a tree and felt its bole. No bark. Only a slick, charred surface. He groped to another tree and found it the same. He sniffed at his fingers. Then he knew. These were burnt trees. A forest fire had left them black and naked.

Instantly Jules knew where he must be. On the edge of the great Musk Ox Lake fire—the very flame which, a year ago, had cheated him of sight.

"*Le bon Dieu* be thank, Sarjong!"

He need guess no longer. The rim of this charred area would lead him surely to friends.

"We are there in seex hour, *mon brave*!" cried Jules.

He turned and his scheme of steering was simple now. When he bumped into a charred tree he need only veer to the right. An uncharred tree veered him to the left. This way he could keep inevitably on the fringe of a fire which had been extinguished exactly at Musk Ox settlement.

Snow was knee deep and drifting. Jules pressed on, shouting. In six hours, from far ahead, came an answering hail.

* * *

Jules awakened on a cabin bed. He could feel the warmth of a stove nearby. Then he heard voices—whisperings from the old bateauman of Musk Ox Lake, quick, urgent questions from Corporal Steve of the mounted police.

Best of all Jules could feel Sergeant-Major's tongue licking his hand.

In a moment he called Steve over and told his story.

Steve said grimly: "Chances are that beggar's over the border by now. Got anything to give us a line on him, 'cept a rusty .38 gun?"

"Only hees watch," Jules answered. His training as a courier on the force had taught him that criminals seldom use their real names. To trace them, police often have to start with some intimate personal possession such as a gun or a watch.

"During the night I have hear his watch ticking," Jules explained, "where he leave it on the table. The watch have stop by morning. It does not tick now. But I feel to the table and find it there—so I have breeng it along."

"Let's have it, Jules."

But when the exhibit was produced, Steve exclaimed: "This isn't a watch, Jules! It's the right size and shape, and it feels like a watch, but it's something else. Something he'd need pretty bad—on a forced march through the woods."

CAT CATTERSON climbed a tree. The railroad should be close ahead. In two days he should have reached it, yet three had now passed.

How and why had he missed that great trunk line that spans Canada like a bridge?

Catterson knew only too bitterly.

Far away now he heard them coming—mounted men galloping through the woods. Then a hoarse, mournful baying. They were tracking him down—with dogs.

In dismal, swirling snow, Catterson despaired. If only he'd kept heading south, these past three days, he'd be safe by now.

Yet how could he keep accurately south, through a storm, without his pocket compass?

How and why, he wondered, had that groping blind man picked it up from his bunkside table?

The baying of dogs came nearer. Catterson slipped down from the tree and took flight on course unknown. His Seeing Eye was gone.

END

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Adelaide Grey's
LALEEK
BEAUTY AIDS

LALEEK POWDER

The correct shade of powder is all-important. My Laleek Powder is in ten exquisite shades, including Peach, Rachael, Apricotte, Sun Tan 1 and 2, Ochre Rose, Green, Naturelle. Unusually fine, air-floated, silk-sifted—it enhances facial beauty. 1/9 & 4/6

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Keeps lips soft and healthy. Three shades: Blonde, Brunette and Russette. Price 2/6

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THERE IS A LALEEK PREPARATION FOR EVERY BEAUTY NEED

From all leading stores, chemists, hairdressers, Boots, Timothy Whites and Taylors or direct. *Write for a copy of the Laleek Booklet "Madame & Eve"*

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Oh grandmama!

THE tight frilled bodice and the flared crinoline skirt have come straight out of the old family album, but the figure is her own. Great grandmama could never have achieved this slim athletic line without the high-pressure help of a sturdy lady's maid, but *she* achieves it by watching her diet and her drinks. Her cocktail for example is always a Gin and Lime because she knows that the girl who insists on Rose's Lime Juice today avoids a headache and a Rubens contour tomorrow.

YOUR GUMS BLEED?
WATCH FOR PYORRHOEA

FORHANS

CAN SAVE THEM!

Why wait for gums to bleed? Clean teeth and massage gums *now* . . . with Forhans. See your dentist twice a year and follow his advice. Thousands of them advise the use of Forhans twice daily to avoid pyorrhoea, the dreaded disease that often lurks beneath strong, white teeth and marks them for eventual loss. The special astringent now contained in Forhans has been used by dentists themselves for years to prevent pyorrhoea. Put the whole family on Forhans. Buy a tube today . . . don't let pyorrhoea strike you!

ONLY FORHANS BRAND ORIGINAL DENTIFRICE CONTAINS THIS SPECIAL ANTI-PYORRHOEA ASTRINGENT!

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DOES BOTH JOBS...
SAVES GUMS, CLEANS TEETH
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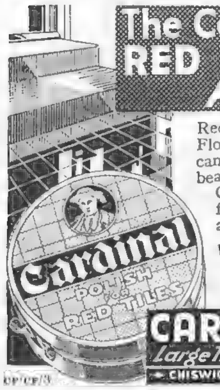

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Large Tins 6d & 1/- of all dealers
CHISWICK PRODUCTS LTD., LONDON, W.4.

Old Tales Re-told

(Continued from page 37)

strictly forbidden by Elspeth Buchan. They were to live like brothers and sisters, fighting any temptation.

Year after year the stubborn Buchanites suffered disappointment in the postponement of their deliverance. This delay must have, however, slackened the rigidity of certain rules, because several marriages were permitted, including those of the two young daughters of Elspeth. Other unions, less complete, were also winked at, but that did not change the general character of the brotherhood.

Elspeth frequently stated that she was born whilst Jesus Christ was living, and had been wandering about the world ever since spreading the real and unspoiled word of the Lord. In reality it was already amazing how this resourceful woman had, for twenty-two years, been able to find continuous excuses and justifications sound enough to keep a considerable number of followers in constant expectation of the great miracle which she assured them was about to happen at any moment, and more so, to convince them of so many absurdities.

In order to facilitate the ascension that God had so many times postponed, Elspeth ordered every woman to cut her hair, leaving just enough on the top to form a loop which would come in very handy for the angels when snatching them up to heaven, and there was nothing more comical than the sight of those girls in their green costumes seriously singing and praying for hours at a stretch, with a neat little handle on the top of their heads, all gazing up at the sky.

In the year 1796 Elspeth was seized by a sudden illness and in a very short time she died, undaunted as she had lived. With all the serenity of a real heroine, she confirmed to the last that she was the woman of the Revelations.

HER death, however, was a fresh disappointment for the Buchanites, for it destroyed the promise of eternal life. One of the members, fearing that the end of their leader might have shaken the faith of his brethren, conceived the idea of staging a dramatic conclusion that would save the situation and that would re-affirm before every one the holy nature of the departed priestess. The body, properly enclosed in a coffin, had been carried to an outhouse to await burial. The man waited for the cover of darkness and then, with a determination worthy of a better cause, lifted the body from the coffin and carried it for some distance to a straw stack and hid it there. He then went back and gave out the news that just as had happened with the body of Christ, so Elspeth's body had disappeared. He pointed upwards to a hole recently cut in the roof. Hosanna, Hosanna, the resurrection had taken place.

The authorities, however, again showed their heretic wickedness in discovering Elspeth's body hidden in the straw stack, and in supervising the normal burial that gave to our heroine the normal eternal rest.

The Rev. White tried his utmost to maintain the glorious legacy that he had so implicitly received, but he had not that conquering power nor an atom of that personality that had so distinguished his predecessor. Once the backbone of the community was broken, the members gradually drifted away, and the sect, like its leaders, died without a resurrection.

Many were still convinced that Elspeth Buchan had not died, in fact, a certain Mr. Hunter who several years before had belonged to the Buchanites, in hearing of the death of Elspeth, had refused to believe it, and he said to the friend who had announced the fact to him: "Oh no, John, that's impossible, that cannot be, and never will be in this world." "Well, then," said John, "if she is not dead, all I can say is that her friends have played her a shabby trick, for they buried her last Tuesday!"

END

The *exact* shade your lips require
—*Tangee gives it!*

In colouring—as in personality and looks—nearly every woman is different. There are a million subtle variations! Hence the problem 'Where can I find a lipstick that will give my lips the **exact** shade I need?' The answer is—TANGEE! TANGEE Lipstick's miracle colour-change principle makes possible an almost infinite variety of shades. With TANGEE, Nature—that supreme artist!—herself selects the **exact** shade your lips should have. From a delicate blush-rose to a deep warm carmine, TANGEE colour-change unerringly gives whatever shade is best for you. For glamour, refinement and natural loveliness, do as the world's smartest and most beautiful women do—use TANGEE!

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Tangee Lipstick
for YOUR individual colour, 1/9 *and* 4/6
Tangee Rouge to match - - - - - -
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World's Most Famous Lipstick
TANGEE
ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

ALWAYS PLACED FIRST
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Melting tenderness and rare delicacy of flavour give Paysandu its supreme appeal for the discriminating palate. In large or small tins.

PAYSANDU OX TONGUE
McCall's

PAYSANDU OX-TONGUE
McCALL & Co. Ltd., KING WILLIAM ST. HOUSE, LONDON, E.C.4

The Women I Meet

(*Continued from page 31*)

"Molymarks." These are albatross-like birds who in return for food fished for and provided by the penguins patrol the sky for them, will give any alarm necessary, guard the rubbishy, unfinished collection of nests and their precious eggs, and if necessary attack human beings with the greatest of ferocity.

In Penguinland it seems that social life may be acrimonious but yet have advantages unknown to us for, if penguins have to catch a great deal more fish than for their own requirements—well—we have, it seems, in the latest phase of our civilisation, to build bigger and better and more terrifically expensive bombing planes which need petrol, and men of science and genius—to an ever increasing degree. Lady Anne may find their philosophy baffling, but who can tell? Penguins may have more fundamental wisdom than we have, for the world has seen, through eons of time, civilisations rise and wane which may have had less sense in the systems upon which they were founded than that which Nature has evolved for the penguins, who seem to remain content.

ANOTHER who can add to the charm of any house-party is MARGARET VYNER, although she is not an easy guest to capture. The trouble with Margaret Vyner is that she is as elusive as the smart retort one would like to make to a brand new wisecrack.

"I'd adore to come," she is likely to say and then, somehow she doesn't accept the invitation. A charming letter of excuse or her very pretty but determined voice on the telephone takes her place. Which is because Margaret Vyner has that rare phobia—amongst all the phobias which creep into discussion—she wants to work instead of play!

Margaret Vyner is all set for a career. She is only twenty-three and has been trying out different rungs of the ladder of Fame since she was sixteen. She is still trying them out with feet pretty well planted above all the lower rungs.

She was born in Australia and has those blue, blue eyes which must have something to do with those blue skies, for they never seem to be possessed by any one from any other part of the world. At sixteen she decided upon a stage career and made her first appearance in her own country in the *Floradora* sextet.

There is a theatrical superstition that any girl who appears in this marries within the year; all her five companions complied with the regulation except Margaret. She had decided that she wanted to see Europe and learn French, and her arrival in Paris meant that she became a model for the famous Patou and learned both her French and France travelling to demonstrate Patou's gowns. That was a time of glamour and excitement and novelty but she went back to Australia, on to New York for a play, returned to England to write for Australian newspapers and found that she had managed with her passion for travel to circle the world for the second time. That made her think that she might settle down for a time, and she took to films as a duck to water.

If the film industry in this country had stayed put so might Margaret Vyner have done, for she is now convinced that a screen career of all others is what she wants. But the film industry, as it has so unfortunately and spectacularly demonstrated, did not stay put. Margaret went back to the fashion world, and, making yet another name for herself, went off as Norman Hartnell's representative to Canada in the wake of the royal tour, showing the gowns designed by Her Majesty's dressmaker.

That was fun and work, but not enough to keep her sufficiently busy. She arrived in New York one morning at eight o'clock and found herself at work being photographed for commercial purposes at eight forty-five. She lectured, televised and was "on the air." She saw most of everything to be seen, learned much American

(*Continued on page 114*)

The Diary OF A BRIGHT YOUNG 'Thin'

TUESDAY Ran into the ghost of Aunt Mabel at Bryan's cocktail party. She looked positively ill. Usual story—drastic slimming treatment (so called) hadn't lost enough weight, but felt like a wet rag. Told the poor dear all about NATEX—and how it slims as you eat—safely—no dreadful diets or 'down-in-the-dumps' feeling. Made her promise to try it, and

FEED THE *GLANDS* AND SLIM THE BODY

The real *inner* reason of overweight is incorrect gland function. A slimming treatment is useless unless it restores the normal glandular process — as NATEX *does.* Natex is a concentrated vegetable food, 100% pure, no drugs or thyroid. By normalising glandular action it aids the body to neutralise the fat-making elements in your food — naturally and SAFELY. You reduce at the harmless rate of 2 - 4 lbs. a week. You gain in vigour and vitality because NATEX has a *tonic* effect. Your complexion takes on new sparkle, as poisons dissolve. And with Natex you cannot over-slim — only *excess* fat goes. That is why

PHYSICIANS SAY NATEX

Prominent doctors recommend it and thousands of women testify to its safe, sure slimming power. Obtainable at your Chemist or Health Food Stores, 2/-, 5/6, 9/6 and 17/6 or sent post free from address below.

FREE: The Truth about How to Slim and Stay Slim. From Modern Health Products Ltd., 513, Natex House, 38, Langham Street, London, W.1.

NATEX TONIC SLIMMING FOOD

Indian Agents: Messrs. Issa, Sons & Co., P.O. Box 830, Bombay. South African Agents: Messrs. L. Fatti & Co. Ltd., Johannesburg.

Now look at your shoes

The surest way to maintain the smartness of your shoes is to polish them every morning with 'Nugget.' Its brilliant shine lasts all day and ensures a waterproof finish which protects the welts, seams and uppers from damage by damp.

In Black, various shades of Brown, and White. Tins 3d. and 6d. Large Household Tin 9d.

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FROM THE MOST DISTINGUISHED LIPSTICK IN THE WORLD

ROUGE ANGELUS Louis Philippe

Lipstick 4/6, Refills 3/6 in 16 incomparable shades

Louis Philippe partners this distinguished lipstick with a singular rouge—Rouge Pâte Angelus. It is a pâte rouge, neither a cream nor a compact powder, and emphasises the natural colouring of your complexion with unique elegance and subtlety. 3/6 in charming gilt case.

★ ★ ★

ANGELUS ROUGE
LOUIS PHILIPPE

TO AVOID FLATULENCE AND PAIN AFTER MEALS

You get burning pain and distressing wind after meals because your stomach is always too acid. Food can't digest and your stomach is tortured in the attempt. Why endure this mealtime misery? 'Milk of Magnesia' Tablets will stop it this very day. They relieve acidity and sweeten a sour stomach at once. The stomach starts digesting your food right away and finishes its work with perfect ease. You feel nothing—no heartburn, no flatulence, not a twinge of your old stomach pain. If you suffer from acute gastric attacks, 'Milk of Magnesia' brand Tablets will stop them in five minutes. Try them today! Neat flat tins for the pocket, 6d. and 1/-. Also family sizes, 2/- and 3/6. Obtainable everywhere.

'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia.

vernacular, which she found startling, and is now back here again looking for fresh interests until she can, once again, find herself in "pictures."

I can imagine Margaret Vyner "settling down," but not yet. She has a brilliant wit which is never malicious. Talent and an intelligence which is elastic. Her charm and loveliness can carry her far, but her urgent wish to accomplish something gives her a personality unusual and insistent upon an earned success which cannot help but come her way.

LADY CAROLINE PAGET, also, is a girl who is determined upon a success won by her own efforts and again a girl who has commenced by looking to the theatre to achieve it.

Lady Caroline is one of the daughters of the Marquess of Anglesey, but the name under which she acts is Caroline Bailey. Her first experience of plays and players was in her childhood when at Plâs Newydd, the famous seat of her family which overlooks the wonderful view of the Menai Straits and is enshrined in the loveliness of the little-known island of Anglesey, she whipped up her company of players and produced and acted in plays every Christmas. Usually, she herself, owing to lack of youthful male talent, was obliged to play her own leading man, but the perhaps less romantic rôle in no way deterred her from her intention to succeed in feminine parts when she grew up.

As well, she always wanted to dance, and trained for the ballet from the time she was twelve until she was seventeen, when she found that she had grown too tall. Consequently she returned to her first idea and made her first venture in the O.U.D.S. at Oxford, when she gained her first practical experience.

There is little else of which she thinks or dreams but the theatre, and she is so serious about her work that she does not care what discomforts the gaining of experience may entail. She has toured England and she has worked at the Players' Club, that amusing enterprise near Covent Garden in which it is rumoured managers prowl to spot talent which will later gain public recognition to the great glory of all. Now she is off to Denmark, Finland and Sweden, to play in *Tobias and the Angel.*

Lady Caroline has a cherished ambition that one day in the future she will have a chance to produce plays and try out her own ideas in the theatre. Meanwhile, she works hard to develop herself. She suffers from "first night" nerves not only on first nights but every night and still overcomes them with her own determination. That and application seem marked features in her character and are noticeable as she has combined with her theatre work the same response to national need which has been given on every side. For, if you were to stop Lady Caroline and inquire for any destination in Chelsea she would direct you with all and perhaps more of the accuracy of any taxi driver. That is because she has been allotted to Chelsea in the Auxiliary Fire Service and has learned her district street by street in order to pass her examination in that service. As well, she has worked for and gained her Red Cross certificate and is as qualified as she has been able to make herself.

Which is not the case, to her regret, of AUDREY WARREN PEARL, daughter of Mrs. Warren Pearl, well known in this country for all her charitable organising and work, who is again a pleasant addition to any list of guests, for she is pretty, plays a good game of tennis, is charming in manner and conversation. Audrey Warren Pearl, owing to her alien birth—alien being in her case American, is not eligible for work for A.R.P. or other National Service, but she consoles herself with the fact that should emergency arise she can associate herself with her mother's experienced activities. She has, in any case, already had considerable practical training through her work for the Bishop Creighton House Settlement in Fulham, and she has been associated as a

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ONLY AGGRAVATES THAT HOT INFLAMED SKIN

Your baby's skin looks almost as delicate as a rose petal, so easily chafed and inflamed that only by careful choice of powder and soap can you keep your little one free from skin troubles.

The most valuable aid to baby's comfort is Cuticura Talcum which instantly makes the skin as smooth as velvet and has wonderful absorbent properties that help so much to prevent the irritating dampness which causes chafing and "nappy" soreness.

Use Cuticura Talcum regularly as your baby's powder and see how smooth and comfortable it keeps his skin. You, too, will enjoy using Cuticura Talcum.

★ For baby's soap use Cuticura Soap, medicinal and antiseptic and so soothing to sensitive skins. To heal pimples, rashes, and skin troubles there is nothing better than Cuticura Brand Ointment.

Sold by all Chemists and Stores.

175

Cuticura TALCUM FOR BABY

CARROT JUICE

Spinach, Dandelion, Celery and other juices have firmly established a successful technique of sane healing and regeneration. Every reader of "Britannia and Eve" is urged to write for a copy of the authoritative and absorbing booklet by a famous Continental Physician, describing how these life juices, cold-pressed from living plants, supersede the use of inert chemical drugs in the treatment of ill-health, and the promotion of full-blooded vitality. Send your name and address, together with 3d. in stamps for postage, etc., to J. A. Hofels' Curative Foods, 2 Artesian Road, Westbourne Grove, London, W.2, mentioning **Hofels' Life Juices**—B.E.21.

worker not only for the Waifs and Strays but St. George's Hospital for some years.

Audrey Warren Pearl has a seriousness which is betrayed in her calm manner and seems more than her youth warrants. Perhaps she feels a little that she owes something to life for her life, for it might almost be called a miracle that she is alive. She was, as a three-months-old baby, saved from the *Lusitania*, and it was owing to the fact that she was carried, through erroneous instructions, to the wrong side of the ship that she was saved at all, for seventeen minutes later the ship sank and most of the boats launched on the correct side were lost.

That was on May 7, 1915, and since then, with her mother, on the same date, she has found herself crossing the Atlantic more than once, with an equanimity which would be denied to most of us unless we have a firm belief that lightning cannot strike the same place twice. Certainly, in all the travelling she has done, which she adores, for not only has she been to and fro from America so often but all over Europe as well, she should have no fear when crossing water.

The COUNTESS OF CARLISLE is another who loves travelling and admits that all her daydreaming is of journeys to come and the joy of looking forward to a future which will make them possible. The near East she knows well, for not only is her brother ambassador in Cairo but she herself, being an Arab "fan," has many Arab friends and has seen much of Eastern life in its reality. She has been a welcome visitor in desert camps, slept in them, eaten Arab food with Arab hosts and penetrated to the seclusion of the Arab women. She has been studying Arabic for the past year to facilitate further friendships, and while she can read it she is, she says, owing to the difficulty she finds in learning languages, only reaching the stage of simple conversation.

She has spent happy days yachting in the Red Sea when after tunny fish, despite rough weather and the discomfort of an open boat. London makes its demands upon her, for she loves parties and the contacts with friendships she misses at other times, and she gives her services generously when requested. She is the chairman of Bart's Annual Ball on the night of the Lord Mayor's Show, in aid of the City Hospital, and her daughter, Lady Carolyn Howard, is chairman of the "young" committee. They have both been working hard to make November 9 at the Dorchester as successful as it was two years ago, when the last annual ball was held and raised some three thousand pounds for the hospital. This has caused her absence to some extent from the north where she has not only political interests, a command of the Women's Auxiliary Territorials, but is the châtelaine of Narworth, that completely modernised thirteenth-century border castle, with its grouse moors and rivers, which is her home, and in which she is so popular a hostess.

And when it comes to the mention of an important hostess in the country, Lord Tredegar's bride, who was PRINCESS OLGA DOLGOROUKY, is entertaining her first series of country-house parties at Tredegar Park.

She has the exotic type of beauty which both dazzles and baffles. She has great dark eyes with eyelashes which must be at least an inch long, not curling upwards but veiling with glamour. She wears rich barbaric-type jewellery—no diamonds, since she dislikes glitter—which no other woman could carry so beautifully, she is graceful in movement and simple and gentle in manner. She speaks English perfectly in a soft, slow voice, and she loves the English country life, and would like, if she could, to stay all the time at Tredegar Park and leave London to itself. At the same time, she confesses the fascination she feels for the life of Bali, where she spent her honeymoon, after her romantic marriage in Singapore, in Lord Tredegar's newly-built house. There the climate never varies, the native life, supported by four yearly rice crops, is simple but unsevere, the sea is warmly inviting, and existence a long tranquillity.

END

from
1/6
eau de cologne extract
Morny
REGENT STREET
London
lavender flowers extract
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Early morning freshness in the heat of afternoon

" So very refreshing and reviving that you forget the sultriness of the day, the petrol fumes, the dust and the noise." That's the experience of those who have tried the new Morny Crest Eau de Cologne extract and Lavender Flowers extract. *Because they are of double strength, they are delightful perfumes rather than mere toilet waters.*

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Generous bottles each in presentation carton. From all retailers of high class perfumery.

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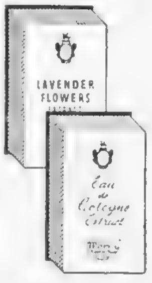

CONSTIPATION KEEPS A CHILD BACK

Unless the bowels move regularly your child will be weakly, peevish, dull and stunted. So if your child is constipated, attend to it without delay. But be careful what you give, because purging weakens a child and leaves the bowels more bound than ever.

Doctors and nurses everywhere advise 'California Syrup of Figs,' because they know that to cure constipation you must use a liquid laxative so that you can regulate the dose as the bowels act naturally. You should never give strong purgatives to children.

Give your children a regular weekly dose of 'California Syrup of Figs' and see how they love it, how it helps them to grow and thrive. Be sure to get 'California Syrup of Figs' brand. Obtainable everywhere at 1/3 and 2/6 (economy size).

IMPORTANT TO WOMEN—
'California Syrup of Figs' is also the ideal remedy for constipation in your own case, since it ensures complete bowel action without the risk of disturbing functional regularity, which often happens when strong laxatives are taken.

Be Yourself on "certain days"

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Cephos
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THE PHYSICIAN'S REMEDY

From all Chemists & Stores in powder or tablet form 1/3 & 3/-. Single Dose 2d.

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Larola is the one indispensable toilet aid for the woman who values a flawless, velvety skin. Now is the time when care of the face, hands and arms is particularly necessary. Leave it to Larola to coax away redness and roughness and to build up a protective layer of surpassing softness and smoothness to protect the hands, arms and complexion against the ravages of sun and wind. Larola, the indispensable aid to a beautiful complexion, is absolutely pure and free from all pore-clogging ingredients. Use it regularly. *Write for free Larola booklet, " The Cult of Beauty."*

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To while away a long winter evening

For the convalescent

For the children

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From the pages of the world-renowned ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS have been selected a number of magnificent colour drawings by the most eminent artists of the day. The subjects have been reprinted as jig-saw puzzles measuring 16 in. × 12 in. and are magnificently printed and mounted on plywood.

The following subjects—Price 3s. 6d. each—(postage abroad 2s. 6d. extra) are available—*A Present from Caesar*, by Fortunino Matania, R.I. *Nefertiti*, by Fortunino Matania, R.I. *Cleopatra*, by Fortunino Matania, R.I. *References*, by Charles E. Brock. *A Christmas Incident in a Surrey Farmhouse*, by Fortunino Matania, R.I. *H.M. The King, Riding in Windsor Park with T.R.H. Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret Rose.*

Orders with remittance should be sent to:

LONDON ELECTROTYPE AGENCY LTD.
23/24 Fetter Lane, London, E.C.4

It's a Good Month For

(*Continued from page 69*)

and sprinkle with soft sugar. Have ready a mixture of Cointreau and brandy in equal proportions—about two tablespoonfuls for every two figs.

Pour this over the figs, warm over stove or spirit-lamp (this really should be done in the dining-room) and set the spirit alight. Go on basting the figs with the flaming liquid until the flames die out.

Purée de Prunes

Stewed plums—any kind.
Cream, orange peel.

The stewed plums are prepared as usual. See that they are really sweet. When cold—of course you can use for this any which are left over—pass through a sieve, adding enough of the juice to make a smooth *purée*.

Put this away on ice or in the refrigerator to get thoroughly cold, and serve in individual custard glasses or little earthenware pots with a good dab of whipped cream sprinkled with grated orange peel on top.

The Regulo setting for Cailles aux Raisins is Mark 7 for 12 minutes: then turn to Mark 3, for Perdreau Braisé Mark 5, for Salmis of Game Mark 7, and for Baked Pears Mark 7 to commence turning to Mark 1.

END

Knitting Page

(*Continued from page 70*)

UNDERWRAP

With No. 9 needles cast on 8 sts. Work 4½ ins. plain knitting. Cast off.

FRONT STRAP

With No. 9 needles cast on 10 sts. Rib 2 rows k. 1, p. 1. Make buttonhole: rib 3, cast off 4, rib 3. *Next row:* Rib 3, cast on 4, rib 3. Make 3 more buttonholes 1½ ins. apart. Work until 5½ ins. from start. Then dec. 1 st. each end of every row until all sts. gone.

NECK RIBBING

Sew shoulder seams. With No. 9 needles pick up and knit 90 sts. along neck. Rib 6 rows k. 1, p. 1. Cast off in rib.

TO MAKE UP

Press with warm iron and damp cloth. Sew seams. Sew in sleeves. Sew underwrap and front strap to fronts. Work buttonholes. Sew on buttons.

TENSION

Approximately 5 sts. to 1 in.

END

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All that " Ranee " requires is
(1) a specimen of your handwriting,
(2) your name and address in full,
(3) the day and month of your birth,
(4) the colour of your eyes and hair.

Write these down on a piece of paper, address your envelope to " Ranee," c/o " Britannia & Eve," 32-34 St. Bride Street, E.C.4, and enclose an open postal order to the value of One Shilling and a *stamped, addressed envelope for reply*.

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Please send me free samples of MENE Towels.

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in block letters

ADDRESS ....

....

½d. stamp sufficient if envelope unsealed. 35

Keepers of the Sea Gate

(Continued from page 29)

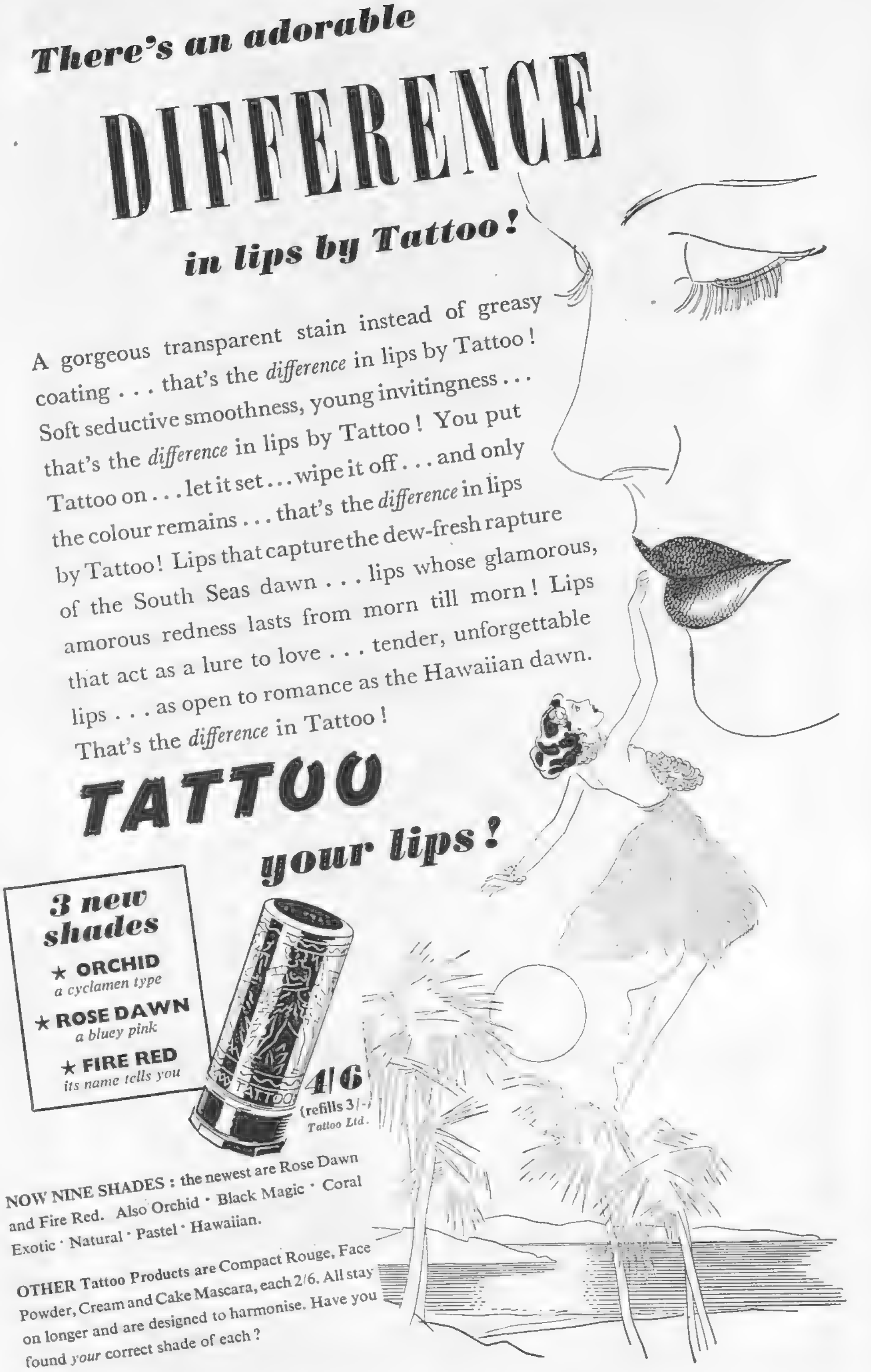
of yards by a rival boat from a nearer port. Just as they were turning away from what they had hoped would be a lucrative hovel (salvage job) they picked up on their radio a call from a much larger and more valuable ship in distress a few miles farther on. But having used up nearly all their coal in the rush to the first ship, they were obliged to pass the message on to other tugboats and return home.

The idiom of Gravesend tugboat men sometimes betrays the influences of tradition. I have heard a deckhand in a tugboat inelegantly describe a fog as being "as thick as guts." He admitted that there was no sense in the simile, but he did not know that in medieval times Thameside butchers threw unwanted entrails and offal into the Thames to such an extent that legislation had to be passed to stop the practice. Again, towing back a salvaged ship which may bring him an award of hundreds of pounds, and asked how much he is likely to receive as his share, the tugboat man will probably reply with assumed diffidence: "'Bout the price of a new hat!" He is probably too young to remember the famous races of the clipper ships which usually ended in the Thames, on the results of which the rival skippers frequently betted a new hat. But the Gravesend waterfront is essentially conservative and the phrase still sticks.

A final selection from the multitude of stories told about Gravesend tugboat men concerns a deckhand who was given twenty-four hours off duty, but who fell in with a wharfside harpy and overstayed his leave by several hours. A few minutes before his return, a laden collier charged the tugboat and neatly bisected the bunk in which, in the normal way, the man would have been sleeping. When the truant returned he looked at his ruined bunk and scratched his head. "Blimey!" he said at last. "An' they says the wages of sin is death!"

For traditions of an older day we can turn to the records of some of the fine old families still living along the Gravesend waterfront. There have been representatives of at least one of these families at Gravesend for close on three hundred years, and one of its older members has told me some of his father's reminiscences of the days of the press gang. At that time the family owned sailing colliers and fishing smacks, and their apprentices were kept out of the Navy's clutches only by sleeping them at the top of the owners' houses. Fresh fish also mysteriously appeared at the door of the press master at New Tavern Fort. On one occasion an apprentice hiding from the press in the overhanging wing of the well of his boat had his arm pierced by a pike with which the press officer probed likely hiding places. But the boy valued his liberty sufficiently to endure it without uttering a sound. A lighter story concerns the skipper of one of these smacks which was lying inshore becalmed while farther out a French *chasse marée* (the Gravesenders called them "chase marys") was bowling along with a favouring breeze. The Gravesend skipper said bitterly: "Strikes me God Almighty loves the foreigner better'n He does His own people!" Members of this family are still in business in the old town.

If you are lucky enough to find company with due appreciation of tradition, you may hear stories of other days at Gravesend in the bar of "The Three Daws," "The Falcon" or "The Clarendon." You may pick up a yarn of the great times of emigration, for Gravesend was one of the main embarkation points of those courageous pioneers. Tales of the "pick and shovel men," Irish and Scottish labourers recruited for the construction of overseas railways, are still told there. These men had gargantuan appetites, and ships, amply provisioned for the whole voyage to Board of Trade requirements, were sometimes compelled when carrying "pick and shovel men" to revictual at Port Said. These passengers, until they were used to sea routine, frequently stampeded to their dining quarters when *(Continued on page 118)*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THE SKETCH

EVERY WEDNESDAY—OF ALL BOOKSTALLS AND NEWSAGENTS

★

Are You Over 25?

I am speaking particularly to the over 25's. All you busy women who work and play the clock round and know very definitely the value of appearance. Beauty is only skin deep and you *can* have a clear and youthful skin. Your complexion has a hard life going from stuffy rooms to out of doors weather; but it *can* be helped. My new Cleansing Milk floats away the surface dirt, drawing out waste accumulations, preventing blackheads and enlarged pores, giving your skin the clarity and softness of youth. Use it during the day when your face needs a refresher and at night to take off the grime and dirt of the busy hours. I know you will be delighted with the result.

I shall always be glad to give advice if you care to write to me; I have prepared a trial bottle of my new Cleansing Milk for you to try. Simply send 3d. in stamps to me at the address below.

Anne French

(DEPT. BE.2) 2/5 OLD BOND ST., LONDON, W.1 ★

My Cleansing Milk is sold by Chemists and Stores or post free direct from me in two sizes 3/6d and 1/6d.

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Why? Because we've a very large family to support—over 600 Blind persons are in our care.

From the year's beginning to its end there is no break in our work; consequently there is no break in our expenditure. At the present time there is a waiting list of urgent cases for whom training and employment must be provided.

Will you help? Please be extravagant and send a little more than you can really afford. Our blind youngsters must be cared for.

The Chairman

SCHOOL FOR THE BLIND

SWISS COTTAGE - - LONDON, N.W.3

nautical time was rung in the form of bells, thinking that this was a summons to yet another meal. Perhaps you will find some Gravesender to tell you what he remembers of the arrival in the Thames of U.S.A. warships at the end of the Spanish-American War. Their funnels were riddled with shell holes and they were so short-handed that several Gravesend watermen were enlisted to help work the ships back to the States.

A feature of the Gravesend waterfront is Bawley Bay where the little bawley fleet rests when off duty. Bawley boats are used principally to hunt Thames shrimps and probably take their name from the boilers in which the catch is boiled on the homeward run ready for marketing as soon as they are landed. A less likely derivation is the "bawler" or barker who hawked the shrimps round the streets. Progress has stepped aboard these craft to interfere with tradition for most of them are now equipped with a motor, but tradition still insists that the bawley shall hoist a basket to the masthead as a sign that the trawl is down. Most famous of Gravesend bawleys is *Ellen*; the owner claims that she is 170 years old. She was a meat carrier trading to France when his grandfather bought her. His father worked her as a bawley until he was seventy-five years of age, and the present owner, who maintains that she is good for another century, hopes to do the same. Apart from the bawley men, fishermen are almost extinct in Gravesend. An old character, who gave me a panegyric about the salmon, congers and garfish (which he called guard fish) caught by the Gravesend fishing fleet when he was a boy, attributes the almost complete disappearance of fish from the lower reaches to the work of the dredgers stirring up the breeding and feeding grounds.

One of the waterfront's most famous characters is only a week-end Gravesender. For five days of the week he is just one of London's millions, but every week-end he is in residence beside the river where he gives full reign to a passionate love of all things nautical. His house is a veritable maritime museum containing many valuable records of man's progress across the sea. Among his collection of old figureheads is that of *Golden Cherbus*, a galleon built at Bude in 1663 and wrecked off Tintagel in 1703. This is believed to be the oldest merchantman figurehead in existence and is reputed to be the work of Grinling Gibbons. Flanking the figureheads is a fine collection of ship models, and there are also the lamps from the Kaiser's yachts *Imperator* and *Welcome*, a lifeline from one of the boats of *Titanic*, a number of valuable marine paintings, and scores of other nautical treasures. But his *pièce de résistance* is a replica of a ship's bridge, reached by an ordinary ship's bridge ladder. Here is a ship's telegraph, binnacle, compass, wheel, navigation lights, and glass ports, behind which swim live fish. Here his guests, pilots, Merchant Navy officers, and ship lovers in general, gather to examine passing vessels through the bridge telescope and to talk of hulls long since gone to join Davy Jones's collection. An order down the voice tube brings a white-jacketed steward to serve grog to the guests. The casual passer-by sees only the signal staff in front of the house, on which there is usually a week-end hoist of flags designed to bring a grin to the faces of skippers passing up and down the reach.

For "character" of another kind, visit the last practising survivor of the boat builders who once flourished in Gravesend. As a child he knew boats as other children know toys, for he was apprenticed to his father's boat-building business more than sixty years ago. He has built boats at Gravesend ever since. Skiffs from his yard are justly famed, for he is a real craftsman; they are built of oak, copper fastened throughout, and the timbers and knees are cut from crooks grown to the required shape. No steamed timbers for him! He is a mine of stories about Gravesend watermen in the old days. He told me that they used to be towed down below the Foreland and sometimes as far as the Sovereign Light to meet homeward-bound windships. The crew of the first skiff alongside got the job of berthing the ship, and for this a shipowner paid the boat's crew between twenty-five and thirty shillings. To add to the hardships of such a life, no skiff could live in an average easterly gale, and Gravesend watermen sometimes kicked their heels at Deal for a fortnight while waiting for a chance to relaunch their boats and return home.

Low water reveals that Gravesend appears to regard the river as the natural receptacle for unwanted anchors, chain cable and other nautical junk, in much the same way as the inhabitants of some rural beauty spots think the local stream the proper place for unwanted cisterns and old washing bowls. But all the inhabitants of the Gravesend waterfront, from the oldest longshoreman to the youngest toddler playing in the mud, seem to be ship conscious; matrons shopping, errand boys on bicycles and bowler-hatted publicans, all stare professionally under their hands at passing ships and tell you surprising things about them. Theirs is a great heritage, for downstream runs the road to the ends of the earth; upstream lies the way to the greatest city the world has ever seen. Here at Gravesend live the keepers of the sea gate and this duty through the centuries has bred no ordinary type of man.

END

What Would You Do?

(*Continued from page* 66)

1. Look for some other causes of bandiness and dismiss the theory that walking is responsible. Rickets (softening of the bony structure of the body) brought about by insufficient Vitamin D in the diet is the most common cause of bow legs. A properly balanced diet and a sufficiency of orange juice is a preventative.

2. Ask your doctor to investigate before the winter starts. Build up general resistance by sensible diet heavily supplemented with Vitamins A and D. Cod-liver oil and orange juice is important. Consult your doctor as to the possibility of sinus infection. These cavities behind the nasal passage sometimes become choked with mucus, which remains as a perpetual source of reinfection.

3. Find some means of administering the milk without creating a scene. It is quite simple to get milk into the diet in company with other things. Soups made with milk, Bovril made with milk, milk drinks flavoured with chocolate and coloured junkets and moulds are all more likely to be acceptable. A different colouring, a new flavouring, even an original vessel to drink from may overcome the prejudice.

4. Supplement the breast feed with an artificial one. The complementary feed should be given immediately following the breast feed. Allenburys Food is particularly suitable for this purpose. Consult your doctor or a welfare clinic about exact proportions in such a case.

5. Send for the doctor immediately the soreness becomes sufficient to interfere with swallowing or when the temperature shows a disposition to rise. Sore throats are the beginning of so many serious illnesses that you cannot be too careful.

6. Attack the problem through her general health. Stammering is now fairly firmly established as a nervous complaint and improves noticeably when the general health is brought to a higher standard. Consult your doctor about a diet and perhaps a tonic to build her up.

7. By scientifically prepared foods rich in the vitamins required. Vegetables cooked under home conditions cannot be so good as those prepared under scientific ones. Heinz tinned strained vegetables are made under conditions highly approved by the medical profession and offer a simple and effective means of administering to young children foods richest in vitamins.

END

The NEW MERTON

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For information, for advice on Hotels, travel or any touristic subject, the CONTINENTAL OFFICES of "BRITANNIA AND EVE" are at your service at all times. Comfortable reading and writing rooms are available also for your convenience and it is hoped, next time you visit Paris or Berlin, that you will avail yourself of these facilities.

32 Kurfürstendamm W.15 **BERLIN**

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To send "BRITANNIA & EVE" to a friend overseas is to send a gift which, you know for certain, will be well and truly appreciated. "BRITANNIA & EVE" knows no limitations in its editorial "make-up"—each issue is both NEW and interesting.

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS:
INSIDE KNOWLEDGE
A COLLECTION OF PICTORIAL DIAGRAMS
PUBLISHED BY THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

THERE'S A WEALTH OF ENTERTAINMENT IN "INSIDE KNOWLEDGE"

A large number of the informative diagrammatic drawings, chiefly by that well-known artist G. H. Davis, which have been published from time to time in "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS," are now available in collected form in a special 32-page publication entitled "INSIDE KNOWLEDGE." This will appeal to all who want to know the inner workings of things which the majority of us see only from the outside. Many of these interesting sectional drawings are reproduced as panoramas, EACH MEASURING OVER THREE FEET WIDE. They show British warship types—a Battleship, a Cruiser, a Flotilla-Leader, a Submarine and an Aircraft Carrier—and there is a centre-piece showing the R.M.S. "Queen Mary." You will find "INSIDE KNOWLEDGE" to be of absorbing interest, and it would make an ideal present for a boy or a girl at home or overseas.

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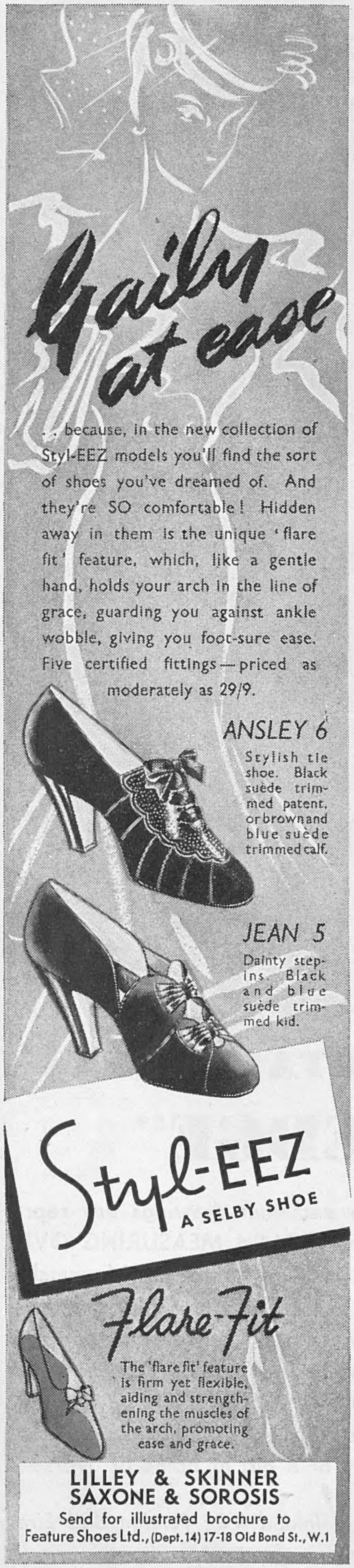

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JEAN 5
Dainty step-ins. Black and blue suède trimmed kid.

The 'flare fit' feature is firm yet flexible, aiding and strengthening the muscles of the arch, promoting ease and grace.

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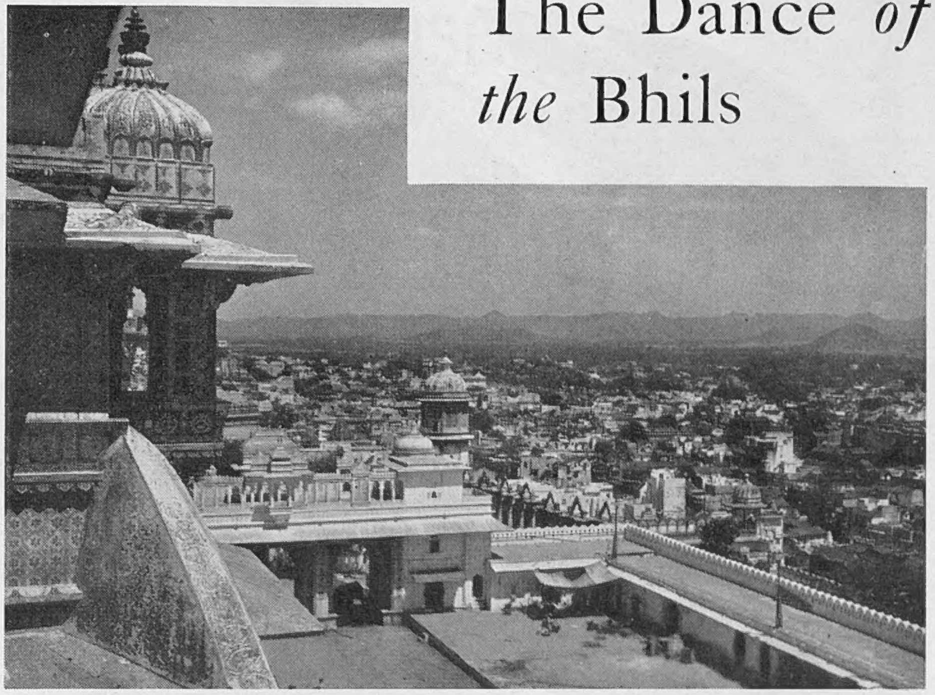
The Dance *of the* Bhils



Udaipur. On the outskirts of this town in the mountains seen on the horizon the Bhils have danced their religious gamut from time immemorial

It was winter in Rajputana and I was sitting on the flat roof of my hotel. Above was silence, the eternal silence of a million stars flickering overhead and, lifting my head to look at them, my nostrils were filled with a faint smell of orange blossom.

Below I saw figures moving in the chilled darkness, swirling torches to the sound of strange and primitive chords, which we of the West will never understand.

It was a wonderful contrast to the infinite tranquillity of the sky, this native dance accompanied by the weird cries of its participants growing in volume until they reached their frenzied peak.

Round and round they swirled.

The quickening beat of the drum was almost drowned by the clangour of their naked swords beating on the shields of their fellow-dancers. Cries, beginning like the soft notes of jungle birds, now sounded like shrieks of animals in the agony of death.

Faster and yet faster they swirled, the soft swish of dancing feet becoming muffled by the thud of bodies as one by one they fell, exhausted by the fury of the dance. By that time only the embers of the bonfires would remain and their lighted torches would have flickered out.

In these settings that I saw for the first and last time the way in which the Bhils have danced from time immemorial, since they were driven into the hilly jungles of Rajputana by Northern invaders centuries ago.

Here, far from the arid plains and treeless tracts of which Rajputana is largely composed, they have carried on an existence which centuries of time have failed to civilise. Until recently, in fact, travellers through these wild jungle tracts had gone in fear of their lives.

Eventually the Maharana of Udaipur, in whose territory these tribes live, came to an agreement with them, whereby the safety of travellers was guaranteed from village to village. Even to-day this tax, the "Bolai," is levied and is the principal source of their income.

Polygamy is practised, though unusual, for the Bhil can rarely afford more than one wife, which costs him £10. In addition they have a curious custom by which the younger brother is compelled to take over his elder brother's widow or widows. He is not, however, responsible for the widow of a brother younger than himself, who must return to her family as a drudge until she is lucky enough to remarry.

Although the Bhils are nominally Hindus, they are, in reality, animists—worshipping strange gods of their own imagining, the spirits of the rivers, the trees and the mountains. These are, in fact, the hub of the wheel of their lives.

Throughout their country the traveller comes across shrines in the shape of horses, made from earthenware. These formidible quadrupeds are said to conduct the spirit of a dead man to heaven and, arrived there, go to swell the team of war-horses belonging to the dead man's particular God.

At the new year, particularly, it is important for them to know how the Gods will deal with them during the ensuing twelve months. So a small bird is captured and, for a night, fed sumptuously on ghee. In the morning, before the assembled village, the bird is released while the crowd stands awaiting the verdict of the gods with baited breath.

If the bird flew east and settled on one of the living trees, all was well. Should it fly to the west the year would be a fairly propitious one, but if it should alight on a dead tree they would think the outlook to be very black.

The "Bhopa," or witch-doctor, is the most influential person in the Bhil village, since his condemnation even these days when most of the worst practices have been stopped results in most frightful torture.

Should a feud arise between two families and one of the participants die, the cause would be assigned to witchcraft and the dead man's friends would denounce the enemy as witches. If the "Bhopa" asserted that the accused had supernatural powers the wretched creature was seized and bound and hung head downwards from a tree with her eyes bandaged with chillies. If the chillies burnt her eyes—as they were sure to—the proof of his witchery was patent and death was often the result.

Today the growing influence of civilisation upon the Bhils has put a stop to many of these crude practices, though even now in the remoter districts some of the old customs still survive, being methodically turned to better usage by the Government of India.

1.9.39

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Unwanted hair destroys popularity

Wonderstoen Dry-Method restores daintiness and charm

Dances, dinners, parties . . . everything comes to the girl with "glamour." And so many girls just miss being glamorous—because they fail to realise how men feel regarding unwanted hair on a girl's skin! Be gay and sparkling, confident of your appeal. Use Bellin's WONDERSTOEN Dry-Method disc to ERASE unwanted hair and leave your skin hair-free, petal-soft. WONDERSTOEN Dry-Method is dainty, harmless and odourless; doctors have recommended it for over 30 years. It lasts months.

From all Stores, Chemists and Hairdressers.
If any difficulty in obtaining, send P.O. to **FASSETT & JOHNSON LTD., 86 Clerkenwell Road, E.C.1.**

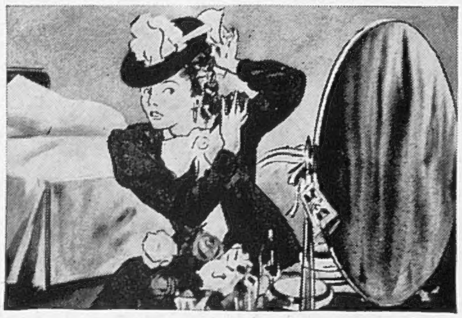
WONDERSTOEN Facial Size (for chin, cheeks, upper lip) **5/6**
WONDERSTOEN de Luxe Size (for arms and legs) **13/6**

FASCINATING BOOKLET FREE

Bellin's
Wonderstoen
DRY-METHOD
WHISKS AWAY UNWANTED HAIR

Friendly Relations

1. SUDDENLY REMEMBERED that it's to-day I have to break to Grandmamma the news of my engagement!



2. SET OFF in my 'bestest' best with only the merest hint of lipstick—Grandmother has very definite ideas about make-up; I just had to make a good impression. She's the family's financial 'Rock of Gibraltar' you see!

3. REHEARSED my little speech in the taxi. I knew Grandmother would be more interested in his prospects than anything else. Alas! darling Roger's only assets are a pair of the divinest brown eyes and a car of doubtful vintage!

4. HURRAH! It went off marvellously well, thanks to my foresight. When Grandmamma professed to be overcome I whisked out my Atkinsons Freshette and dabbed it delicately upon her brow. "A real restorative," she said. "Now tell me about this young man of yours." Yes! It was as easy as that. Thank you, Atkinsons—an ever present help indeed!

Atkinsons
"FRESHETTE"

5. And we venture to think Grandmamma will carry a Freshette in her reticule in future just as the modern Miss carries one in her handbag. For a few drops of the original Atkinsons Eau de Cologne sprinkled on a Freshette of a morning keep their restorative powers twenty-four hours. So each morning see that your Freshette is ready for the daily round.

Special Offer to introduce you to the Freshette

Each bottle of Atkinsons Eau de Cologne contains three handy Freshettes—one in a neat jaconet case, and two refills. But if your chemist is out of stock of Atkinsons Eau de Cologne with Freshettes, here is a special offer! Write to Atkinsons, 24 Old Bond Street, London, enclosing 6d, and you will receive a Freshette in a case, and a sample bottle of Atkinsons Eau de Cologne.

ATKINSONS
GOLD MEDAL
EAU DE COLOGNE
1/6 2/6 4/6

AEC 98-405-100

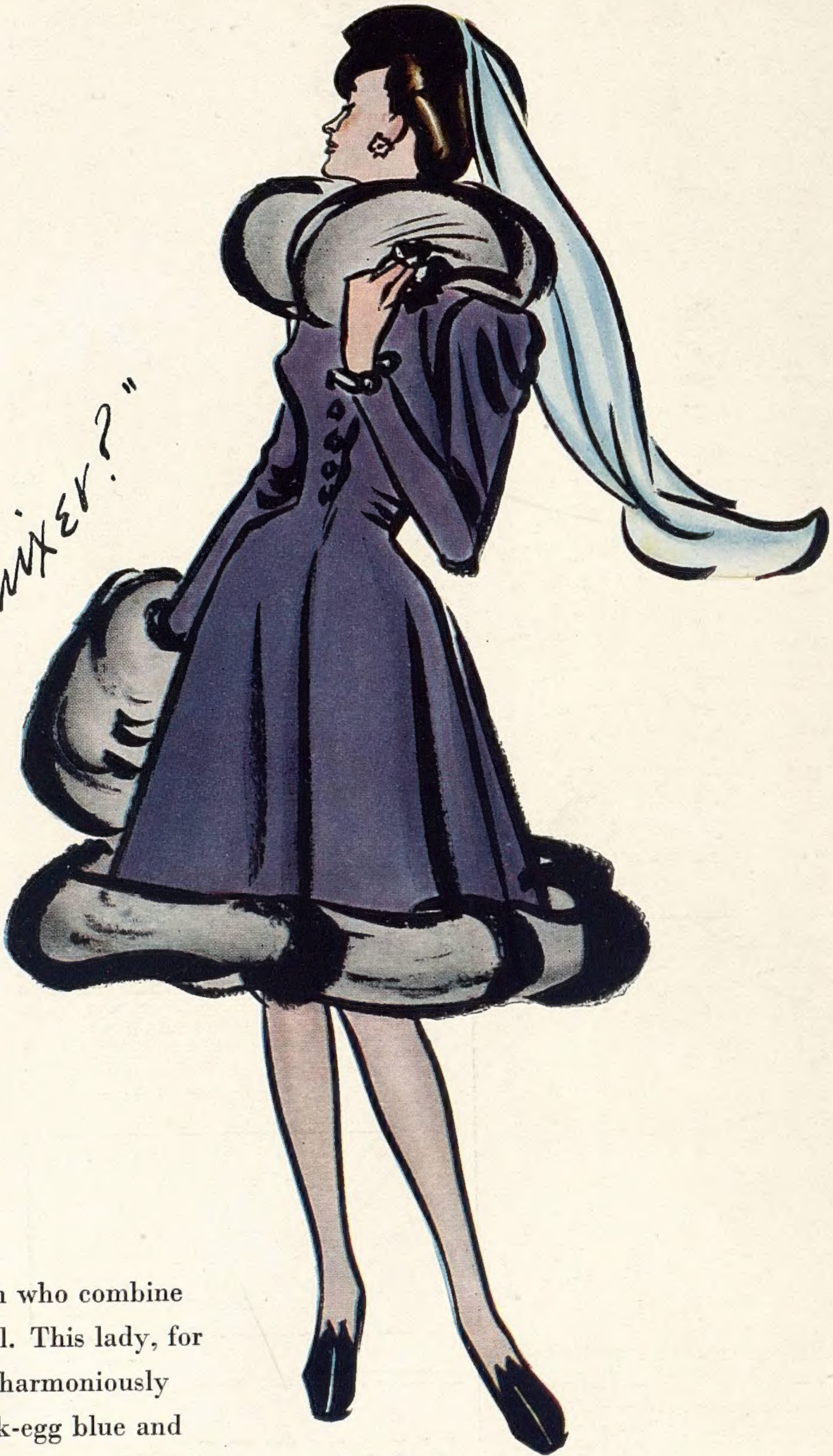
"I owe my life to the P.D.S.A. and the generous people who support this great animal charity." *"BOB."*

THERE ARE COUNTLESS THOUSANDS OF OTHER DOGS, CATS, HORSES, AND ALL SORTS AND CONDITIONS OF ANIMALS, WHO LOOK TO THE P.D.S.A. TO RELIEVE THEIR SUFFERINGS.

Every penny subscribed helps to relieve some animal from pain.

Please send a donation to Hon. Treasurer—

THE PEOPLE'S DISPENSARY FOR SICK ANIMALS
14, CLIFFORD STREET, LONDON, W.1



"Are you a good mixer?"

Good mixers are women who combine their colours well. This lady, for example, mixes harmoniously violet, grey, duck-egg blue and black, with ARISTOC BEIGE MAUVE to complete her colour scheme. Of course, good mixers fly to Aristoc, for each season Aristoc's new shades are blended to tone with the new *dress and shoe colours.*

Aristoc THE ARISTOCRAT OF SILK STOCKINGS **3/11** TO **10/6**